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Collier's

May 31, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

Anti-Trust Laws Are Crippling America
By
David E. Lilienthal

THE CITY WITH GOLDEN GARBAGE

They're Learning to Talk
(See Page 24)

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
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Modess . . . *because*

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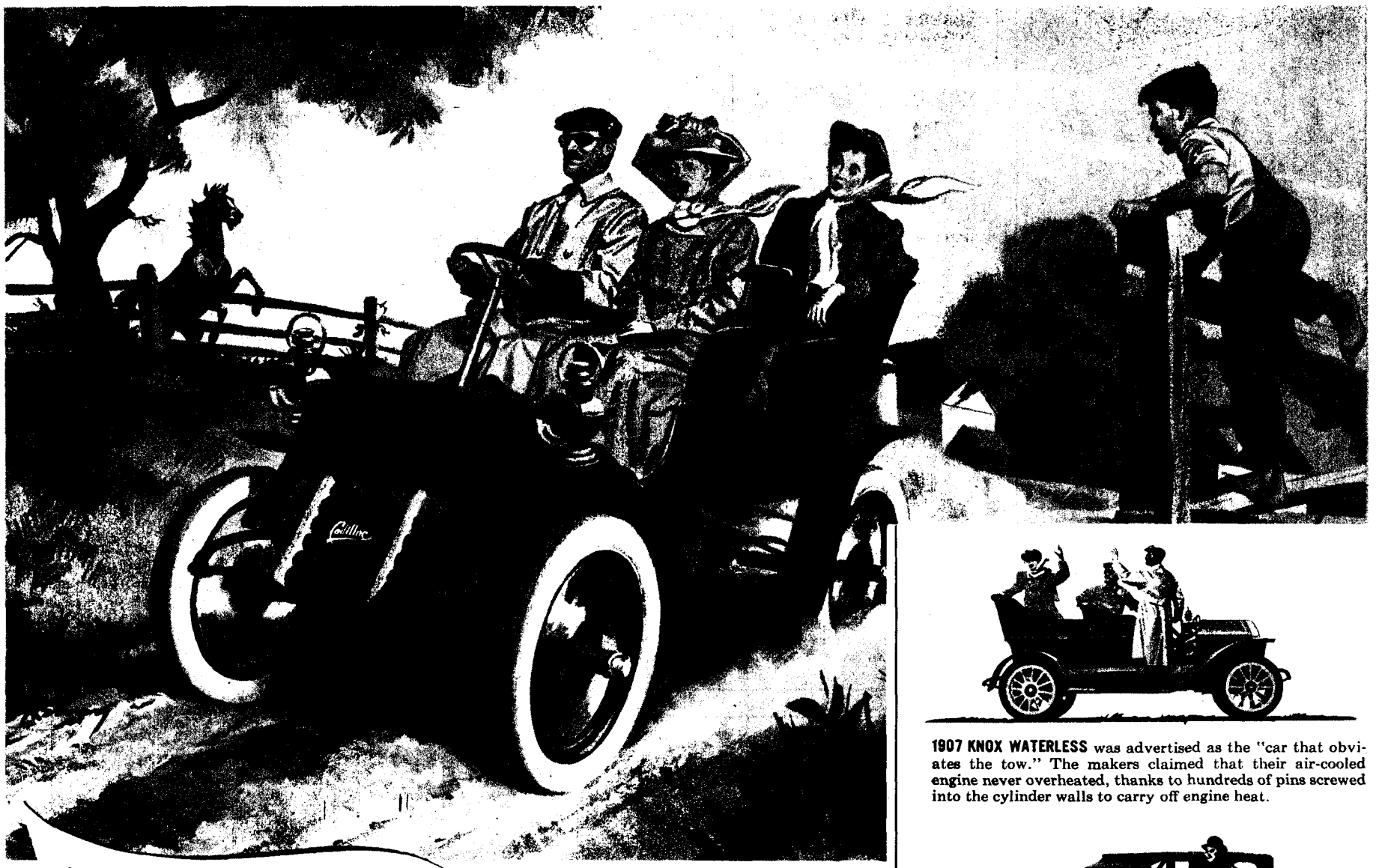
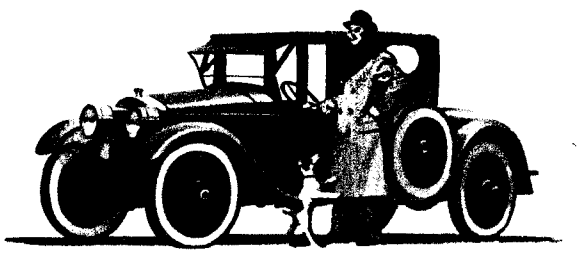


1902 CADILLAC featured a single-cylinder six and one-half horsepower engine under the seat. About 1700 of these Cadillacs were sold for around $750 each.

1907 KNOX WATERLESS was advertised as the "car that obviates the tow." The makers claimed that their air-cooled engine never overheated, thanks to hundreds of pins screwed into the cylinder walls to carry off engine heat.



1922 JULIAN featured an airplane-type radial engine mounted on its side over the rear springs. The engine had six cylinders, developed sixty horsepower, and its backers claimed that it delivered twenty-five miles to the gallon.

1938 BUICK offered the Dynaflash engine, designed to squeeze maximum power from every gallon of gasoline. The high performance of this and other Buicks did much to make the name "Buick" one of the greatest in automobile history.

1952 CADILLAC—the "Golden Anniversary Cadillac," has a 190-horsepower engine, the most powerful engine ever offered in a Cadillac car. This high compression engine delivers magnificent performance with gasoline-saving mileage.

TODAY AS YESTERDAY,

CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

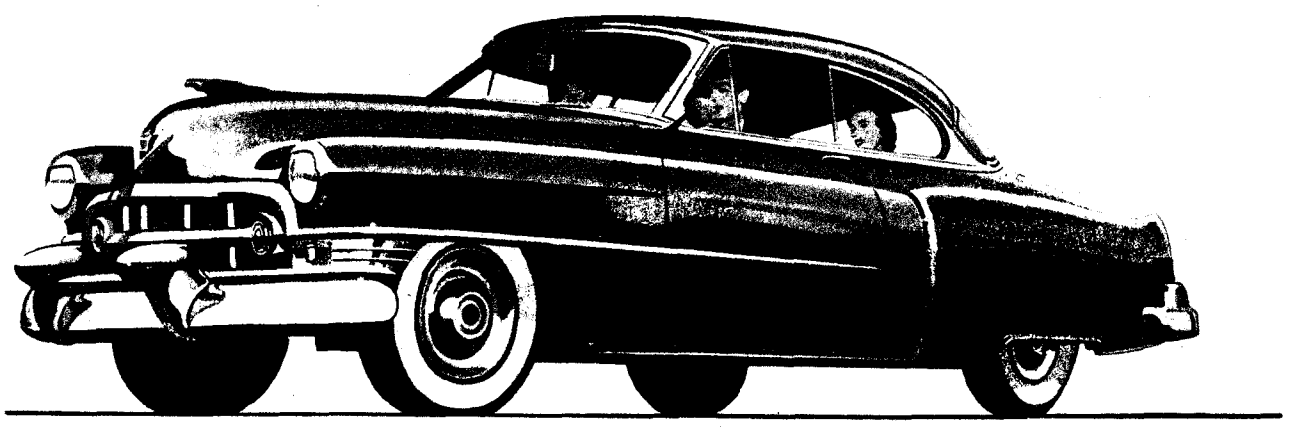
"The better the gasoline, the better the engine" is more than a catch phrase.

Ever since automobiles were invented, engine progress and fuel progress have gone forward hand in hand. And the combination of a modern high compression engine and high octane "Ethyl" gasoline gives today's car owners the power, economy and all-round performance that was only a dream a few years back.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It's the fuel modern high compression engines need to develop top power and efficiency. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

ETHYL CORPORATION

New York 17, N. Y. . . Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada



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Picture OF THE MONTH

We are constantly amazed at the capacity of the giant motion picture screen to capture the pageantry and sweeping movement of favorite novels. Seldom has its wizardry been better exemplified than in the case of M-G-M's exquisitely beautiful Technicolor production of Rafael Sabatini's famed story "Scaramouche".

Out of the swashbuckling pages over which millions have pored with delight comes the story of the famous sword that flashed through a hundred duels, that slashed into perfumed and silken-draped boudoirs of the most beautiful women in France, that plunged a man into the most fabulous exploits of a tumultuous era.

And, for a hero—"Scaramouche"! Mountebank, adventurer, poet and lover. All Paris knows and loves him as a clown of impudent wit, wooing his mistress with undaunted braggadocio. All France fears and respects him as a scion of a noble family whose sword has carved the fame of his strange name.

In the title role Stewart Granger has the prize assignment of the year, and he plays it handsomely, with flair and gusto. Red-haired Eleanor Parker is his amorous stage partner in the torchlit harlequinades that disguise Scaramouche's true identity. And Janet Leigh, radiant and revealing in the court gowns of the period, is the demure but gamesome Aline, Lady-in-Waiting to her majesty Marie Antoinette, deftly portrayed by Nina Foch.

Scaramouche has sworn to avenge the loss of his best friend, and this determination pursued in the face of terrifying odds leads him finally to the greatest swordsman in France, played with admirable flourish by Mel Ferrer. You will never forget Stewart Granger as he swings on a curtain rope of a Parisian theatre to an upper box with sword in hand to fight a breath-taking duel across the dizzying coping of the balconies, down a marble stairway and finally to a gasping climax on the floodlit stage itself. It is the thrilling culmination to a picture lush with showmanship and laced with splendor!

Until now M-G-M's "The Three Musketeers" has remained in memory the ultimate in swashbuckling romance of beautiful women and dangerous men but—as the phrase goes in show business—you haven't seen anything until you've seen "Scaramouche"!

★ ★ ★

Rafael Sabatini's "SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER with Henry Wilcoxon, Nina Foch, Lewis Stone and Richard Anderson. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor. Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Based on the Novel by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by Carey Wilson.

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May 31, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The children on our cover are two of some 200,000 Americans who were born with a cleft palate—a cleavage in the roof of the mouth which can make a nasal blur out of the victim's speech. While surgery and the insertion of artificial palates are major weapons in correcting the speech defect, patients still must learn to direct air through the mouth when speaking, instead of letting it escape through the nose. At New York City's National Hospital for Speech Disorders, exercises like blowing plastic balls across a table are used to develop air control and also to help make the palate more mobile. A picture-story showing the drama of treating speech handicaps is on page 24.

Week's Mail

City of Hope

EDITOR: The splendid treatment afforded the City of Hope in America's Happy Hospital (April 12th) is creating a remarkable reaction for the institution, and we are grateful to you for lending us such a strong hand to help make our jobs here easier.

We are particularly pleased with the very fine pictures that Bob Landry took of the many phases of our physical setup and our program in action.

As a matter of fact, to show him our deep appreciation, we—last week—presented him with our Nurse of Mercy award, through screen star Mala Powers.

WILL TAGRESS, Los Angeles, Cal.

Note from the General

EDITOR: I have been very interested in your March 22d issue. Your special section on Man Will Conquer Space Soon is exceedingly well done and most stimulating.

You have done a remarkable job of translating a highly technical subject into language which a layman can understand.

M. B. RIDGWAY, General,
United States Army, General Headquarters,
Far East Command, Tokyo, Japan

Senator's Credo

EDITOR: Three cheers for Collier's and Senator Taft (What I Believe, April 12th). Collier's, for being broad and fair in presenting other candidates; Taft, for being specific, logical and straight from the shoulder. He knows what he's talking about, and we know where he stands.

EDWARD E. HALL, Alhambra, Cal.

. . . Senator Taft's opinion of independent voters is insulting. Just because I don't think every Republican is a knight in shining armor and every Democrat a representative moron (or vice versa), Mr. Taft blithely assumes that I'm disinterested, that I don't think or read and that all I need is a viva-

(Continued on page 8)

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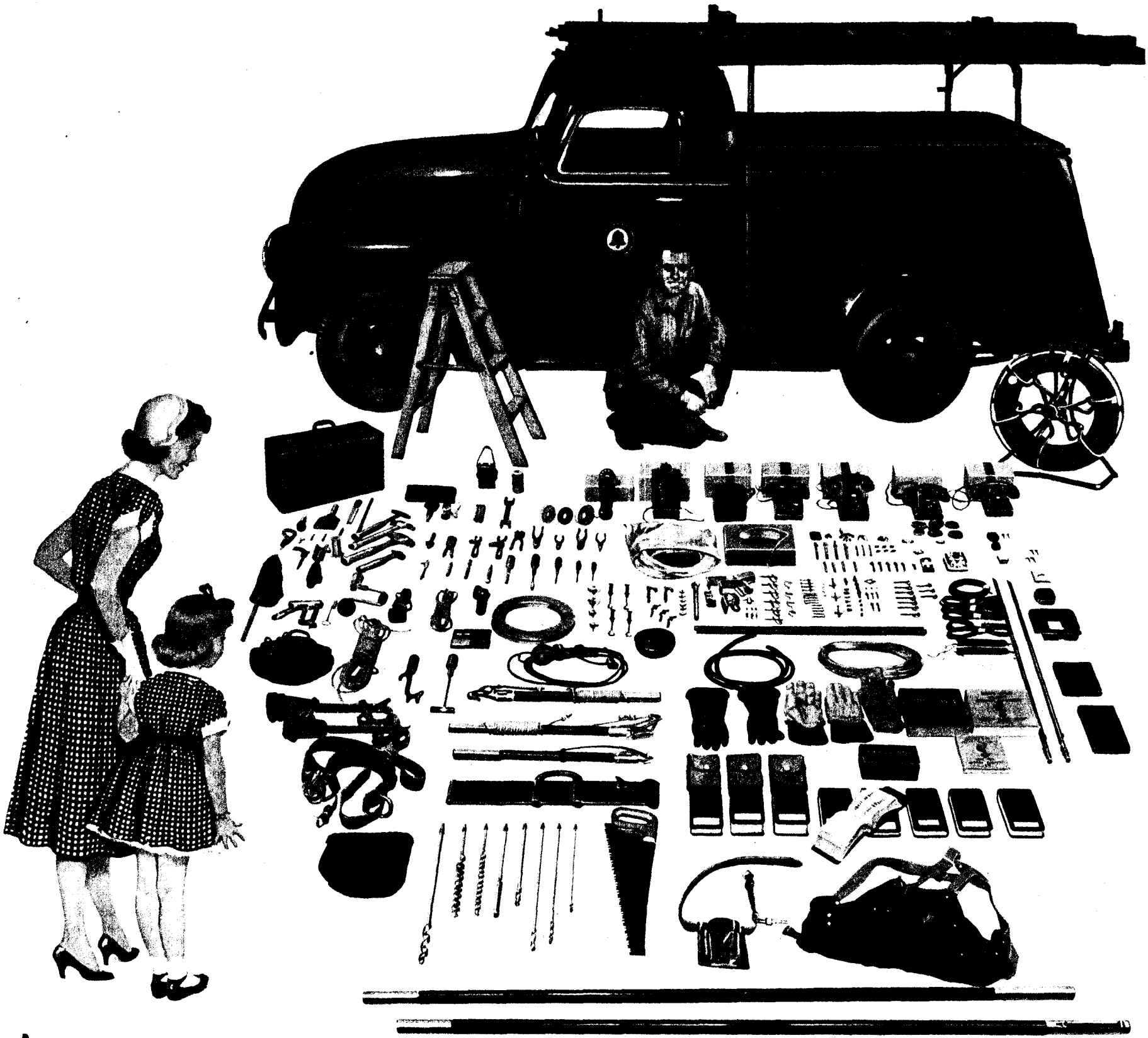

Just some of the many things a Bell telephone man needs for installing telephones.

WHERE DOES HE GET THAT STUFF?

Well, mostly from us—at Western Electric. You see it's our job—as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System—to provide almost everything Bell telephone people use in your service.

Some things we *manufacture* ourselves—the rest we *buy* from other manufacturers. Our test is: which way can we assure the Bell telephone companies of *highest quality at lowest cost?* On telephones, switchboards, cable, electronic apparatus, and so on, we can best meet this test in our own factories—so we *make* them. But ladders, pliers, rubber gloves, office equipment and a host of other things can best be made by others who specialize in their production—so we *buy* them.

Marshalling the special abilities of some 22,000 concerns—together with Western Electric's own manufacturing skills—is a job that's unique in industry. That it is being done—and done well—is a major reason why Bell telephone service has gone up in price *so much less* than other things you buy.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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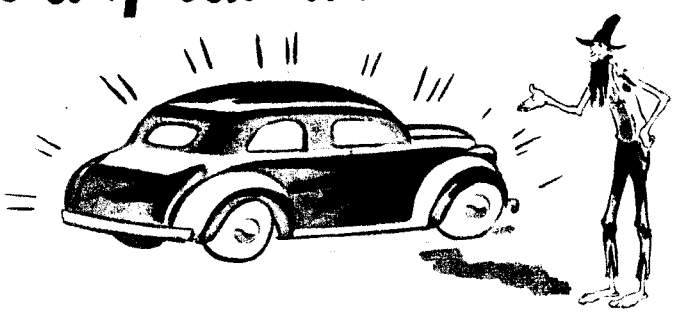
Yep...sure is easy
to give your car long-lasting wax protection!

"Ain't it wunderful what thet stuff'll do fer a car in 20 minutes! Reckon Puny-Mae will be tryin' Car-Plate on herself next!"

Johnson's Car-Plate waxes any car in 20 minutes!



Spread it on—*no rubbing*—**let it dry!**
Wipe it off—*no rubbing*—**that's all!**

Johnson's Car-Plate is the no-rubbing auto wax described in Reader's Digest. It gives a brighter, longer lasting shine than even hard-rub professional wax jobs costing $15 or more! Don't delay. Wax your car the easy way. Pick up a can of Johnson's Car-Plate today.

Car-Plate CLEANER...New, better, faster!

Developed especially to clean and condition the finish of your car for a perfect Car-Plate wax job. New Car-Plate Cleaner safely removes all greasy road grime—goes on and off with minimum of effort!

Protect your car's chrome trim. Clean with Johnson's Chrome Cleaner—protect with Johnson's Car-Plate.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

While you weren't looking, a platoon of experts from the Agriculture Department found out how a cow spends her time. Did a thorough job of it too, spending 2,000 days spying on the critters. In a 24-hour day a cow will devote 411 minutes to grazing, taking 50 bites a minute. She ambles around an average of 3,038 yards, using up 254 minutes. She lies down 580 minutes and squanders 195 minutes doing nothing in particular. Sorry, we don't know how much it cost to gather this invaluable information, but who cares? Makes dandy dinner conversation.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 aims ever to be helpful. For example, at the insistence of Mrs. Belle Loughrey, of Jackson, Michigan, we tried

IRWIN CAPLAN

to find out why the Navy wants to buy 48,000 paperweights a year. One explanation: they're to hold down admirals who become infuriated when appropriations for butter knives and olive forks are cut out of the military budgets.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. K. T. Waremurfin complains from Los Angeles that she has a lot of month left over after the end of her money. She wonders whether there are any other housewives in the same predicament.

★ ★ ★

To all you kids who have a yen to become journalists, we suggest that you read So It Seemed, by William L. Chenery. It's published by Harcourt, Brace & Company and it will cost you $4. Nowhere else will you get so much journalism education for the money. Astonishingly, there are several things old 48 doesn't know. But we know Bill Chenery, who for many years was our editor here on Collier's. And afterward our publisher. All the lectures you'll hear in schools of journalism will fall somewhat short of what you'll absorb in reading what Bill Chenery learned as a newspaperman and magazine writer and editor. For one thing, you'll find that while times change, the moral concepts that made Chenery a giant don't—and won't.

★ ★ ★

Some candidates are hard to get. Others are merely hard to get rid of. We mightn't have thought of this, if it hadn't been for Mr. Banks Wollever, of Spartanburg, South Carolina. Mr. Wollever says, too, that he's compiling a list of gents in public office, which he hopes to publish under the title Cool Customers with Shady Pasts.

★ ★ ★

Our mail fetches us a young truckload of advice, helpful hints, expert opinion, survey results, directives, how-to-do-its, recommendations, instructions, guidances, charts and so on. They carry authoritative words on everything from what to eat and when to eat it to what goes on in the minds of deputy sheriffs. About all we get out of it is that we are just about as ignorant as a guy can get and still remember his name. But we sort of like it this way. We push it all aside, smugly content that there are quite a few things we might just as well not know. All agreeing will raise your hands.

★ ★ ★

Bill Davidson is a nice guy and an equally good reporter. He works for Collier's. What we're leading up to is that he has been given a top award by the journalism fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, for the Best Magazine Reporting of 1951. The citation resulted from the remarkable job of work he did for this magazine for May 19, 1951—the article titled The High Cost of Dying. In lesser hands the subject might have been morbid. The artist in Bill did away with all that and made it a public service. Incidentally, the Sigma Delta Chi magazine awards have been granted for the past three years only, and Collier's has won one or more commendations each year. No other magazine comes close to that record.

★ ★ ★

This is to notify you customers that enough's enough. Thus far we've received nine letters assuring us that if Robert A. Taft is our next President, there will be none of that familiar nonsense of referring to the chief executive by his initials, like F.D.R. and H.S.T.

★ ★ ★

It says here in a Southern newspaper, describing what the hostess wore at a high society dinner: "Her neckline was modestly plunging." Thought you'd like to know.

★ ★ ★

And as if there weren't enough ways for a fellow to get himself snatched by the cops, the police of Presque Isle, Maine, report that one citizen was lugged off to the jailhouse for "drinking while intoxicated." We are so advised by Mrs. Henri LaPlante, of Madawaska, who won't be at all surprised if somebody gets pinched for "eating while at dinner."

★ ★ ★

We hear that they've finally dug out from under an avalanche of mail the handsome gentleman who advertised in the Amarillo

(Texas) News that he was a lonely man with a darned good income, who neither drank nor gambled, that he was very fond of children and wanted a wife. But it was a pretty close shave.

★ ★ ★

Naturally, we wouldn't think of quarreling with Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's FBI report that there are only 31,608 Communists in

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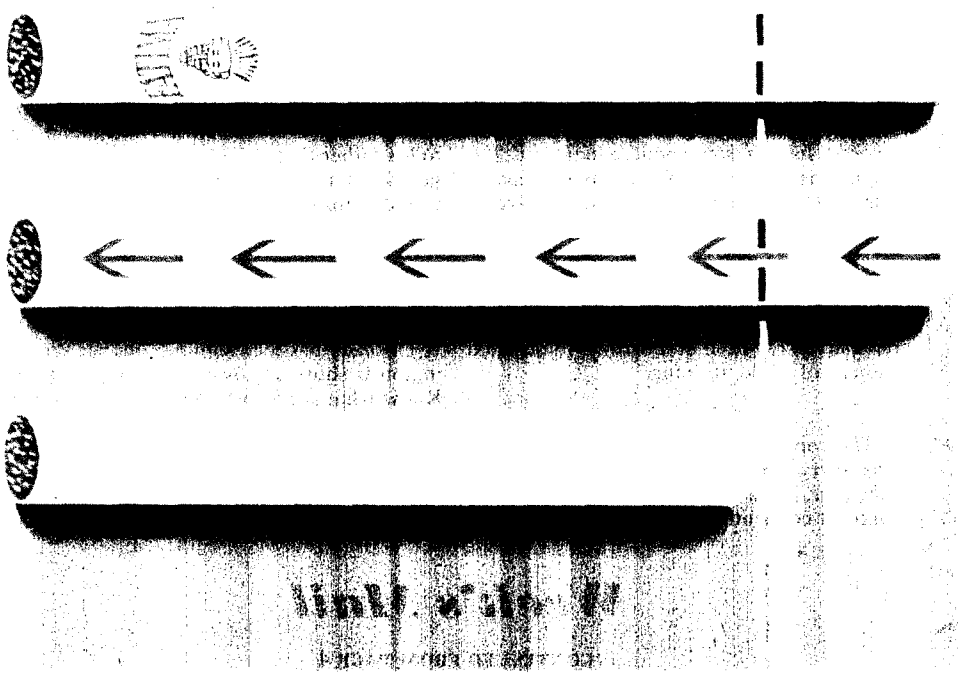

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and soothing smoke...*plus*
the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Compare Fatima with any other King-Size cigarette. If you're not convinced Fatima is better, return pack and unsmoked Fatimas by Aug. 1, '52 for money back plus postage. Fatima, Box 37, New York 1, N. Y.

Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

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give your hair that "JUST-COMBED" LOOK ...all day long

Like to be better groomed?

New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic makes your hair look neat . . . helps it to stay that way *all day long!* Why? Because 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic contains wonder-working VIRATOL . . . a special new compound which makes hair look *extra-neat* . . . and *naturally* soft-feeling, too!

VIRATOL is a good-grooming bonus found *only* in 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic!

There's Triple-A Lanolin in this amazing new hair tonic, too . . . and it's homogenized for smooth, easy flow. Try some today. You'll like it . . . and it'll like *you!*

NEW

Vaseline
TRADE MARK ®
CREAM HAIR TONIC

** A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place...gives it natural-looking lustre.*

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

our beloved 48, but he doesn't go into something that has bothered us for a long time. Why, we'd like to know, do all Communists look as if they had bad liver trouble?

★ ★ ★

Miriam Gann Hill, in the Birmingham News, quotes Judge Annie Lola Price of Alabama's Circuit Court of Appeals as saying that women are largely to blame if our government is soured by corruption and inefficiency. We have a hunch that you women would like a word or two about this with Judge Price and we're sure that Mrs. Hill will be glad to handle letters addressed to the judge. The judge says that whereas American women are always advocating war on crime and they constitute more than half the national electorate, they do not use their votes to correct governmental evil. Speak up now, you females, or else admit by your silence that the judge is right.

★ ★ ★

Just been reading what Dr. John R. Everett has to say about education. Dr. Everett is president of Hollins College in Virginia. He starts out thus: "There is probably as much foolishness written and spoken about education as anything else. Politics and religion have their share but . . ." When saner words than these are uttered, we'll rush them to you. They may have to do with that horribly maltreated subject of child training.

★ ★ ★

The captain of waiters told the guest he was sorry but no prebreakfast demitasse this year. The guest, an engineer in Chicago on convention, wanted to know why. Last year in the same hotel you got that half cup of black coffee the moment you sat down, before ordering breakfast. The captain was sorry all over again and murmured something about "breakage." The conventioning engineer demanded a fuller explanation. The captain, as full of woe as Johnnie Ray, said: "You engineer gentlemen have extreme trouble forcing breakfast rolls into the small cup."

★ ★ ★

Lady in California demands a divorce. Complains that she bought a new and thoroughly stylish spring hat and wore it to keep a date with her husband. Instead of greeting her gently and sweetly, as a husband should, he gave her a startled look and cried: "Great Scott, Bella, what happened to your head?"

★ ★ ★

And this young man spent considerable part of each day at home thinking where to look for a job tomorrow. He complained to his father that he wished he knew how to get rid of the shine on his blue serge suit. Couldn't make a good impression on a prospective employer if his pants were glistening. "Why don't you try standing up more?" asked the nonunderstanding old man.

★ ★ ★

This lady has read somewhere that Washington is short of government office space. Know what she says? "Why don't they cut down the number of government employees to fit the space they have?"

★ ★ ★

They *need* that woman in Washington.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

cious campaign worker to take me by the hand and lead me down the right path.

The truth is, Mr. Taft, that the independent voter is the thinking voter, and he has more integrity than your rigid party members.

MRS. W. F. PICKERING, Columbus, Ohio

Urban Airports

EDITOR: Your editorial "It's Too Dangerous" (April 12th) helped me see the things I hadn't given any thought to before.

At first, I felt the same way thousands or more people did about the tragic airplane crashes in Elizabeth, New Jersey. I thought that all airports should be shut down.

I sure hope that people throughout the country will read this true, "every day in every way we risk our lives" editorial.

ANN KEEGAN, Lockport, N.Y.

. . . I am sure if you lived in a house fronted by a busy highway, and three times in six weeks cars left the highway and crashed into your house or that of your neighbors, killing innocent people, you would strongly protest and demand safety from these killers.

That is all the people of Elizabeth want who have been living under an umbrella of death.

So please give innocent people a break and a little consideration in your editorials.

JOHN MANNION, Montclair, N.J.

. . . Your April 12th editorial I enjoyed and agree with 100 per cent. But if possible I would like to know where you got your basis for the statement that "horse-and-buggy travel at its height was far more lethal, per passenger mile, than airplane travel is today."

HUNTINGTON TAYLOR, Helena, Mont.

The source of the statement was an article by George M. Nelson, director of aeronautics for the state of Wyoming, in a publication called Cross-Country News, published in Cheyenne. It was based on the best available statistics, although horse-and-buggy accident statistics were not as complete as modern records.

Up Front with Mauldin

EDITOR: I would like to compliment you on the articles by Bill Mauldin. Up Front in Korea not only keeps the readers informed on how the war is going, but also tells how the men who are fighting it feel. Since I may be, someday in the not-too-far future, in the same place they are, these articles are very interesting to me.

DON STRICKLER, Des Moines, Iowa

. . . I am certainly glad to see that someone has ventured to give us the down-to-earth story in Korea. I have considered up until now the reporting from Korea just about the worst possible.

I am thoroughly enjoying Bill Mauldin's articles and I hope their point of origin will continue to be in front of regimental headquarters.

WILLIAM W. BROOME, JR., Natchez, Miss.

Choirboys

EDITOR: The anticipations which began with me late in January, when you first suggested having an article in Collier's, with colored pictures, about our Cathedral Choir School, have been fully realized by your fine production in your issue of April 12th. This is really a magnificent presentation, and everyone here, from Bishop Donegan down, is most gratified.

THE REVEREND CANON THOMAS A. SPARKS, New York, N.Y.

. . . Your Cathedral Choir School cover was superb, the inside illustrations were superb and the accompanying story was good—but you owed it to all of your readers and those 2,500,000 Episcopalians in the country, many of whom read Collier's, to tell them that the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine is an Episcopal cathedral.

ROBERT E. BLACK, Richmond, Va.

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"Best deal in town"

Enjoy summer driving on new, safe, long-wearing Atlas Tires. Many Atlas Dealers are now offering special allowances on trade-ins of any make tires for new Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires. For the "Best Deal in Town" visit an Atlas "Trading Post"... TODAY.

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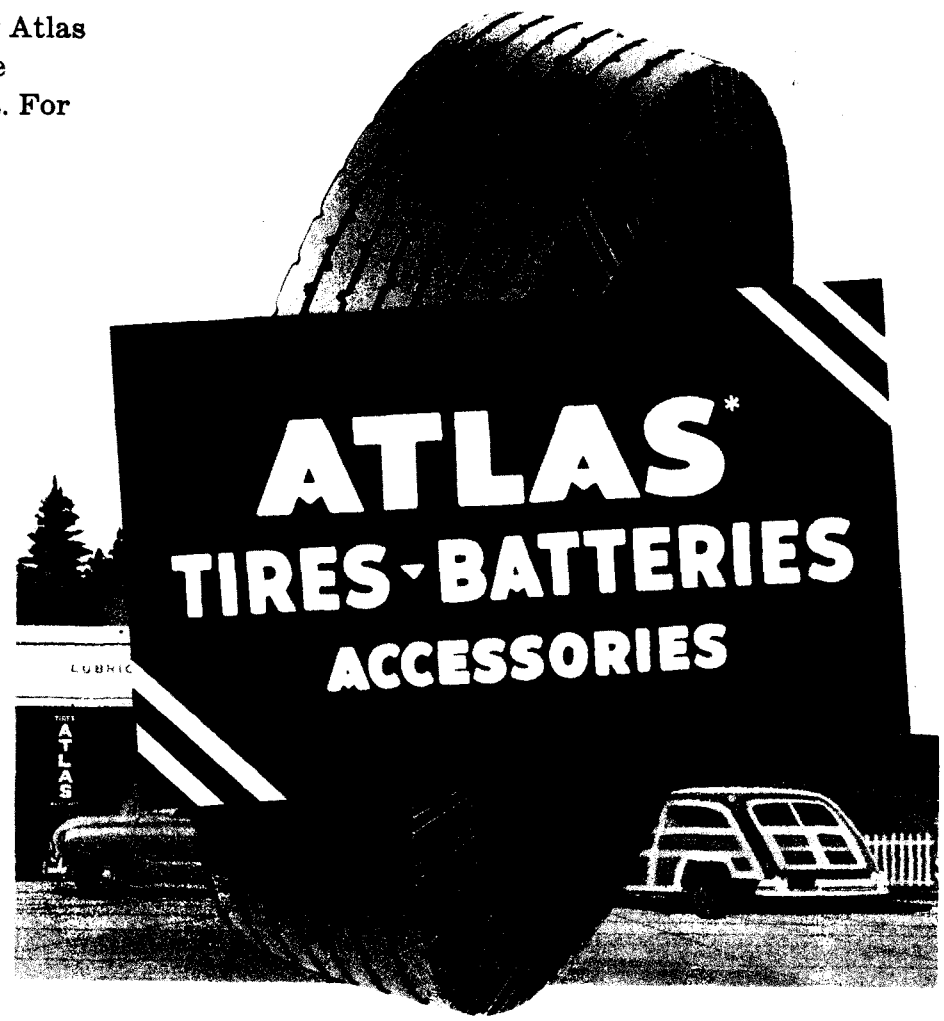

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"I put the glasses there," I said, pointing to a shelf

ABNER DEAN

Where Does This Go?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

RECENTLY, at a dinner party, I played the part of the good Samaritan. When the meal ended, a violent political argument broke out. I had heard all the particular pros and cons a good many times, so I didn't feel like taking part in it or even listening to it. I had been sitting for quite a long while, and I felt I should be doing something physically active.

Therefore, unobserved, I snuck out to the kitchen and washed the dishes. It seemed only fair to do this since the hostess had given us a swell feed, and I knew she didn't have any help. I am pretty competent domestically, if I do say so, and I washed everything including pots and pans and then dried them. I then put them away.

After that I went back to the living room where everybody was still talking and gesticulating so frenziedly that my re-entrance, like my departure, went unnoticed. Finally the argument lapsed, and our host—a Mr. Briggs—said: "I think it's time I got some refreshments."

He came back, a minute or so later, looking puzzled, and said something to his wife. Then she accompanied him to the kitchen, after which they both reappeared. She looked a little more puzzled than he did. "Has somebody been washing the dishes?" she asked.

Never one to turn down credit where credit is due, I smiled coyly and held up my hand.

"You're a treasure," said Mrs. Briggs. "A perfect lamb." Then she quickly added: "Would you mind coming out here a minute?"

I went, and Briggs asked: "Where did you put the highball glasses?"

"The highball glasses?" I asked, stopping to think. "There," I said, pointing to a cupboard overhead.

"I'll be damned," said Briggs.

"We keep them in the pantry," said Mrs. Briggs. "Second shelf."

"I saw some other glasses where I put the highball glasses," I pointed out.

"Ordinary water tumblers," she retorted, "not highball glasses."

"We keep our highball glasses in the kitchen and our water tumblers in the pantry," I said.

I don't think she heard me. She was looking around the kitchen and finally she asked: "You put the cake knife away?"

I nodded. "In that drawer there with the other knives."

"No wonder I couldn't find it," she said. "That's for paring knives. The cake knife goes in this rack here." She then stared in disbelief. "So that's where you put the serving spoons!" she exclaimed.

"In our house—" I began.

"I'd like to know what the hell became of my ice bucket," grumbled Briggs.

"Reach out your hand exactly nine inches," I told him, "and—"

He seized it, frowning, as Mrs. Briggs said: "That's where the dessert dishes should go."

I was about to show where I had put the dessert dishes when another couple, the Bartons, appeared in the kitchen. "What goes on out here anyhow?" demanded Barton. "When do I get something to wet my whistle?"

"In due time," said Briggs. "As soon as we can find out where this helping hand hid all our stuff. The tray to carry the drinks on, for instance."

"Tray," said Mrs. Barton. "That should be easy. It should be on that wide shelf on the corner. No," she corrected herself, "the coffeepot seems to be there."

"The coffeepot!" exclaimed our hostess. "I've been looking for that for ten minutes. It goes over there on the other end of the drainboard—so it's always next to the toaster," she added with a curious display of illogic.

"I hang my coffeepot on a hook," said Mrs. Barton. "I always know where to look for it because the strainer's on one side of it and the egg beater's on the other."

At that point I beat a hasty retreat, having heard all I could stand about the screwy places where people keep things in their kitchens. We'd love to have you to dinner at our house sometime, and if you want to clean up the dishes afterward, that's okay by us too. But, for the love of Pete, use some sense about where you put things away. The breadbox goes on the table next to the lemon squeezer, but cake goes in it because our cakebox is bigger than our breadbox and we have more bread than cake. The cakebox goes next to the vegetable bin, which is, of course, behind the ironing board.

The silver goes in the bottom compartment of the pantry cupboard. Silver marked "C," that is. Excepting those pointed grapefruit spoons. They go in the first drawer to the left of the sink where we keep the birthday candles and the nutpicks. In winter, that is. In summer we don't eat grapefruit. So the spoons go on the middle shelf over by the window, along with the vinegar cruet and the apple corer and our best company napkins.

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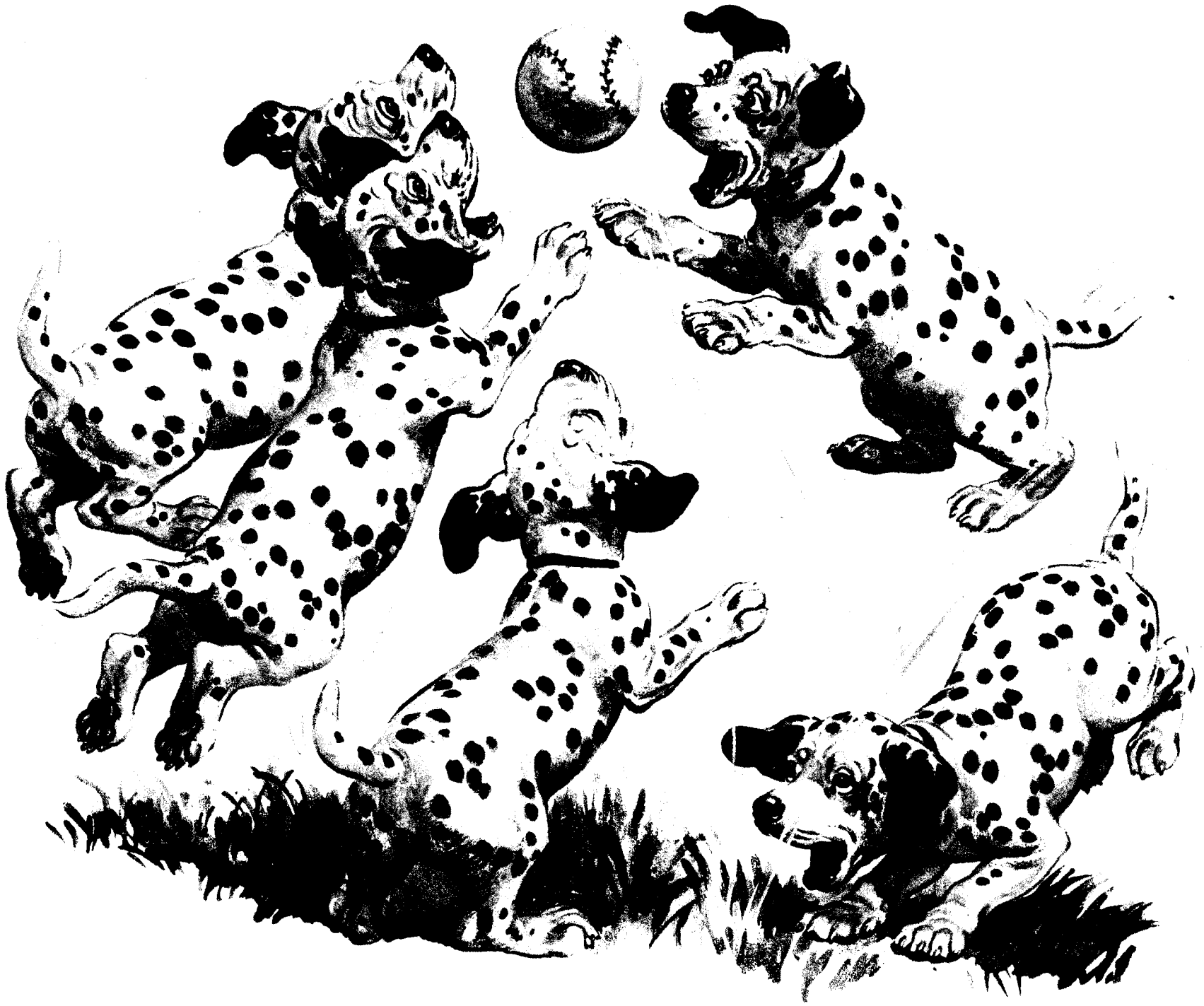

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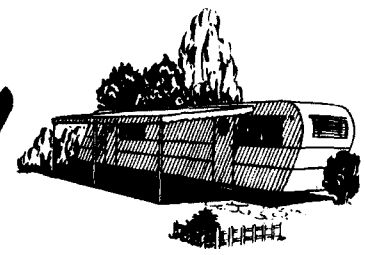

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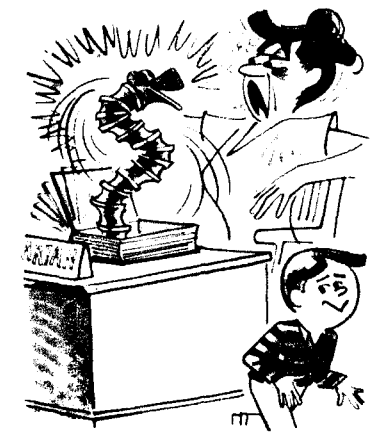

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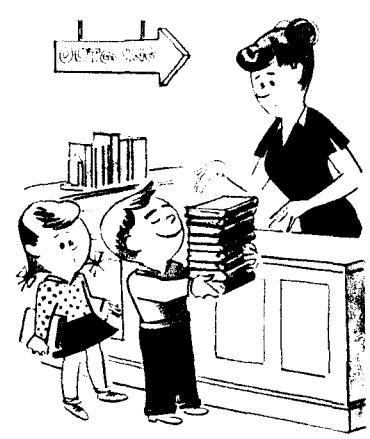

Fast Reader

Whodunit

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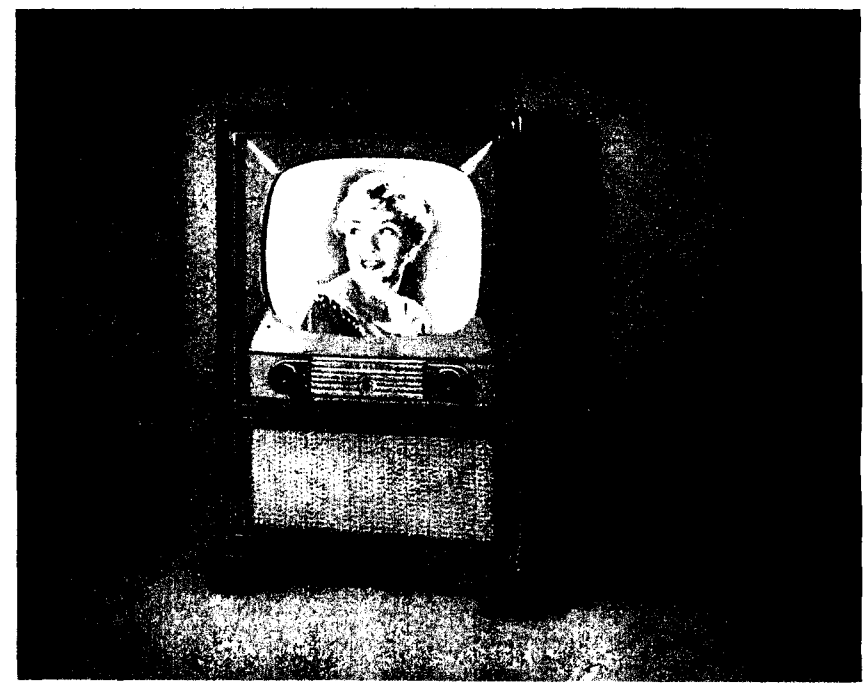

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Leonardo da Vinci's Flying Machine

In the time of Leonardo da Vinci, the 500th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated this year, men had to take great risks to further the progress of science. The attempt at flight pictured here was made in 1505 —with near-fatal results.

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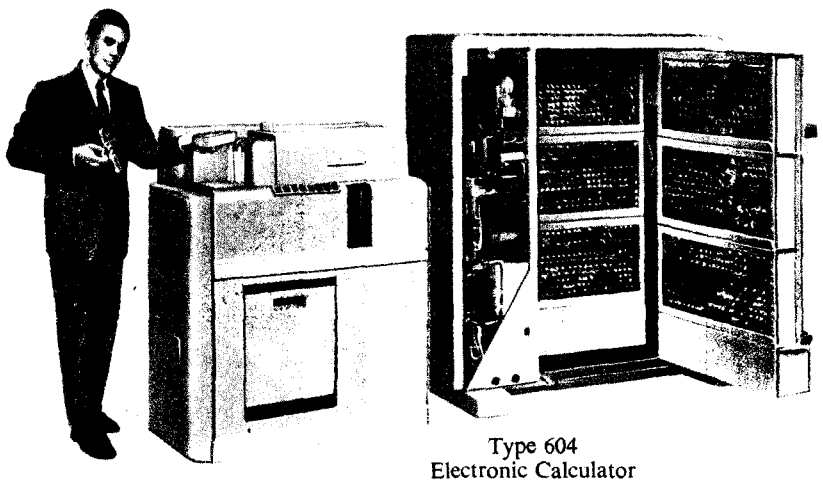

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DAVID E. LILIENTHAL BELIEVES

Our Anti-Trust Laws Are Crippling America

Why is the U.S.—which has only a small fraction of the earth's population and natural resources—able to produce as much as the rest of the world combined? The answer, says Mr. Lilienthal, is Bigness. He calls for a radical change in our policy toward business

THE people of the United States of America now produce as much as all the rest of the world put together. This we do with a mere 6 per cent of the world's population and about the same per cent of its land area. And we are only at the beginning; we shall probably multiply this production over and over again in the next ten to twenty-five years.

At this moment this is the most important fact in the world. For it is America's mastery of productivity that stands between freedom and the tidal wave of Communist militarism threatening a new Era of Darkness.

This technique of production—and with it the equally important art of an ethical distribution of production—is a *creative* thing, a combination of poetry and sweat. It calls for imagination, vitality, faith, as well as the skills of science, management, human relations and modern governmental techniques. It is the most exciting spectacle in the history of the world—the unfolding of American productive and social genius.

Man has been working at wealth-creation since the beginning of time in order to fight off hunger, exposure, degradation. He has been trying to push back the enemy, poverty, trying for enough breathing space so the whole day and night would not be needed just to get enough food and warmth and shelter to survive. He has been trying to get a margin so he could be a man, not merely an animal fighting to stay alive.

In America of the mid-fifties, twentieth century, we've done this wealth-creation job better by all odds than any generation ever did. Since 1939 we've doubled, trebled, quadrupled outputs, capacity, plants, and we go right on adding by a fifth, a fourth, a half every few years. More important still, we are learning, through an imaginative synthesis of private and public action, how to distribute the benefits of this vast flood of goods and services in a democratic and an ethical way. The result: fewer very poor and fewer very rich than in any comparably large community since the dawn of history.

We are well along toward the "formula,"

FRANCIS REISS

In the succeeding installments, Mr. Lilienthal will discuss the hazards of Bigness, as well as its benefits, and will propose a modern approach to government controls. He will show that a New Competition, undreamed of in the '90s, demands that we formulate a fresh and realistic policy toward Big Business

the *something* that men have been seeking these countless centuries.

What is this we've got? It is very important indeed that we try to understand what it is.

Why has this great and creative art come to fruition now, in U.S.A. 1952? What accounts for this almost-miracle? What can we do to stimulate and nourish this distinctive talent of ours? I've thought about this a great deal, as have ever so many other people.

Here is a summary of my views, boiled down and oversimplified:

First: The key to our productive and distributive greatness, to our economic creativeness, is Bigness—our special skill in creating and operating large-scale undertakings. Size is our greatest single functional asset.

Second: The hazards of Bigness are considerable. They are, chiefly, the dangers of concentration of economic power, and of overcentralization. These evils must be the object of our constant vigilance; from time to time correctives and safeguards against particular forms of these dangers will be urgently required in the public interest.

The dangers of Bigness, however, have, in my opinion, been reduced to manageable proportions.

We can now enjoy the full benefits of Bigness—benefits we deny ourselves—because of recent almost revolutionary changes in the power of the public to protect itself against corporate excesses. Chief among these changes are: (a) a great increase in the strength and influence of organized labor; (b) the increased role of government, since 1933, in economic affairs; (c) the growing evidence of public responsibility on the part of business leadership; and (d) the development and increasing use of methods of decentralizing huge economic enterprises.

Third: We need badly to understand what an asset we have in this skill of large-scale management. We need to examine Bigness critically, but without old and outworn prejudices—need to be aware of its almost unlimited usefulness to us as a people. While always alive to its potential evils, I believe the time has come when it is in the interest of the whole country that we promote and encourage and nourish those principles and practices of Bigness that can bring us, in increasing measure, vast social and individual benefits.

Great as are the evident benefits of present-day Bigness, our public opinion, by and large, and our basic laws are both antagonistic to Bigness. Suspicions and fears bred in another period of our history carry over into the changed circumstances of this mid-century.

Our present public policy concerning Big-

"Big Business for a Big Country"

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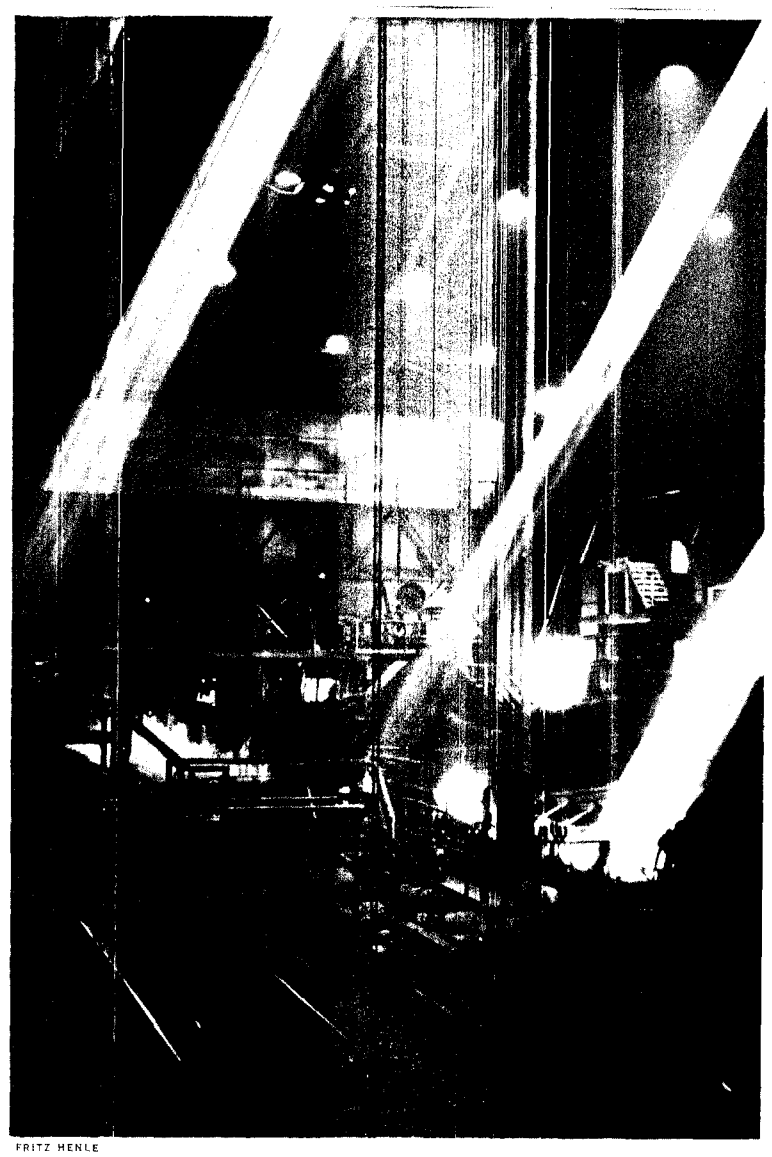
TODD WEBB

Big Oil. Bigness has resulted in "fewer very poor and fewer very rich than in any large community . . . in history." Standard Oil's refinery in Baton Rouge



FRITZ HENLE

Big Steel. "Size is our greatest single functional asset." The Lorain, O., plant of U.S. Steel's National Tube Division

American production "is a creative thing, a combination of pe[illegible] sweat. It cal

ness is largely embodied in the Sherman and Clayton Antitrust laws. These were enacted many years ago as the creative Magna Charta of economic freedom for an America emerging from an agricultural economy in which small business was the norm. In 1952 our antitrust laws and their administration are still based on a nineteenth-century idea that Bigness in and of itself is dangerous to the public welfare.

But we live in a twentieth-century America. We are dependent upon big-scale undertakings. We are armed with new checks and balances to protect us. Our urgent need now is to recognize the great social asset we have in Bigness. Should we not, instead of attempting to inhibit and handicap and destroy Bigness, rather seek to find ways and means to retain and increase the benefits of Bigness, while safeguarding the public welfare against possible abuses? After 20 years of observation I am firmly of the opinion that the answer to this question should be a resounding "yes."

As they are applied to the principle of large-scale undertakings, both the basic business laws of the country and a substantial part of our public opinion are out of tune with the realities of the twentieth-century industrial and urban country we are today. This confusion and conflict between reality and doctrine prevent the full flowering of the advantages of Bigness so valuable to us, and so greatly needed for our national security.

It is to propose and to urge a fundamental reexamination and reappraisal of Bigness in the changed America of today that I write.

It is my conviction that America needs a new, fresh, realistic, *affirmative* Policy for Productivity, supported by public opinion and ultimately translated into law. That policy should rest upon and employ the dynamics of growth I have here designated as Bigness. America can, deliberately and consciously, fashion public safeguards and private incentives whereby, using that quality Walt Whitman called "amplitude," we can bring closer to reality the American Dream: individual freedom, social justice, material well-being, world moral leadership.

I am perfectly aware that in advocating better understanding and a more affirmative climate of opinion toward big-scale undertakings I move in a highly controversial field. It is an area where equally sensible and public-spirited men disagree, and where the memory of past corporate wrongs and abuses makes difficult a calm and objective analysis of today's circumstances. But these matters, controversial as they are, need to be discussed —and in the open air of reason. They need to be discussed widely, on their present merits, with a minimum of emotion, except the dominant emotion of furthering the strength and health of a country hard pressed with the increasing burdens of world leadership.

SOME of the issues concerned with Bigness are necessarily discussed by legal and economic experts with such detail and complexity as to be beyond the understanding of most of us. This I have tried to avoid, and in doing so may have laid myself open to the charge that I have oversimplified.

I have not attempted to set up a precise definition of what is "Big" in business. When I write of Bigness in industry, however, I do *not* mean only the relatively few corporations at the very top in size: Du Pont, General Electric, Union Carbide, U.S. Steel, etc. In 1937, the Twentieth Century Fund, in a study entitled Big Business, described as the "giants" those "with total assets in 1933 of at least $50,000,000 or total net income of at least $5,000,000 each." Today (only 19 years later) we would not, of course, classify corporations no larger than this minimum as the "giants." While the "giants" of 1937 would of course qualify as "Big" today, units half this size or even less, in some industries, are examples of Big Business.

The argument about what is big enough and what is too big, I regard, generally, as not the central issue. My concern here is not with the definition of just what is "Big," but with the establishing to the fullest of a *climate of opportunity for growth* and attainment of size, as a means of greater productivity and greater well-being for the country.

I have tried to avoid reopening what I regard as a sterile quarrel between "little business" and "Big Business," as if we were faced with a choice of one or the other. That we need "little business" is too clear to require argument. What is more important is to realize that it is of the essence of growth through Bigness that it creates diversity—big *and* little—and nourishes diversity: diversity of size and of function, whereby what is small becomes bigger, whereby what is big in turn creates what is little, which in its turn stimulates and disciplines what is big.

Nor am I here concerned with economic prejudice, inflamed by dated oratorical flourishes and trumpetings that our fate is controlled by a "handful of rich and all-powerful men." This is a picture faded, unreal, a quaint daguerreotype of a world that is no more.

"As I belong to the class of people who have great faith in this country," wrote Henry Adams to his friend Charles Milnes Gaskell in 1877, "and who believe that in another century it will be saying, in its turn, the last word of civilization, I enjoy the expectation of the coming day . . ."

I, too, "enjoy the expectation of the coming day." But whether such faith is sustained by the event depends upon the answer to this question: As a people, will we be BIG enough? We have indeed climbed to new heights in human history, we Americans of the mid-twentieth century. Now what? Will we, too, lose our great chance because we do not ourselves understand and therefore cannot fully use the secret of our own strength?

An individual cannot do his best if he is confused

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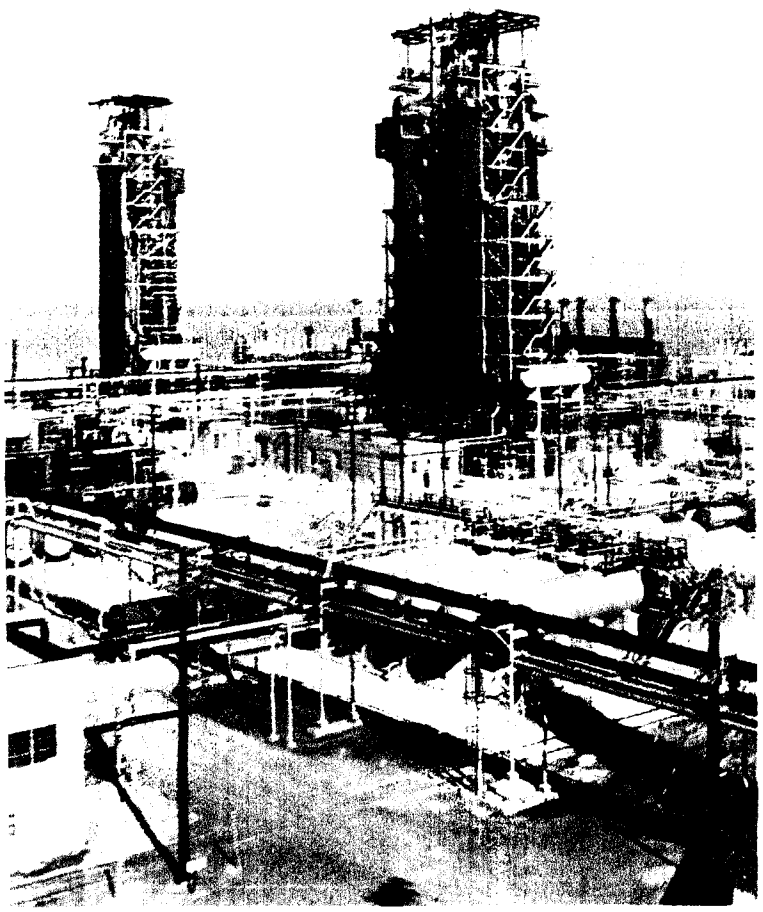
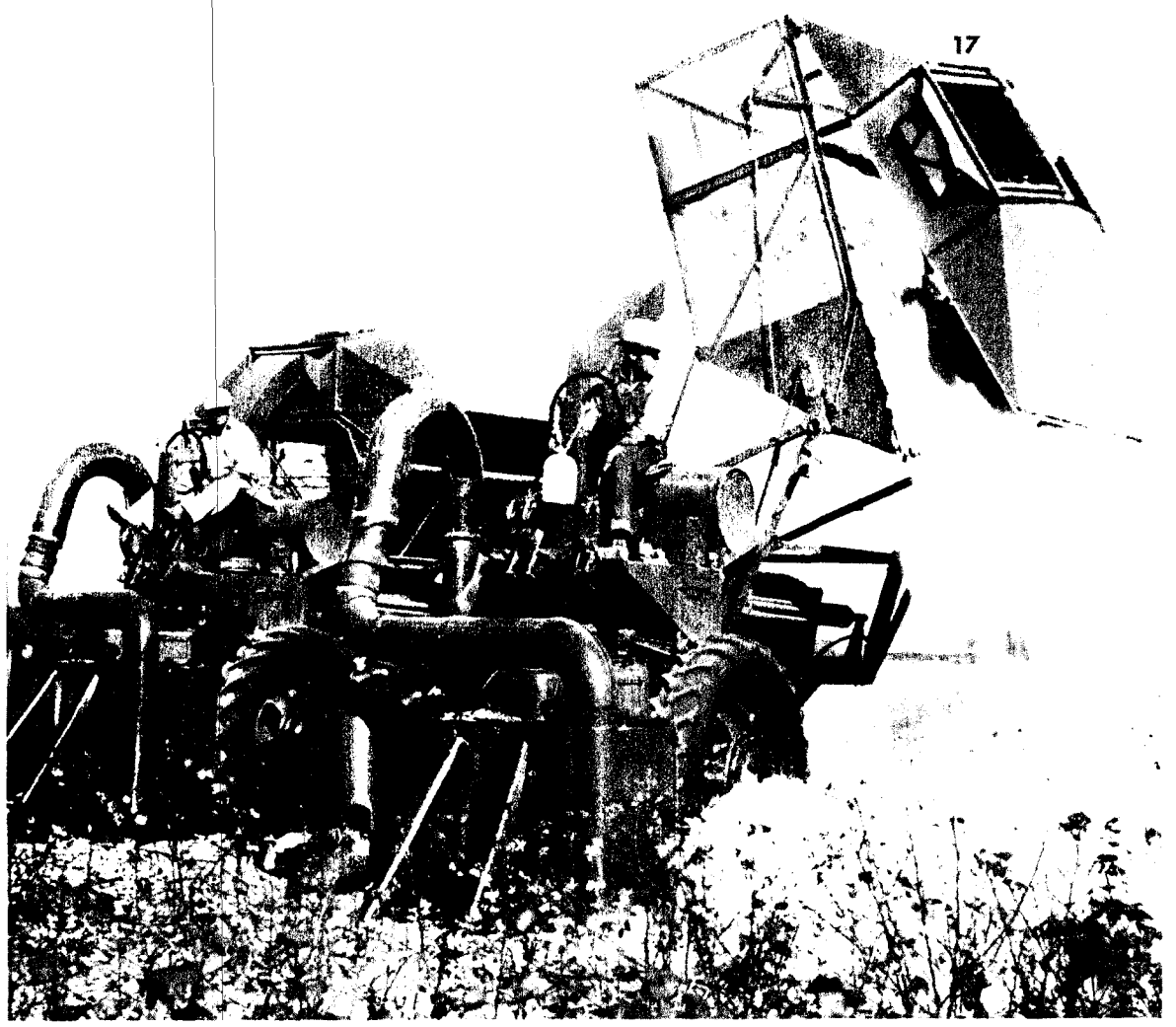


WILLIAM WOEGE

Big Chemicals. The claim we are controlled by a few wealthy men "is faded, unreal." Monsanto's Texas City styrene plant



L. WILLINGER

Big Agriculture. "It is big enterprise that provides Americans with many of the things they want." A McCormick cotton picker on a vast farm in California

about basic things. Neither can a nation. This nation *is* confused, for we say one thing about size in business, and we do another and almost opposite thing. We don't encourage and promote and strengthen, but on the contrary we continue to distrust and try to stunt and inhibit, and to penalize by law, the very economic talent that in considerable part makes us what we are—that talent which is one of our greatest sources of strength and freedom, our capacity for large-scale undertakings.

We distrust size in industry and business; our basic economic law, the Sherman Antitrust Act, symbolizes that distrust, giving concrete expression to our temperamental aversion to Bigness and to our belief in competition. How sometimes confused and contradictory this idea is I shall try to demonstrate in a later chapter by indicating that in U.S.A. 1952, Bigness in industry is itself one of the most effective ways—sometimes the only effective way—to maintain genuine competition.

Such contradictions and confusions as this are costly. We can scarcely expect other countries and peoples to "understand" us—which we try so desperately to have them do as part of the "cold war"—if we ourselves are mixed up about our own country on such basic issues as this. The only way out, for us, is to take a good hard look at the realities, to discuss and argue and think things through. These articles are an effort to bring about just such a discussion, and to focus that discussion not on technical details but on some fundamental propositions.

The belief that business Bigness is, in itself, something that must be curbed and restricted is a theme that has run throughout the governmental policy of this country for many years. The same theme, with only minor variations, has been repeated each four years in the political platforms and the speeches of Republicans and Democrats alike. Usually described as "concentration of economic power," the ever-mounting size of corporate undertakings has been, and continues to this day to be, the subject of unremitting criticism, warning, attack and governmental action.

Almost 40 years ago—in 1914—at the time the Federal Trade Commission was established, a joint committee told Congress: "The concentration of wealth, money and property in the United States under the control and in the hands of a few individuals or great corporations has grown to such an enormous extent that unless checked it will ultimately threaten the perpetuity of our institutions."

In 1951, the Federal Trade Commission used almost the same words: "If nothing is done to check the growth in concentration, either the giant corporations will ultimately take over the country, or the government will be impelled to step in and impose some form of direct regulation."

WE AMERICANS are individualists. This is one of our great and distinctive qualities. Our whole philosophy and outlook are built around the individual, and begin and end with the individual—and the individual is the smallest unit of all. This individualism runs through everything we do. The idea of being cogs in a big machine, in being a nation of ants, is not for us; it never has been, and the feeling seems to me to hold today. In politics the "independent" voter was never so important; this is one of the many bits of evidence that the spirit of each man for himself is still very strong.

So that, being individualists, we distrust Bigness. We distrust Bigness in business, having been brought up on trust busting and fear of monopoly. For the most part we distrust Bigness because we have fresh in memory or schoolroom recollection the history of abuses, arrogance and disregard of public and individual welfare by large-scale business in the past.

What we do not fully comprehend is that a profound change has taken place in the past two or three decades in our dependence upon Bigness for the very life of the country. It is big enterprise that provides Americans with many of the things we want. The things we want are not only physical things—goods and services, the "highest standard of living in the world." Size accounts in a measure for those things we want which are *not* physical and material, but without which we couldn't enjoy such physical things as shelter, food, clothing, recreation. Later I shall point out the degree to which size helps provide America and her people with an essential of life to us: freedom. And by this I mean freedom of choice, between alternatives, for the individual human being.

I conceive the purpose of American economic society not as the production and consumption of so many billions of units of steel, copper, automobiles, refrigerators. The purpose of our economic society and system is to promote freedom for the individual, as one prime essential of happiness and human fulfillment. By freedom I mean essentially *freedom to choose* to the maximum degree possible. Freedom is by no means merely a freedom to vote without coercion. "Did you suppose," asked Walt Whitman, "democracy was only for elections, for politics?"

What I am talking about, then, in these articles is not simply "efficiency" of large-scale production and distribution, nor the intricacies of antitrust laws. I am talking about people, about human beings, about my friends and neighbors and their aspirations and hopes and needs as individuals. To a large degree our human needs, our nonmaterial needs, are determined by the physical setting of our lives, by how we as a people earn our living, produce and distribute goods and services, how we build and manage our communities. The prospect of maintaining those human values we hold dear, our standards of what is good and what is shoddy or evil, depends largely upon this physical setting we usually call our economic system. I am not myself so much *(Continued on page 74)*

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CORN-FED

By PAUL ERNST

How had these chic New York women managed to transform her, Jean asked herself bitterly, from a happy, healthy beauty into a miserable, clumsy lump?

JEAN COREY was five feet nine and weighed a hundred and sixty-seven pounds. She had the constitution of a horse and the strength to put up her own storm windows, back home in Linus, Indiana, if her husband happened to be busy at the time. She had a wonderful disposition and a hearty laugh. In short she was a big, bouncing, carefree, contented, healthy, small-town woman in her late twenties.

Jean reached the age of nineteen in Linus, Indiana, with no great problem other than the one of finding boys who were large enough not to appear outnumbered in her company. It was then that she met Tim Corey, who was six feet three and looked like an outsized vitamin ad.

She married Tim, and soon after that he was made assistant manager at American Rotor Corporation's branch in Linus. Within a few years, they had two children, little Tim and Lee, and big Tim was made plant manager. All three had the health and unself-consciousness of sharks, and they led Jean a life easier to cope with in dungarees than in fragile dresses. She had a few nice clothes, of course, and she had her hair done, when she thought of it, in Linus' best beauty shop; aside from that she didn't bother.

Then Tim got the best break of all. The top brass of American Rotor called him to New York a few times, looked him over, and made him a vice-president in charge of engineering at the home office.

"They're crazy," Tim said. "I'm thirty-three. You need a century's experience and a long white beard for a job like that."

"They're smart," Jean said proudly. "They'll be declaring extra dividends because of you."

Tim grinned and then looked around at their country yard, at Jean in pants and a worn shirt, and himself in pants and no shirt, and at little Tim and Lee chasing up and down the field like puppies.

"Think we'll like living in New York?" he said.

"Sure, we'll like living there. But maybe we'd better leave the kids at home with Gramp until we find a place to park." . . .

So Jean bundled up her wardrobe—not much of it fit for so sophisticated a city—and in October they went off to town.

Jean had been to New York several times, but always for just a few days at a time while Tim attended an engineers' convention, and she had traveled with acquaintances from towns that were like Linus and had similar mores. Now she was to live in New York, among a smaller, more exclusive set. New York seemed the same as it always had for the first few days, and then she and Tim were invited to dinner by Johnson Case, American Rotor's first vice-president.

She wasn't nervous—Jean had nerves like new Manila rope—but naturally she wanted to look and do her best. She bought a pretty dinner dress, had her hair freshly if somewhat casually done, and she was in high spirits as she and Tim started out for Mr. Case's town house in the seventies.

"My wife," Tim said with pride, to Mrs. Johnson Case.

Jean touched the red-tipped fingers of a woman who was ten years her senior but had the slimness and sleekness of a young girl. Mrs. Case had no bulges, no muscles and no hips. Her dress made Jean's look like something from the New York Sacking Co.

"So nice," Mrs. Case murmured, and introduced Jean to the other guests. Tim, from his several probationary trips, knew most of the men and even one of the women—a slender, handsome blonde in apple green.

"Mrs. Quarles," Mrs. Case said, when they got to this one.

The party was very much like parties in Linus, Indiana, with the men tending to drift near Jean and her big laugh and unself-conscious size, and the women—Mrs. Quarles in the forefront—gravitating toward Tim. Jean found this natural enough; Tim was the best-looking man in the room. She glanced at him over the head of a short, important-looking man, and when Tim's gaze met hers she felt like a bride instead of the mother of two.

"I beg your pardon," she said to the short man.

"I said, it's Kansas you are from?"

Jean had placed him now. Something to do with a bank. A Mr. Gorse. She said, "No, Indiana. They corn-feed us there too."

"Oh, dear." Mr. Gorse looked distressed. "I didn't mean—"

"I know you didn't." Jean laughed and touched his arm. "But I am big." And tonight, she added to herself, I feel positively enormous, for some reason.

She didn't let it bother her, though. They went in to dinner, and Mr. Case was friendly to her. Except for a moment of diffidence now and then when Jean remembered that most of the men here were Tim's superiors, she had a fine time. It was all very much like any party back home in Linus—with one exception: in Linus there was nothing like this blonde in apple green, this Mrs. Quarles.

AFTER dinner Jean went upstairs to dab briefly at her nose and tug at her girdle. Mrs. Quarles and the wife of short, stout Mr. Gorse were already there. Mrs. Gorse was a slim and doll-like woman with daintily plucked eyebrows. Mrs. Quarles, of course, looked like something out of a fashion magazine.

The walls of the small dressing room were mirrored, and everywhere Jean looked she saw the trio—two slender, girlish figures, and a large, sturdily constructed woman in an acceptable but unexciting dinner dress.

". . . Only lean meat and lettuce," Mrs. Quarles was saying to Mrs. Gorse, as Jean started to leave. Both women smiled and murmured politely, and Jean went out, observing in a final look in the mirror how the pair glanced after her and then at each other and shrugged.

After that Jean felt subdued. She laughed at something Mr. Case said, and shut off the laugh as she saw Mrs. Quarles stare at her and as it occurred to her that during the entire evening hers had been the only really audible feminine laughter. You couldn't help being big, perhaps, but you could help being loud.

Back at their hotel, Tim got out of his dinner clothes, looking larger with each garment he took off. Jean creamd her face more carefully than usual, frowned at the firm round of her throat, and wondered if she'd been a liability to Tim.

"Mrs. Quarles," she said. "Brief me."

"Linda?" Tim said. "I told you about Linda weeks ago."

With the full name, Jean recalled.

She was twenty-seven, divorced, the niece of Albert Foster, the big boss of American Rotor. She'd been hostess at several small parties Tim had been asked to while he was being looked over for his new, bigger job. Tim had told Jean about Linda after his visits East, but it hadn't seemed to Jean then that there was any reason to remember her.

"She's good-looking," Jean said. "And very, very smart." Staring at her upraised, solid arms, she decided that she *had* been a liability.

Tim kissed the back of her neck. "I know someone better-looking and smarter," he said. And Jean felt warmed inside; but she could still see the mirrored trio—two women as young and curveless as high-school girls, the third one big and ungainly by comparison.

LINDA QUARLES was awfully kind to the Coreys. "Do call me Linda, Jean. I feel as if I know you very well, through Tim." She even found an apartment they could sublet until they located a permanent place.

"A nice house out in the suburbs?" Tim speculated.

"An apartment in town would be better," Linda advised. "Commuters take an awful beating."

"But there are the kids."

"You could send them off to school. Just for a while. There are some wonderful boarding schools in New England."

Jean had her own views on things like this, and she planned to present them when the time came. But meanwhile Linda was the niece of the big boss, and knew her way around; and what Jean wanted most was whatever would most help Tim's career. So Jean listened and tried not to feel left out.

Linda was also helpful to Jean, taking her around, and introducing her to the wives of men whom Tim would necessarily see often. Most of the women were like Mrs. Gorse and Linda, though not as good-looking as Linda. Tall or short, young or not so young, they wore their New York black with an ageless slenderness, as streamlined as Brancusi birds. A few had given up, and, in contrast, looked like defeated puddings; Jean ruefully began to wonder if sometimes she were being bracketed with these. She didn't think so, but—she certainly was big.

She began to glance speculatively at herself in display windows and mirrors, particularly when she was with Linda, and to cringe from the large, healthy amazon she saw reflected. All she needed was a bridle, she thought disgustedly. Certainly she was not like the others; and it could be important to Tim right now that she be not too unlike.

"Losing your appetite?" Tim asked vaguely when she began to eat only a little lean meat and lettuce, and skip potatoes, butter and dessert.

"That's it," Jean said, not wanting to confess her newly discovered inadequacies, and certainly not wanting to tell him about the humorous little shrug she'd seen pass between Mrs. Gorse and Linda in the dressing room. It kept scratching like toast in a sore throat, that shrug.

Maybe clothes are some of it, she told herself, when dieting worked no miracles. The straight-lined black, the long, tight-fitting sleeves.

She went shopping and tried on the black, which Linda's chic crowd wore like a uniform. She recoiled from the triple mirror; she looked like the Union Carbide & Carbon Building.

A different girdle, then. *(Continued on page 76)*

The walls were mirrored, and everywhere Jean looked she saw the trio—two slender, girlish figures, and a large, sturdily constructed woman

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

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RALPH ROYLE

Dr. E. Pfeiffer, who isolated magic bacteria, at his laboratory in Spring Valley, New York

The City with GOLDEN GARBAGE

Magnet draws tin cans from Oakland's garbage, and workers pull out other useless scraps before the bacteria get their chance to work on it

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Trained bacteria, turned loose on the refuse of Oakland, Cal., produce a rich, sweet-smelling fertilizer that's guaranteed to perform near miracles for farm land. It's like back-yard compost, and it could save the nation billions of dollars

By A. W. MARTINEZ

ONE morning in October, 1950, two strangers walked into the office of Tony Dalcino, president of the Oakland Scavenger Company, with a proposition that turned Dalcino's casual smile into a look of utter disbelief.

His callers wanted to know whether the company would let them have part of the daily haul of garbage it collects from the city of Oakland, California. They hoped, they said, to put the garbage on an assembly line and sell it!

Garbage was one thing Dalcino had plenty of. His company picks up about 400 tons a day from Oakland, and he was sitting right in the middle of it, so to speak, for his plant is built on a peninsula of garbage fill that yearly bites deeper into San Francisco Bay, eight miles from the city.

That his lowly stock in trade could achieve any more useful end than in the shallow waters of the bay was a thought which fascinated Dalcino but left him understandably skeptical. With notable restraint, he asked to hear more.

The two visitors were a combination nearly as strange as the idea they were proposing. One of them was Richard Stovroff, young owner of a wastepaper business in Buffalo, New York. The other was Dr. Ehrenfried E. Pfeiffer, German-born biochemist, holder of an honorary U.S. medical degree, and lifelong experimenter with new ways to grow better food.

Pfeiffer, a tall, robust, pink-cheeked man with an infectious twinkle, explained. In the course of his researches he had discovered a new "race" of bacteria which could convert garbage into fertilizer, a sweet-smelling black earth which could perform virtual miracles for the land. A tablespoon of the bacteria, grown in test tubes, could turn a ton of garbage into rich humus in three weeks.

Pfeiffer told Dalcino: "It costs Americans, as taxpayers, a few billion dollars a year when we throw away as garbage the precious minerals and organic material which we take out of the soil in the form of food. On the other hand, it costs farmers nearly $7,000,000,000 a year to put some of these minerals back in the ground in the form of chemical fertilizers. That doesn't make sense." He had, he added, decided to do something about it ever since his arrival in the U.S. in 1940 as a refugee from war-ravaged Europe.

Today, as a result of Pfeiffer's exposition nearly two years ago, nobody in Oakland, least of all the Oakland Scavengers, finds anything odd in the business of converting garbage. On the edge of San Francisco Bay, in a small, slate-gray building which serves as pilot plant for the Pfeiffer project, as many as 100 tons of wilted refuse a day are fed into one end of a system of conveyer belts. It comes out the other end as compost, ready, after a brief layover, to be shipped to farms and nurseries all over the nation.

Already, this spring, home gardeners in the West have had a chance to conduct their own tests on it; the Ferry-Morse Seed Company has distributed it and is using it to cultivate its own prize grass and flower seeds in Salinas, California.

In addition, many of the fresh vegetables now on your dinner table from the Salinas Valley "Salad Bowl" owe an extra charge of vitamins and minerals to this onetime Oakland garbage. A doubting foreman of one of the big Salinas farms which use the compost took a bag of it home recently, dumped it on his lawn and forgot about it. Weeks after the summer drought began, his neighbors became curious; his was the only lawn in town whose grass was still lush and green.

In control tests at Pfeiffer's Biochemical Research Laboratory at Spring Valley, New York, vegetables grown in this converted garbage have weighed 25 per cent more than those grown in conventional fertilizers, with from one to three times more vitamin A. The garbage-compost-treated soil has shown from one to four times as much life-giving nitrogen, and grain grown in it has shown a consistently higher protein content.

Laboratory experiments have proved that the mixture can restore even sterile sand to vigorous fertility and could make rich farm land out of desert if adequate water were available.

What the converted garbage does to the soil is to restore its organic matter, mineral balance and structure; it gives the soil body, and permits it to absorb and hold water. In the soil, this organic matter releases a powerful concentration of bacteria whose digestive activities and decay create plant foods and soil-binding humus, release nitrogen and make more efficient use of chemical fertilizers.

Chemical Fertilizers Less Efficient

Chemical fertilizers return plant food directly to the soil but do not provide this vital organic soil structure (although the new chemical, Krilium, by making the soil more porous, will increase the efficiency of organic fertilizers). All farmers try to restore it in part by growing cover crops and plowing them under, or by turning under plant stubble.

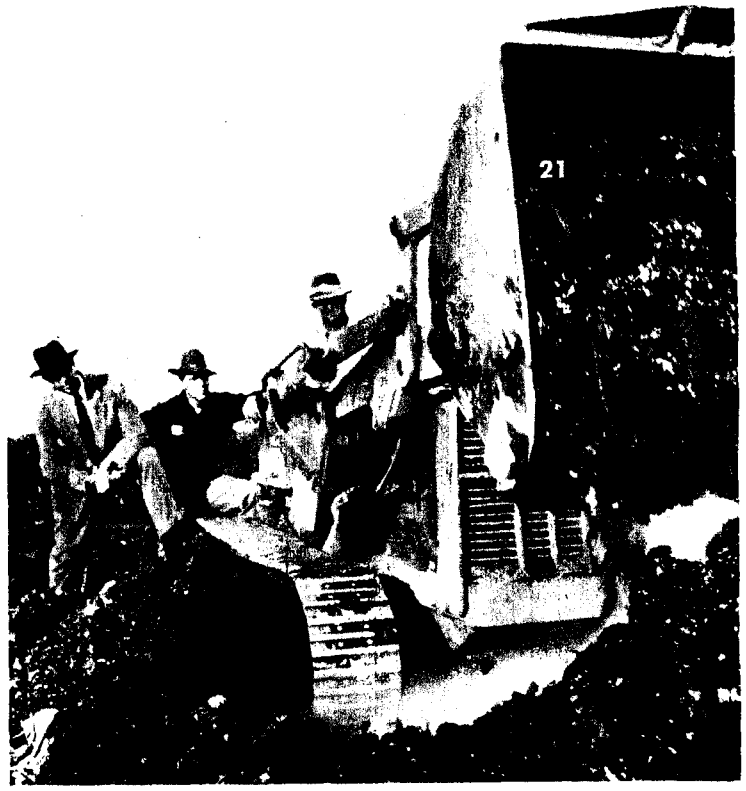
The converted-garbage fertilizer is actually a scientifically produced supercompost, a little like the material conscientious gardeners make by piling up leaves, vegetable matter and manure and allowing them to age. Such composting takes six to nine months and a great deal of care, but farmers regard the resulting product as "black gold." It is the stuff that gives virgin soil its loamy, crumbly appearance.

However, compost is a luxury fertilizer. You can't buy it in commercial quantities or at prices practical for mass-production farming. Neither can the mass-production farmer make it. At today's pace, he has neither the time nor man power. He also lacks the materials, the ready supply of manure and vegetable matter which diversified farms once had.

The Oakland plant hopes to provide the answer to this nation-wide need for a cheap supply of natural organic matter. The gradual depletion of our soil's organic reserves, and the attempt to make up for it solely by increasing the use of chemicals, has long worried agriculturists. Without any organic matter to anchor the topsoil, farm lands can become dust bowls.

"No one plant can do this job," Pfeiffer points out, "but if all U.S. garbage were processed each year, we would have about 30,000,000 tons of compost, enough to fertilize 10,000,000 acres of land. And garbage dumps would just about disappear."

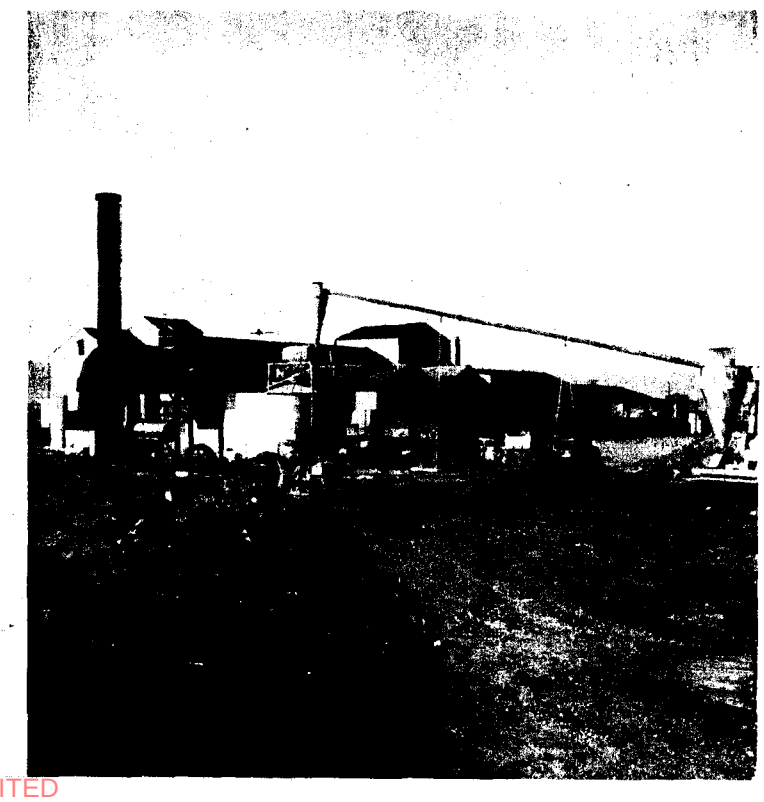
He sees the Oakland project as a showcase, not only for farmers, but also *(Continued on page 44)*



The plant president R. Stovroff (left) and manager L. Schmitz watch loader shake up steaming compost

Lab technician Sally Burns checks a week-old pile. Garbage heats up from violence of its decomposition

Pioneering garbage-to-compost plant erected on San Francisco Bay by Compost Corporation of America



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH

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With a bawl of rage, Sweet Wullie leaped to his feet. The next moment, he and Hobby were grabbing at each other's throats, using very un-Christian language

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THE KELPIE

By HENRY JOHN COLYTON

Sir Roderick was a poor but honest knight who would willingly ride to the aid of a benefactor. To pay a debt, he would brave robbery, murder, wild horse, or fair lady

SIR Roderick's saddle was a poor enough article, but it had outlasted the horse that had come with it. Sir Roderick was beginning to feel that the saddle would outlast him, too, if he had to lug it much farther. The trail he had followed through the rainy Cheviots toward Carlisle had run out in this bog. He was tired of tramping the heath, and he was wet and hungry.

He skirted the bog's edge, struggled through a willow thicket, splashed across a muddy stream, and, looking up, saw the castle—a squat tower, ringed with a low earthen wall and an inner palisade of logs, separated from him by a grassy meadow where there was no sign of life, unless one excepted a pile of fresh horse droppings. He could hear shouting as the wind veered—the shouting of many men, coming, evidently, from below the slope of the wooded hill rising to the castle's height on the north.

What! he reflected, shifting the saddle to his other shoulder. A fine meadow like this and no stock in it, and, from the length of the grass, no stock for some time—barring that horse, which I don't see. And who are the noisy parties below the hill? If it's an attack, why don't they attack through this meadow?

As he advanced cautiously, he saw a man's shape appear at the top of the tower and dodge down behind the rude battlements. While he watched, the man appeared again, gesturing.

"I say! Mind the arrows!" came a resonant bawl in good Norman French.

Sir Roderick advanced, but more cautiously. He was not overly tall, and the long grasses would be easy cover. The man beckoning was helmed and mailed.

"Thanks for the warning," Sir Roderick yelled. "I didn't know you were having visitors, *messire*. I was wondering if I could borrow a horse. Mine dropped, poor beast, some leagues back."

"Aha, so you want to borrow a horse, eh?" The man grinned wryly. "Wait there. I'll open the gate for you."

He disappeared. Sir Roderick sank in the grass by the gate. The noise of the unseen attackers sounded defiant. Why didn't they approach the castle through the meadow? And, stranger still, why didn't the parties inside make a sortie that way?

"You'd think there was a dragon in this pasture, or something—queer!" He rose up out of the grass, felt the sharp wind of arrows tearing past his head, and subsided. He stayed where he was until a very narrow door opened in the palisade. He got up, hoisted himself and his saddle over the stone wall, and rolled into the ditch. Then he made a dash for the gate and was jerked inside.

HE HAD wondered whether he would get any sort of meal, but meat was on the table and men lingered over it, growling among themselves and eying him without favor. The young man in mail cut him a generous collop. A gnarled, elderly man placed a horn mug of ale beside it.

"I'm the Earl of Creaghavon," said the young man in mail. "My men and I have been besieged by a gang of cattle thieves from Galloway, west of here. It's my fault that these Galloway savages are so earnest about it. The last time we caught a party of 'em making off with our cattle, I whacked off their heads and stuck 'em up on the palisade. Now you see what's happened. Their relatives have been camped below us for a month, and they *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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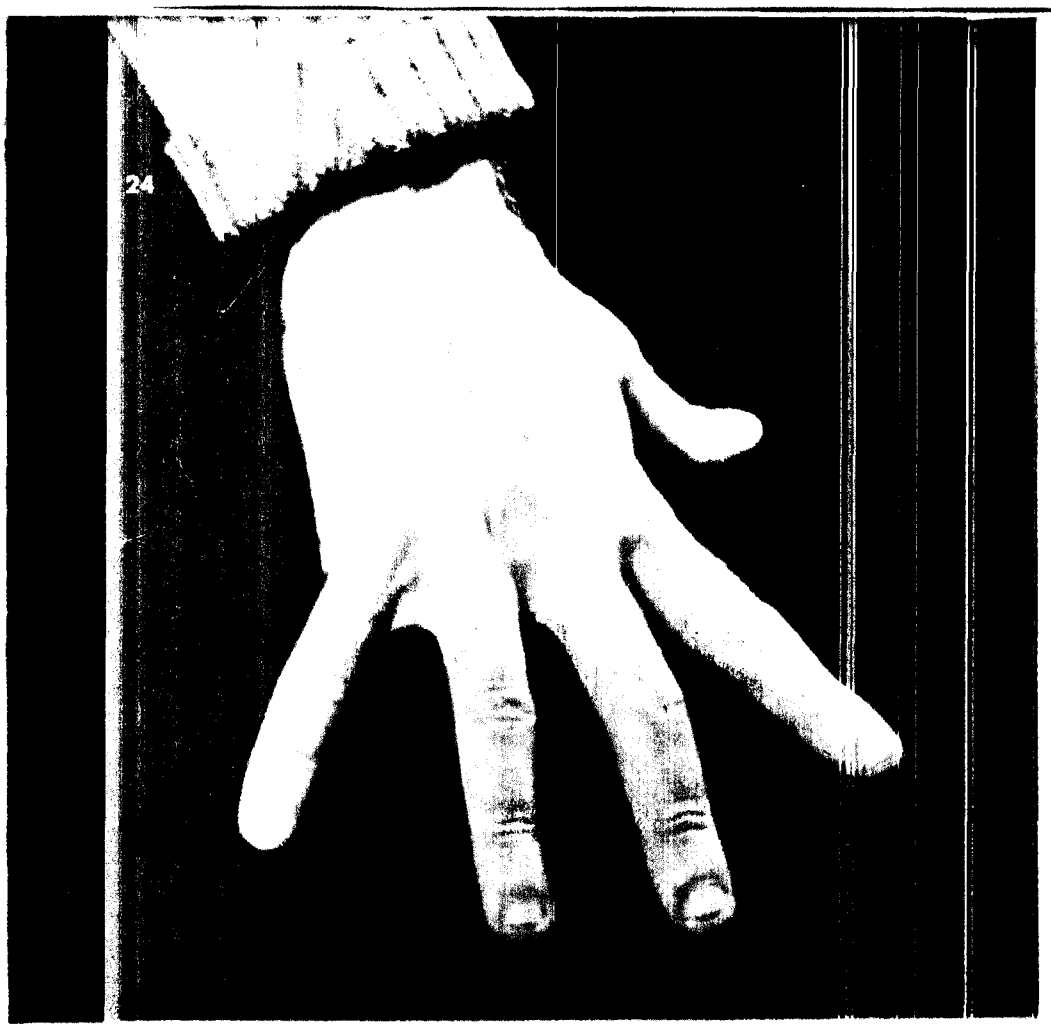

Rigid hand shows stutterer's tension when trying to talk. With proper therapy, stuttering is controllable in about 3 of 4 cases

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

They

Cleft palate exercise

THE twenty-three-year-old Texan stood nervously before his small audience. His hands were clenched and his palms were clammy. He was making a speech, but each word was a jumble of prolonged syllables, accompanied by painful-to-watch facial contortions. It wasn't until the instructor quietly asked him to try to relax and describe familiar scenery around his home that the speaker finally was able to blurt out a clearly understandable sentence.

The struggling young speaker was a stutterer seeking help at New York's National Hospital for Speech Disorders. He was one of more than 1,000,000 stutterers in the United States, and a member of a group of at least 6,500,000 other people with speech disabilities which, like stuttering, can be serious enough to make the spoken word an almost unintelligible sound.

Basically there are only two kinds of speech disorders: those arising from emotional disturbances and those which stem from physical defects. Stuttering is the most prevalent example of "nervous" (emotional) speech conditions; runners-up are many types of poor articulation and certain kinds of oddly pitched voices.

The physical causes of defective speech may be congenital or due to accident, injury, disease or surgery in later life. An estimated 200,000 persons, for example, were born with cleft palates. On the other

A young patient at the National Hospital for Speech Disorders who has trouble with his "h"s, gets help from Mrs. Glenna Smith, a speech therapist. Articulation problems can range from child's wish to stay on baby level to trouble placing tongue for words

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Want to Talk

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

hand, the tragic condition of aphasia, the partial or complete loss of the ability to speak, write or understand one's own language, is caused by injury to the cerebrum or by other brain conditions.

Today, most speech disorders can be markedly alleviated or cured with proper treatment. For stutterers, clinicians seek to find the psychological reasons behind the patient's tension. Then, by rooting out the basic causes and restoring self-confidence, the stutterer is led into normal speech. Children with poor articulation are given exercises to train the muscles governing speech. Cleft-palate patients huff-and-puff according to scientifically determined rules to eliminate the large degree of nasality which may remain even after surgery. The aphasia victim is re-educated to build up a new set of associations between words and the objects and ideas they stand for. Post-laryngectomy patients, whose voice boxes (larynxes) have been removed, are taught to gasp air into the esophagus (food tube) and belch it out again, producing speech as they do so.

The National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York City, where Collier's took the pictures on these pages, is one of the best clinics in the U.S. It treats about 4,000 patients a year, and is unique in that it is equipped to handle virtually every type of speech disability.

"The two prime requisites for treating any speech condition are understanding and patience on the part of the teachers and therapists," says Dr. David Ross, the psychiatrist who administers the hospital's program. With these qualities as a foundation, he points out, science can now bring to the great majority of cases the miracle of improved speech.

HOWARD COHN

25

By belching words, 85 per cent of postlaryngectomy patients can learn to speak adequately. Opening in throat is for breathing

Aphasia victim is overjoyed as he blurts out words in front of classmates. Aphasia, the partial or total loss of the power to speak, is caused by injury to the brain. Patients are asked to speak in class, following private instruction to build up confidence

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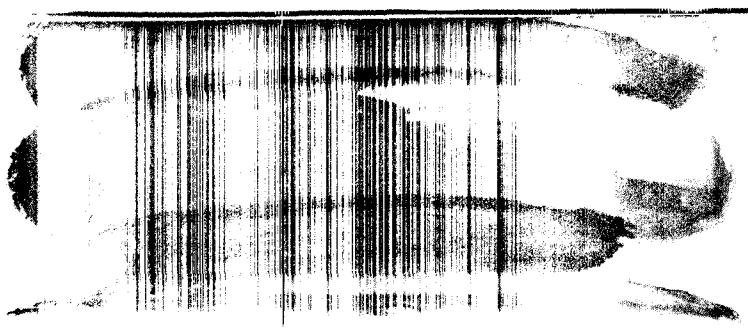

A Roman Romance

By [redacted]

I was very, very young that year, and in love with Vicki in a way I'd never been in love before. She was so wise, so kind, so generous—and so very, very married

I WAS twenty-six and full of hope and curiosity when I went to Rome. I must admit, too, that I considered myself a rather knowing young man. I had been through four years of college and four years of war. I had come to the big city and managed a job and several love affairs with better-than-passing grades. But now, after deep reflection, I wanted to see Europe (counting on the chance that some culture and a couple of languages would rub off on me) and I had saved the money to do it. I went first to Rome. When I arrived, I had with me four letters of introduction. The first one I used was addressed to a Mr. and Mrs. Cass Barker. As it turned out, I never had occasion to use the others.

Before I met Barker, all I knew about him was that he had an important job in the American consulate. He and his wife were friends of a former history professor of mine with whom I had kept in touch and who had encouraged me to go abroad. I had intended to spend a few weeks just moseying around Rome on my own, but after a week of it I found myself wanting company and, since my hotel on the Via Ludovisi was too expensive, some advice on where else to stay. I wrote Barker from the hotel and the next day got a telephone call in which he very cordially asked me to have dinner with him and his wife the following evening.

It was almost dark when I found their place, a long way out, in a neighborhood of handsome houses and grounds. I guess the Barker house wasn't very old, but it was built around a patio and had tiled floors and a Roman look about it; yet in one room there was a fireplace, burning briskly, for the night was cool. Cass Barker was so easy to meet that it was like calling casually at a house I'd visited often. He was tall, with a lean, deeply lined face, and though he looked about forty-five, his hair was white and growing thin. He gave my coat and hat to a little old man with huge dark eyes and, after some fast talk with him in Italian, led me to a chair by the fire.

"Martinis coming," he said, and as I sat back, glowing with the pleasure of this fine moment in, of all places, Rome, Barker's wife came in carrying a tray. I got up—conscious of doing it too quickly. I don't know why, but I hadn't thought anything about her, and maybe after meeting Cass I had automatically checked her off as—well, just a middle-aged wife. "This is Vicki," Cass said, taking the tray from her. For a minute, I didn't even notice her hand out toward me. I think I had several "ideal" women in my head in those days, and she was certainly one of them. She was medium-tall and slender, but not thin. Her eyes were really blue and her hair was black, as black as Chinese hair, and pulled back tight to a round knot. She had a lot of color in her cheeks, and her voice was high but soft. When I finally took her hand, she smiled, a friendly, personal smile, and I felt weak.

I also felt that I had made a great fool of myself staring at her, and when Cass poured me a Martini I drank it in a hurry. I hoped it would relax me, but it didn't. I was just too excited. They asked me what I'd been doing and hoped to do, and though as a rule I talk haltingly, I reeled off the things I'd seen and my impressions of them without a pause. I got going a little too fast, and that embarrassed me, so I hauled up short and inquired about them.

Well, it was wonderful to sit there and listen to their easy, knowledgeable talk about Rome. Cass said his job at the consulate wasn't very demanding, so he and Vicki had spent a lot of time in the past few years looking into Roman history. They both spoke Italian. They knew the city inside out. They had learned a great deal about the ruins and they had a friend in archaeology over at the University of Rome who sometimes took them along on his professional "digs."

Of course, I didn't know anything about this stuff, but the sound of it had always appealed to me, and by the time we went in to dinner I thought the Barkers were about the most interesting people I'd ever met. What's more, after four Martinis, I *was* relaxing a little. At any rate, I was feeling a little more competent. I made what I thought were a few intelligent, and even amusing, comments. I watched Vicki less guardedly. Now and then I'd address myself to her and then, with half my senses, simply feast on the way she looked and talked and moved. I didn't see how she could be much over thirty, and yet she seemed so wise. And sort of foreign. What American woman would think of putting that single short strand of pearls around the base of the knot in her hair?

A perfect woman, I thought. And yet there was nothing in my feeling that shamed me. I thought Cass Barker was a fine, fascinating fellow, and if I envied him, I did not quite covet his wife. I felt that they deserved each other and I enjoyed the generosity of my feeling. All I wanted was for the evening to go on and on, and I was thinking of that when suddenly I found myself paying sharp attention to something they were saying.

CASS had mentioned the history professor whose letter of introduction I had sent them. "Ah, Bill's an angel," Vicki said. "We've been friends for years, you know. He was at our wedding." She paused and looked at Cass and laughed lightly. "Our first wedding, I mean."

I couldn't help just staring at her and then at Cass.

"That's right," he said, nodding. "First wedding. Vicki and I were married for a few years and divorced. We got married again in forty-five."

"Oh, yes," I said, trying to sound as though among people as sophisticated as we were that sort of thing happened all the time.

Vicki was pouring some very black coffee. "We were divorced for three years," she said, smiling a little. "I guess we both enjoyed the interval."

It was all I thought about for the rest of the evening. I'd have cut out my tongue before seeming inquisitive, but I hoped wildly that Cass and Vicki would reveal more about themselves. No longer just interesting people, they were now—for me—wrapped in a veil of mystery and *(Continued on page 42)*

There wasn't a man we passed who didn't stare at Vicki with amazement and longing. I was too proud to resent them. We wandered among the shattered buildings, and then sat beside the statues of the Vestal Virgins

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Doctor's wife Evelyn Sampson answers 3 A.M. phone call

DOCTOR'S WIFE

ONE Sunday night recently, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Sampson, of Thomaston, Connecticut, sat down to dinner after an exhausting day. They had hardly begun the meal when the front doorbell rang. Dr. Sampson opened the door and hurriedly helped a woman into his examination room. A few minutes later he reappeared with a prematurely born infant in his arms.

"Here," he told his wife, "keep this little fellow alive somehow. I've got to look after his mother." To Evelyn Sampson, typical of many thousands of hard-working doctors' wives in the U.S., this was just another emergency to be met calmly. She quickly took the child into the kitchen, turned on the oven to a very low heat and used it as a temporary incubator. An hour later, child and mother were rushed safely to the hospital.

"You should have seen that little bit of humanity fight for life," Mrs. Sampson says. "Being the wife of a general practitioner can be trying, but it can also be very rewarding."

Pert, thirty-four-year-old Evelyn Sampson should know: she answers the ever-ringing telephone, attends to her husband's correspondence, makes his laboratory tests (she's a trained technician), looks after their 13-room house, and somehow finds time to care for their three young children—Linda, six, Claudia, three, and Danny, two. In addition, she is an active member of a number of community groups, including the Parent-Teacher Association and the County Medical Auxiliary.

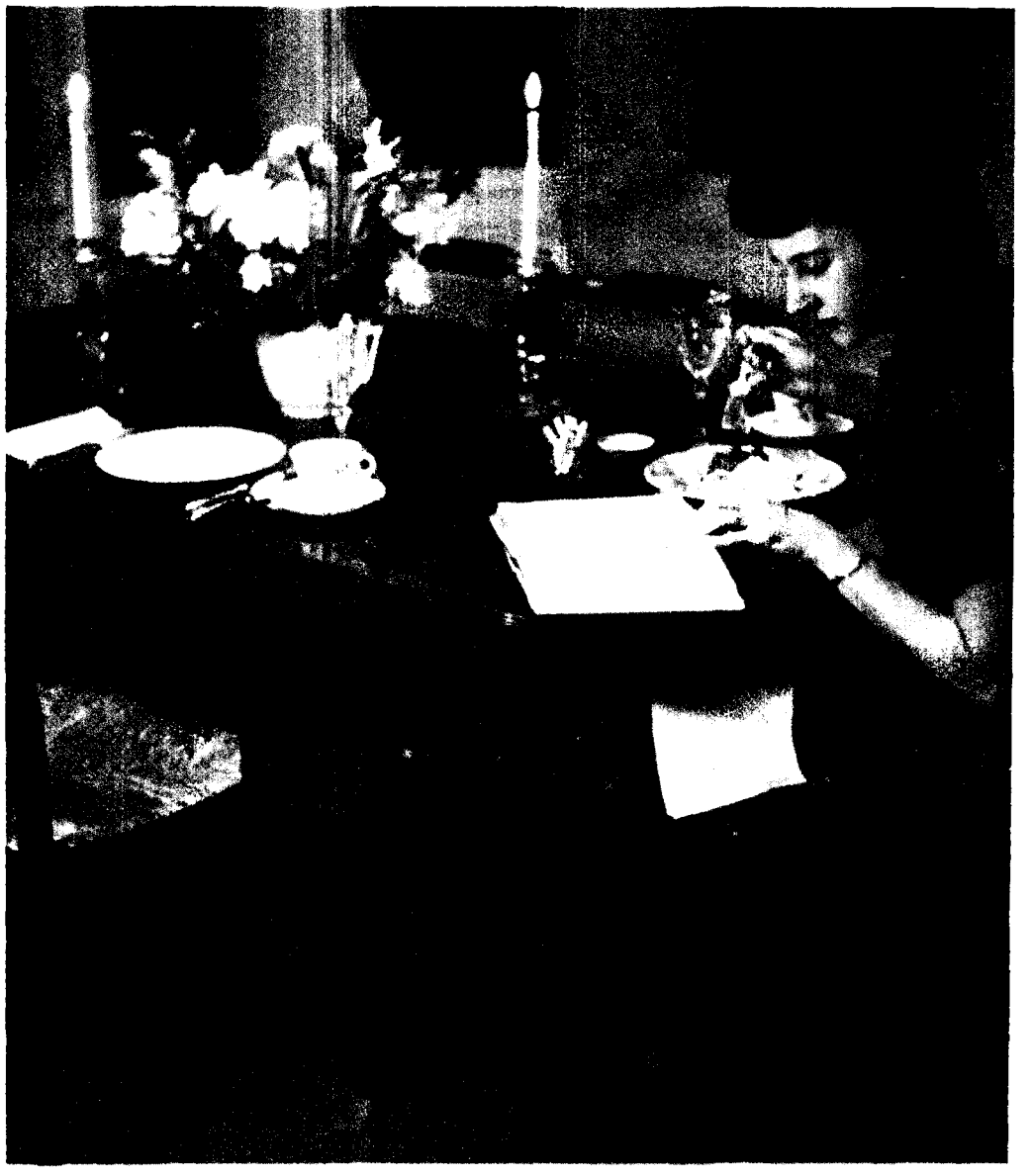
Eight years ago Evelyn Sampson was teaching at Barnard College, New York City, as a graduate assistant in histology, zoology and embryology. She had to make a decision: to become a doctor's wife or study for her Ph.D. She had met her future husband when they were both freshmen, aged nineteen, at Tufts College, Massachusetts, and the problem for Evelyn was not a very difficult one. "I had always wanted to be a doctor's wife—especially Dan's," she says.

Since then, life has been hectic. After the war (Dr. Sampson spent 19 months as a medical officer in charge of 20,000 prisoners of war) the couple purchased their old-fashioned (built in 1884) home on money which they borrowed. They moved in on a Saturday night, and within an hour their first patient was on the doorstep. Today the Sampsons are busy from sunrise to sunset and often most of the night, too.

In the opinion of Evelyn Sampson, the demands on her husband's time are sometimes beyond the call of duty. When Dr. Sampson was driving her to the hospital for the birth of their child Danny, he had to make two calls on the way. "I was not in the mood to forgive him, either," she says.

Still, like other U.S. doctors' wives, Evelyn Sampson has learned that the patient must always come first. "There's little relaxation in being a G.P.'s wife," she says. "You never make a fortune. But believe me, it's fun. You find your husband really needs you—as much as the stethoscope in his little black bag. What more does a wife want?" EVE ARNOLD

Assisting doctor husband at minor operations is regular chore for Mrs. Sampson. She also runs house, makes laboratory tests and cares for three young children



Busy doctor and wife have erratic mealtime schedule. Ever-growing practice often means having meals "on the run." Demands are so great, wife generally dines alone

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Breakfast over, Evelyn Sampson spends relaxing moment with children—Danny, two, on kitchen cabinet drinking milk; Claudia, three, on mother's knee, and Linda, six

Sampson family awaits return of doctor from rounds. Dr. Sampson is also on the staffs of three hospitals

Mrs. Sampson does own shopping. While she is out, a neighboring doctor's wife answers her telephone

Hard-working doctor's wife cleans examining room. She re-covers examination table after each case. She also finds time to attend meetings of community organizations

Important duty is answering correspondence, billing patients. Fees are low, averaging $4 per house call

After exhausting day Sampsons enjoy rare period of relaxation, but phone may ring again at any moment

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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Continuing My White House Years

ELECTION AFTERMATH

By HERBERT HOOVER

In the four-month interregnum between his defeat and his successor's inauguration, says our ex-President, F.D.R.'s "refusal to co-operate" induced a "senseless" panic

VII

NATURALLY, I had given thought to the situation which would arise in the certain event of my defeat in November, 1932. I felt it vital that in the four-month interregnum before inauguration of the new President on March 4, 1933, we co-operate in seeking solutions to the problems which pressed all around. Obviously the Democratic-controlled Congress—which was to meet in December for a short session—would accept no recommendations from me unless President-elect Roosevelt approved. Similarly, I had lost any positive influence with foreign governments, as any agreement I might make with them faced the uncertainties of a new administration.

Urgent matters both foreign and domestic demanded settlement. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria presented great difficulties. The moratorium on intergovernmental debts was expiring in December. The World Economic Conference was to convene in January. We were in the midst of the World Disarmament Conference. As the President-elect had not criticized my foreign policies during the campaign, I naturally expected that we could co-operate in that field.

As to domestic problems of recovery, I was also under an illusion that he would wish legislation for balancing the budget, banking and bankruptcy reform, real authority for government reorganization, and completion of the powers of the RFC, Land Banks and home loan banks. If these matters were out of the way, such political liabilities as they entailed would be on my back, and the new administration would be off to a propitious start.

I took the first step to approach the President-elect while en route back to Washington from Palo Alto, where I had gone to vote. In a short speech from the train to a crowd at Glendale, California, on November 11th, I said:

". . . We must have continued unity in constructive action all along the economic front. I shall work for that unity during the remaining four months of this administration."

A new international problem boiled up just two days after the election. On the train going east, I received a wire from Secretary of State Stimson reporting that all our war debtors except Finland had notified us of their intention to demand deferment of payments due on December 15th. At that time the moratorium would expire. In addition, they proposed an entire readjustment of the debts. This was in line with an agreement they had made at the Lausanne Conference, in the summer just past, to present a united front on this question.

At once the country was flooded by propaganda for absolute cancellation of the debts. I therefore resolved not to await my arrival in Washington, but to telegraph the President-elect rather fully the background of this question, and invite him to meet with me at the White House for purposes of united action. This I did from Yuma, Arizona, on November 12th, indicating the line I thought should be taken—a renewal of the War Debt Commission which had fixed the original debt settle-

Outgoing and incoming Presidents exchange greetings on Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933, shortly before Roosevelt took over reins

HARRIS & EWING

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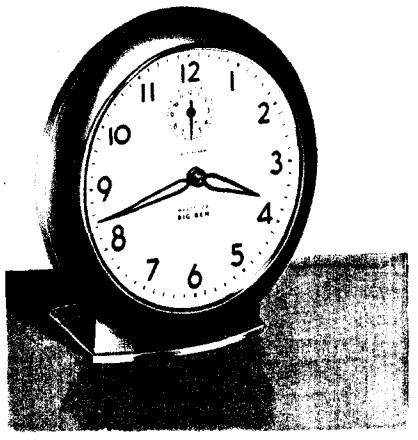

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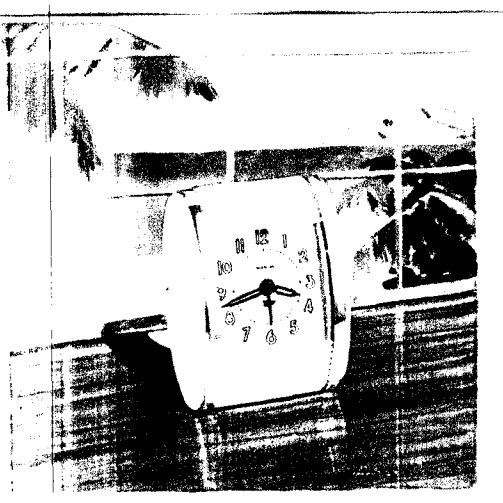

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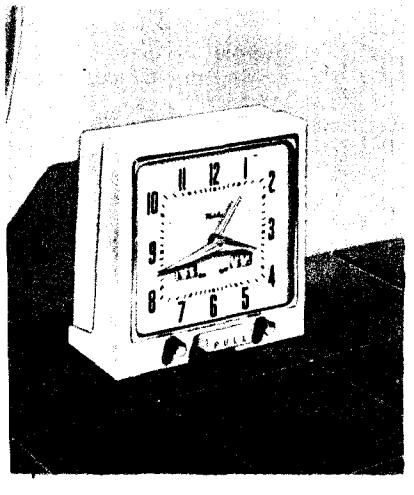

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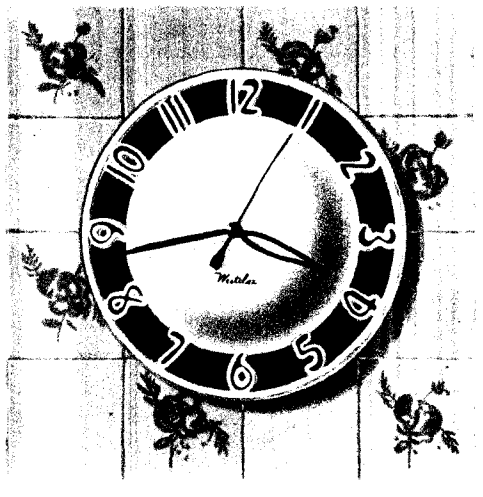

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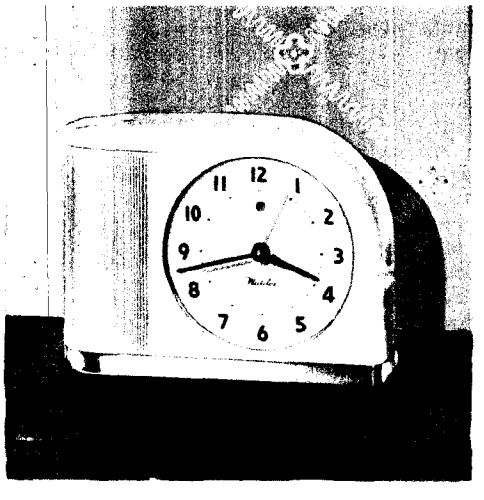

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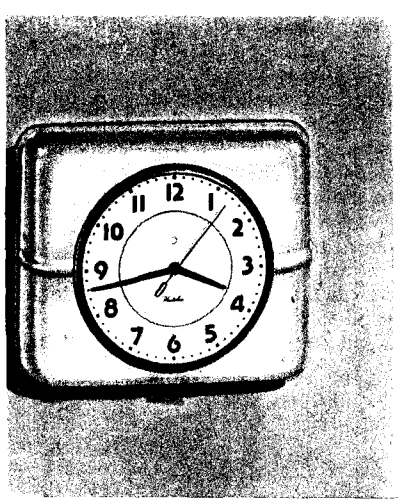

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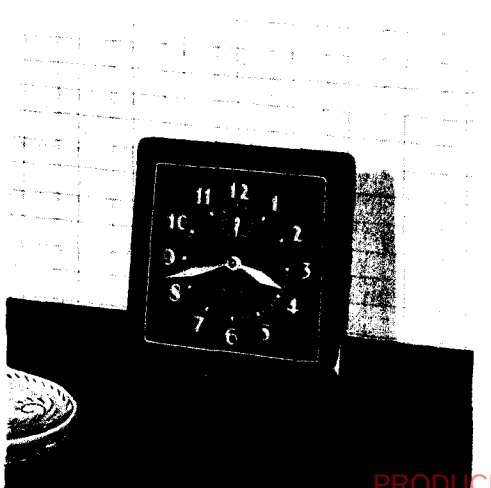

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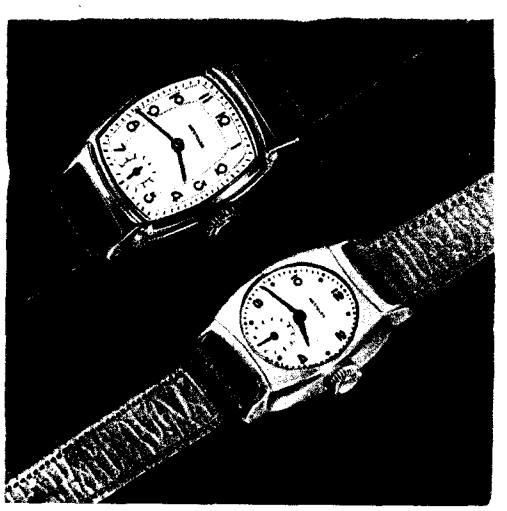

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ment, and which had been jointly appointed by Congress and the President. I pointed out:

". . . I recommended to the Congress (some months previously) that a new debt commission be created to deal with situations that might arise owing to the temporary incapacity of any individual debtor to meet its obligations . . . during the period of world depression. Congress declined to accede to this latter recommendation . . ."

Roosevelt replied on the 14th, accepting my invitation but with this concluding sentence:

". . . In the last analysis, the immediate question raised by the British, French and other notes creates a responsibility which rests upon those now vested with executive and legislative authority. My kindest regards."

I did not like the ring of this disavowal of any responsibility on his part, as without his co-operation Congress would take no action, and any action we took would have to be approved by it first, but we arranged to meet on November 22d. Roosevelt had expressed a wish to bring some adviser with him. I had expected that he would select either Senators Glass, Hull, Swanson or Walsh, who were being mentioned for his Cabinet, and were familiar with these problems. But he brought Mr. Raymond Moley, one of his campaign aids. Mr. Moley had great abilities, but his interest had not been in these particular fields at that time.

Secretary Stimson and Secretary of the Treasury Mills were present on our side. It became quickly evident that the Messrs. Roosevelt and Moley were neither of them familiar with the subject; worse still, they were obviously suspicious that we were trying to draw them into some sort of trap. Moley took charge of the conversation for Roosevelt. I therefore directed myself to primary educational work upon him, as he was plainly going to dominate any conclusions by Roosevelt.

We presented a factual statement on the debts and our policies concerning them. We also pointed out the importance of the impending World Economic Conference in ending the trade war and stabilizing currencies. We also described the progress of the Disarmament Conference, which an American delegation was then attending.

Selfish Motives Disclaimed

I did my best to disillusion Roosevelt and Moley as to any purpose we might have other than co-operation for the country's good, and pointed out the urgency of these measures in furthering the general world recovery which had begun in July.

Our concrete proposals were:

(1) That we should demand payment of the war-debt installments due in December (about $150,000,000 in all), both to maintain the integrity of the obligations and combat the debtors' strategy of collusion.

(2) That, to negotiate questions at issue after such payment, I should recommend to Congress—and Roosevelt express approval of—revival of the World War Debt Commission.

(3) That, if Congress approved, and inasmuch as this commission had been bipartisan—with the Senate, House and the President each naming three members—I should this time appoint such Presidential members as Roosevelt approved, and that the commission should make no commitments until after his inauguration or, in any event, without his approval.

(4) That the debt problem and those of the World Economic Conference should be considered concurrently. Without proposing to use the debts as a club, we felt that any debt revision might favorably influence conference agreement on currency stabilization and an end to trade barriers; that we had a right to some co-operation in return for debt favors granted.

We suggested that I name delegates to the Economic Conference agreeable to Roosevelt, and that the conference proceed without delay, since in any event it could reach no conclusions prior to his inauguration.

Certainly Mills, Stimson and I understood that Roosevelt agreed to all our proposals. With these promises, I suggested that Roosevelt join me in a meeting of Congressional leaders of both parties which I would call for the next day at the White House, and that we jointly urge revival of the War Debt Commission.

Roosevelt said that he would rather not attend, but that he would at once communicate his approval to the Democratic leaders.

We also suggested that after this meeting we draft a statement on the debt question to be issued in both our names indicating our agreement as to what should be done. But Roosevelt said that he preferred that I issue such a statement after agreement with him or Moley as to its terms, and that Roosevelt then issue an approving statement, the terms of his statement also to be jointly settled.

It was agreed that Secretary Mills would meet with Roosevelt the next day to settle the texts of both statements, his and mine.

Next day, when I met the Congressional leaders, I was astonished to find that Roosevelt had not communicated with the Democratic members. Nevertheless, I reviewed for the group our debtors' demands, and urged that unless we showed willingness to negotiate hardship situations, all the debtors would inevitably gang up on us and default, and that once they defaulted they would never resume payment of the debts. Certainly, once the debts were abandoned, no member of the parliament of any debtor country could be re-elected on a platform of debt resumption.

My arguments were of no avail. The Democratic leaders informed me that they would oppose any reactivation of the Debt Commission.

Despite this rebuff, I determined—in view of the fact that Roosevelt had only yesterday stated his agreement with us on the major lines of the debt policy—to prepare a statement on the whole debt situation along those lines.

Aimed at influencing both Congressional and foreign opinion, the statement noted the fact that the debts could not be varied except by mutual agreement; that our policy was to deal with each debtor separately, and that the debt settlements were unalterable except with the approval of Congress.

The statement also pointed out that I had the year before recommended reviving the Debt Commission to consider situations arising out of the depression, but that Congress had at the time refused. I continued:

"It is unthinkable that . . . our people should refuse to consider the request of friendly people to discuss an important question in which they and we both have a valid interest, irrespective of what conclusions might arise from such a discussion. This is particularly true in a world greatly afflicted, where co-operation and good will are essential to the welfare of all.

"I believe, therefore, that Congress . . . should authorize the creation of an agency to exchange views with those governments . . . Furthermore, such agency should be constituted through complete or partial identity of membership with the delegations to the World Economic Conference . . ."

When Mr. Mills called on Roosevelt next morning for the purpose of harmonizing this statement and Roosevelt's statement approving it, he was informed that the President-elect would not be able to see him, but that I should issue our statement and that Roosevelt would comment on it later. I accordingly issued our statement.

Roosevelt did issue a statement on the 25th, saying:

"As to the debt payments due December 15th, I find no justification for modifying my statements to the President on November 14th when I pointed out that 'the immediate question raised by the British, French and other notes creates a responsibility which rests upon those now vested with executive and legislative authority' . . .

"I find myself in complete accord with four principles discussed in the conference between the President and myself yesterday and set forth in a statement which the President has issued today . . .

"Once these principles of the debt relationships are established and recognized, the methods by which contacts between our government and the debtor nations may be provided are matters of secondary importance. My view is that the most convenient and effective contacts can be made through the existing agencies and constituted channels of diplomatic intercourse.

"No action by the Congress has limited or can limit the constitutional power of the President to carry on diplomatic contacts or conversations with foreign governments."

This statement by Roosevelt was in general accord except the suggestion that the responsibility for action rested solely on the present administration and the rejection in effect of revival of a Debt Commission.

The suggestion that I use my powers to negotiate through diplomatic channels was futile because no foreign government would seriously negotiate with a disappearing administration. Further, the Democratic Congress would take no action without Roosevelt's approval.

Roosevelt informed reporters that it was not his "baby." The press was very critical of his attitude. The Detroit Free Press said:

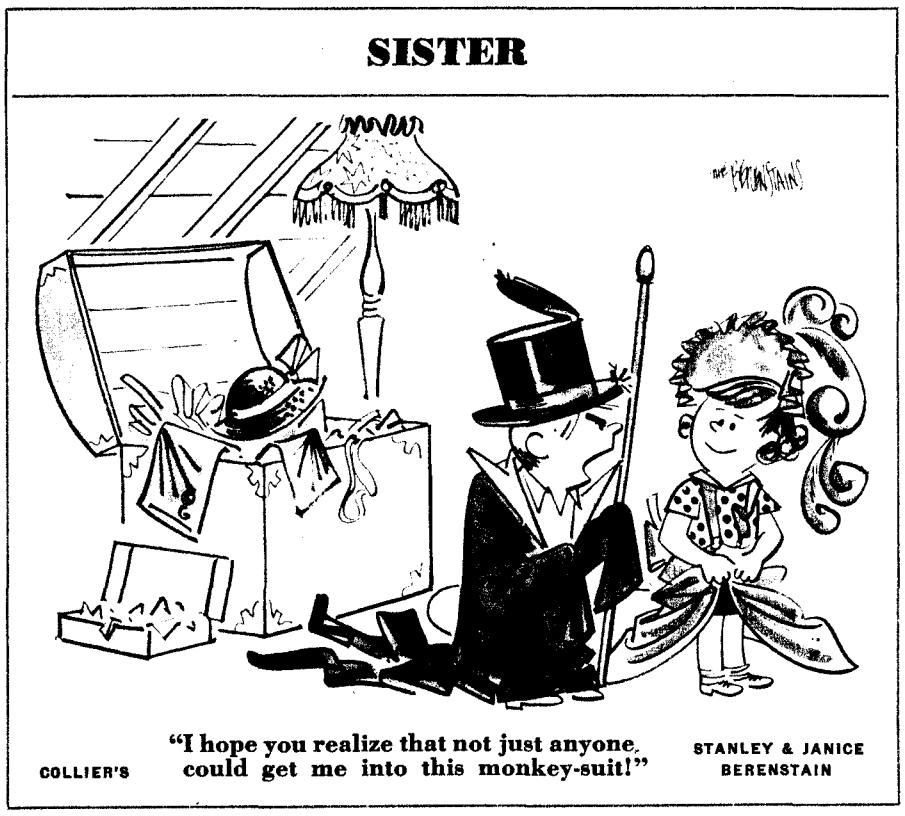
"The refusal of the governor to co-operate actively with Mr. Hoover and his subsequent statement that the matter at issue was 'not his baby,' are indicative of the lack of largeness and vision more disquieting in a person about to become the chief executive . . . Mr. Roosevelt had an opportunity unique in the history of the American Presidency, and he failed to grasp it."

The Baltimore Sun commented:

". . . It seems to us that Mr. Roosevelt might wisely have given thought to the possibility that this baby, which is not now his, may soon develop into an unruly stepchild, permanently lodged under his roof, and disposed to play with matches."

However, I determined to insist on payment of the December 15th debt installments. The various governments were so informed, and were also told that if the payments were met, I would—so far as it lay in my power—recommend negotiations as to future payments.

The principal debtors—except France—met the mid-December payments. The French would have paid but for an unfortunate press dispatch from Warm Springs which represented the President-elect as having said that he did not regard the December 15th payment as a necessary condition for opening negotiations.



French Could Have Paid Debt

The French press received this with elation, and proceeded to eulogize Roosevelt as a great leader and damn me aplenty. The French payment due was about $50,000,000; they had more than $500,000,000 in New York banks at the time.

Believing that Roosevelt was being led into error from misinformation, and still hoping for co-operation, I wired him on December 17th urging that we proceed with the World Economic Conference. The essential paragraphs of my telegram were:

". . . As the economic situation in foreign countries is one of the dominant depressants of prices and employment in the United States, it is urgent that the World Economic Conference should assemble at as early a date as possible . . .

"If it were not for the urgency of the situation both at home and abroad . . . it would be normal to allow the whole matter to rest until after the change of administration, but in the emergency such as exists at the moment I would be neglectful of my duty if I did not facilitate in every way the earliest possible dealing with these questions. It is obvious that no conclusions would be reached from such discussions prior to March 4th, but a great deal of time could be saved if the machinery could be created at once by the appointment of the delegates . . .

"I should be glad to know if you could join with me in the selection of such a delegation at the present time or if you feel that the whole matter should be deferred until after March 4th."

I sent Congress a special message on the 19th, urging that the Debt Commission and the conference group be created.

Roosevelt replied to my telegram on the 19th, saying:

". . . I must respectfully suggest that the appointment of the permanent delegates and the final determination of the program of the economic conference be held in abeyance until after March 4th . . .

"I think you will recognize that it would be unwise for me to accept an apparent joint responsibility with you when, as a matter of constitutional fact, I would be wholly lacking in any attendant authority."

Ordinarily I would have accepted this as ending any hope of co-operation, but our own economic situation was degenerating toward another disaster, and it was vital that we show interest in world stability and display strong unity in our own country. I resolved to try again.

As shown in these dispatches, I was not trying to dictate policies but merely to set up machinery by which time could be gained and world confidence in our willing-

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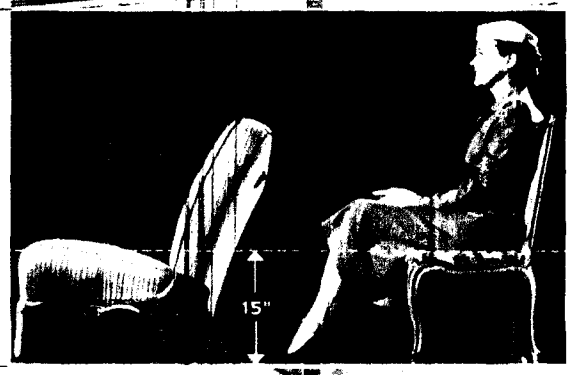

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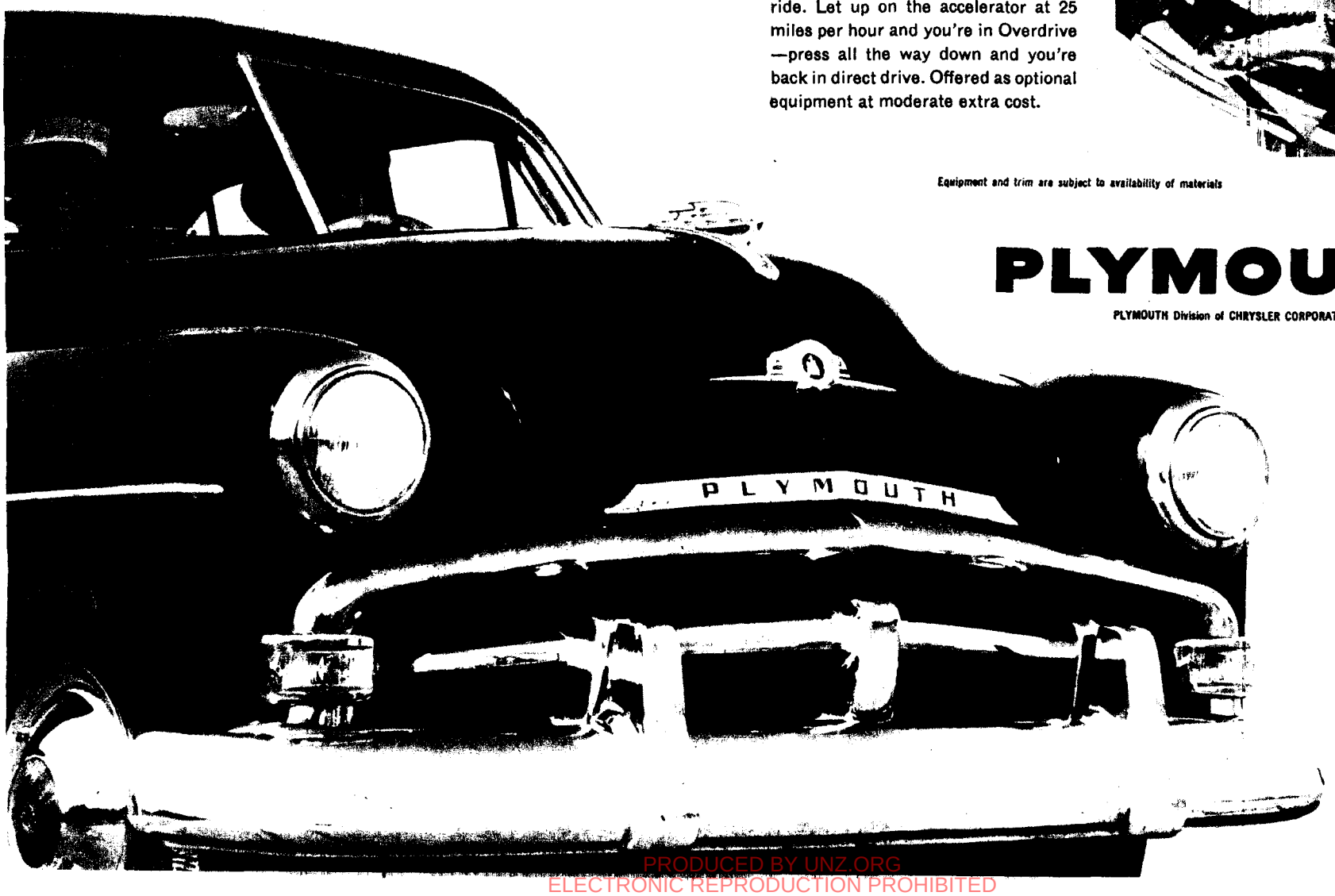

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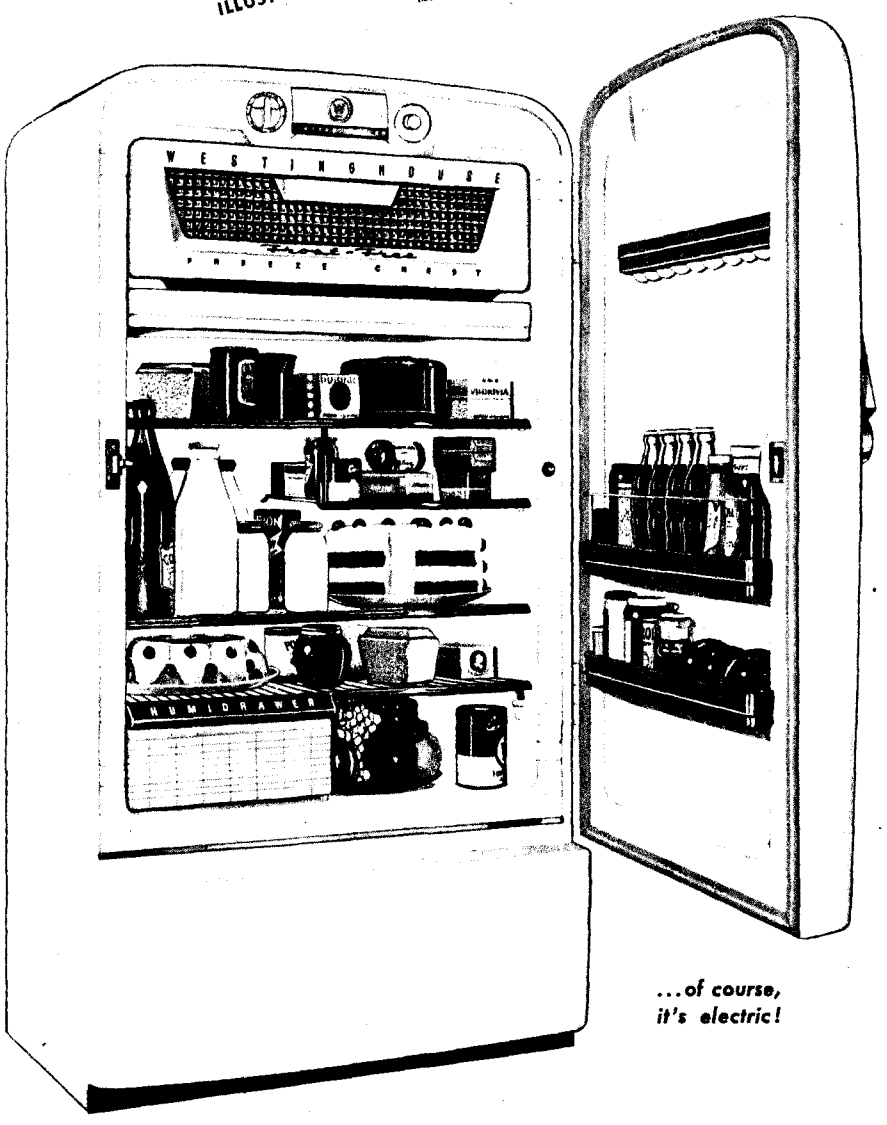

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ness to co-operate sustained. I therefore addressed the President-elect again on December 20th:

". . . I am unwilling to admit that co-operation cannot be established between the outgoing and incoming administrations . . .

"If you will review my previous communications and conversations I think you will agree that while outlining the nature of the problems my proposals to you have been directed to the setting up not of solutions but of the machinery through which by preparedness the ultimate solution of these questions can be expedited and coordinated to the end that many months of delay and increasing losses to our people may be avoided . . ."

He replied on the 21st, again declining to co-operate on these lines, on the ground that it might commit him to something, and said:

". . . May I respectfully suggest that you proceed with the selection of your representatives to conduct the preliminary exploration necessary with individual debtor nations and representatives to discuss the agenda of the World Economic Conference, making it clear that none of these representatives is authorized to bind this government as to any ultimate policy."

A Statement for the Press

We already had technical commissions in action on the Economic Conference, and it was manifestly foolish to select further delegates for preliminary discussion unless the President-elect would give support in their selection and help in their work. As the press was constantly carrying distorted, and at times malicious, stories from Albany as to these negotiations—which had been entirely confidential on my part—I issued the whole correspondence to the press on December 22d, with the simple statement:

"Governor Roosevelt considers that it is undesirable for him to accede to my suggestions for co-operative action in the foreign proposals outlined in my recent message to Congress. I will respect his wishes . . ."

A curious action, in view of Roosevelt's declaration that he could take no part in foreign negotiations until March 4th, was his opening, late in January, of his own negotiations with the British ambassador, the purpose and course of which we were at the time in ignorance.

There can be no doubt that the adjournment of the World Economic Conference to some months after we had intended it, and the adjournment of debt negotiations, had a most depressing effect on our start at economic recovery. Roosevelt's refusal to co-operate in these questions, and the refusal of Democratic Congressional leaders to revive the Debt Commission, greatly increased apprehension and fear throughout the nation. In the end the Economic Conference failed. The debts were repudiated. But worse was to come.

There were other areas in which I sought co-operation from Roosevelt and Democratic Congressional leaders.

The President-elect and all leading Democrats had expended much oratory during the campaign denouncing our expenditures and demanding a balanced budget. Consequently, early in December, I called a conference at the White House of the two top Democrats in Congress—Speaker Garner and Senate leader Robinson—together with Secretary Mills.

I proposed that it would be helpful if, at this session of Congress about to begin, we carried out the disagreeable task of cutting expenditures and further increasing taxes, as revenues from the last tax raise were proving insufficient to balance the budget. Roosevelt could thus take charge with this unpopular job out of the way.

Garner and Robinson considered this action much in both the national and Roosevelt's interest. It was agreed that in my message to Congress on December 6th, I would urge measures for further reduction of expenditures and recommend adoption of a manufacturers' sales tax. Such a levy —with a provision exempting all food and cheaper clothing—had been defeated by the Democratic leaders in the previous session despite the recommendation of the Ways and Means Committee, which they controlled. Now the Democratic leaders undertook to support these measures.

This from Speaker Garner was especially interesting, in view of his earlier destruction of the Ways and Means Committee's almost unanimously favorable report. It at least implied that now, being free of the politics of an election, he could be the statesman he really was.

At a conference with Roosevelt at his New York City home, Garner and Robinson secured approval from him, and so informed me. But three weeks later, the President-elect announced that he was "amazed" and "horrified" that the Democratic leaders should support my budget and tax proposals. Garner sent word to Secretary Mills that he, too, was "amazed" —at Roosevelt's action. Roosevelt called another conference of these leaders on January 5th, after which Garner reported to us that he could not keep his pledge, and that the budget could not be balanced at this session.

This episode had two results. First, it served notice on the Democratic leaders and on us that Roosevelt, although not yet inaugurated, was dictating the conduct of Congress. More important, failure to act on the budget—despite the certainty of united and favorable action by both parties —increased the country's fears.

(Mine was the last attempt to balance the budget. A new philosophy has superseded—that a deficit is a good thing, even in peace. It certainly makes life easier for Presidents. But eight years later, in peacetime, the national debt stood at more than $40,000,000,000—an increase from about $20,000,000,000 at the time of Roosevelt's inauguration in 1933.)

Robinson and Garner had also agreed with me at the December conference that it would greatly aid the immediate situation and the new administration if we could get the banking and bankruptcy reforms enacted by Congress. I agreed to include these measures in my message to Congress, and did so. I repeated my urgings for these reforms in special messages January 11th and February 20th.

Just to keep the flag flying, I also recommended to the short session ratification of the St. Lawrence waterway treaty; our plan for the retirement of marginal farm lands; creation of a general mortgage-discount bank system; extension of the powers of the RFC and home loan banks; reform of court procedures in civil cases; Western range protection; and aid for a child health system.

What happened to the country by December 30, 1932—little more than 100 days after the Maine election and its indication that Roosevelt would be elected—is shown by Federal Reserve and other economic indexes. Farm prices fell 14 per cent; factory payrolls, 7 per cent; iron and steel production, and textile production, each 10 per cent; department store sales, 12 per cent; corporate bonds, 10 per cent; all common stocks, 18 per cent, and industrial common stocks, 20 per cent.

At approximately Election Day, the AFL reported about 11,500,000 unemployed. By early January the number had increased to more than 13,000,000. European countries were steadily making recovery, and no cause for our increased unemployment could be attributed to them.

Whatever the cause, it was purely domestic.

Since the financial burden on our voluntary, nonpartisan committees which were distributing direct relief had become more difficult, I had planned to ask Congress for more money for grants-in-aid to be distributed through our committee system. But Roosevelt proposed to handle relief by direct federal doles, and it would have been impossible for my administration to force any relief bill which he did not approve through a hostile Congress.

(On coming into office, the New Deal claimed that millions were starving and that nothing had been done in the way of real relief. Had that been true, they would not have failed to say so during the campaign; it would have been the best possible vote getter. But since it was manifestly not true, this charge, if leveled during the campaign, would have antagonized the many thousands of influential and devoted people efficiently carrying on the relief work in the spirit of neighborliness and patriotism. For good or ill, the new administration wiped out our system of nonpartisan committees and unpaid volunteer workers and substituted a federal bureaucracy of its own political faith.)

One incident of my days as President has persisted as the eternal damnation of Hoover. An Oregon or Washington apple growers' association, shrewdly appraising public sympathy for the unemployed, had set up a system of selling apples on street corners in many cities, thus selling their crop and raising their prices. Many people left their jobs for the more profitable job of selling apples. Even today, when any left-winger wishes to indulge in scathing oratory, he demands: "Do you want to go back to selling apples?"

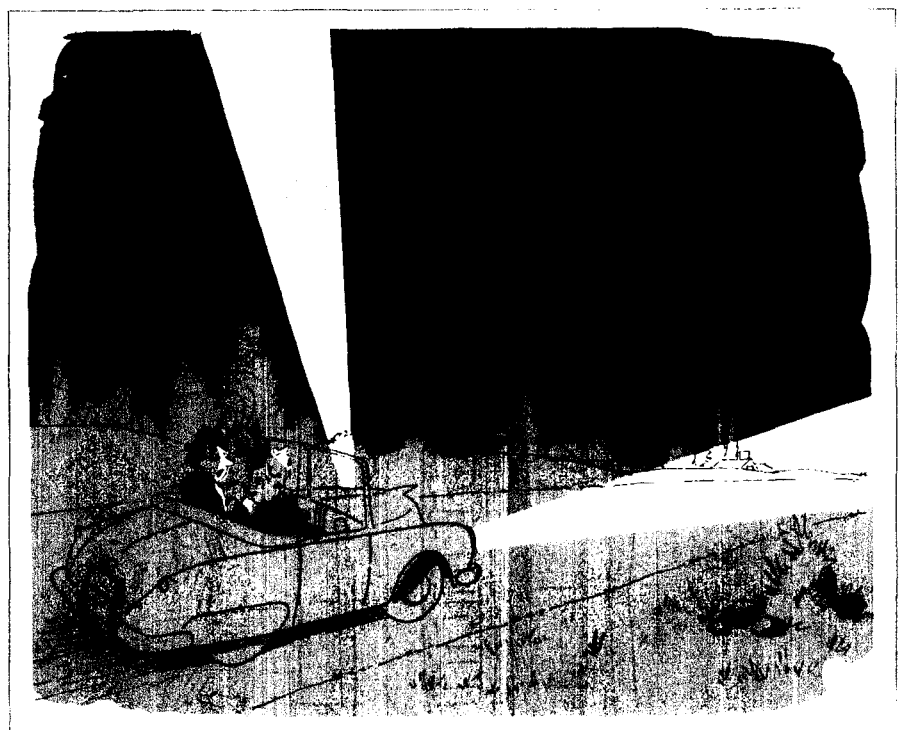
A large faggot on the fire at the time of the interregnum was the publication of RFC loans. Speaker Garner's amendment to the RFC law—passed over my protest the previous July—required that lists of RFC borrowers be communicated in strict confidence to House and Senate clerks. As reported in an earlier chapter, the confidential nature of these lists had been announced to the Senate by Democratic leader Robinson, and the reports actually were held confidential until January 4, 1933.

Then Garner put a resolution through the House making the loans public. The Democratic directors of the RFC, William Green of the AFL, and a host of others joined me in vigorous protest, but in vain. A nervous public assumed that a bank, insurance company or building and loan association was weak, or it would not be borrowing from the RFC.

Late in January, the RFC board sent me the first casualty list of 62 banks—with deposits totaling $70,000,000—already compelled to close because of runs started by publication of the fact that they had borrowed from the RFC. On February 18th Robinson, in an effort to make good his public assurance of the previous July, introduced a bill into the Senate to stop publication. But in a few days he informed me that Roosevelt thought "everything should be public," and that effort died. (Roosevelt was again running the government before being sworn in.)

By the end of February the RFC reported to me that banks with another $100,000,000 deposits had been compelled to close for the same reason. (Immediately on coming into office the New Deal stopped publication of these loans.)

During the four months from July, 1932, to the election in November, bank reopenings had exceeded failures. With the election this situation went into reverse. The excess of bank closings over openings (measured in terms of deposits) was: November, $30,800,000; December, $63,600,000; January, $120,000,000 and February, $140,000,000.



COLLIER'S — **"I hate to think of what your father will say when he sees that left front fender"** — BILL RUBLE

Rumors of Currency Tinkering

The next blow was to come from tinkering with the currency. Suspicions that the new President would abandon the gold standard for some sort of "commodity dollar," "managed currency" or devaluation had turned into a flood of rumors—and by January, the evidence became more than rumors. The currency tinkerers emerged into the open like a swarm of swallows before the spring.

A group of 30 prominent economists had become so alarmed as to deem it necessary, on January 2d, to issue a public statement that "the gold standard of present weight and fineness should be unflinchingly maintained . . . agitation and experiments would impair confidence and retard recovery."

About this time a "business committee," with an imposing list of members under the leadership of Professor George F. Warren, an agronomist, was formed to promote devaluation—with assurances that it would raise depressed prices. This committee included many Roosevelt supporters. It soon began widespread propagandizing as the "Committee for the Nation."

There were not only rumors and statements by Roosevelt's friends, but apparently positive knowledge—to insiders.

At the end of January, Adolph Miller of the Federal Reserve Board informed me that he was certain that Roosevelt intended to devalue the currency and abandon the gold standard.

Miller pointed out that the spread of this fact might create a disastrous run on the banks and in foreign exchange, and recommended that I be prepared to take advantage of an unrepealed power granted to the President during World War I to stop unwarranted currency and gold withdrawals

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from banks by citizens or foreigners, and to control foreign exchange.

By January 23d the New York Times found it necessary to print a strong statement by its financial editor urging Roosevelt to reaffirm that the gold standard would not be abandoned.

On January 30th, Senator Elmer Thomas, a Roosevelt intimate, called attention in the Senate to a newspaper item that the President-elect had assured his advisers that he would sign a measure for "controlled currency inflation." On January 31st, Henry Wallace, who had been announced as a member of the new Cabinet, declared: "The smart thing would be to go off the gold standard a little further than England has."

Other discouraging alarms had arisen, among them the now apparent likelihood that the urgently needed banking and bankruptcy reforms would not be enacted.

These burning fires—currency tinkering, failure to balance the budget, the defeat of banking reform, the collapse of our attempt at constructive handling of the war debts, postponement of the World Economic Conference, and publication of RFC loans—served to fan public fears to dangerous heat.

U.S. Dollars Begin Migrating

Toward the end of January, the consequences began to show up in a "flight of the dollar" from the United States. The volume was not wholly visible at the start, but a large invisible flight was already in motion: "smart" people were buying foreign exchange. They had only to buy pounds or francs, borrow money on them, and hold them until the dollar was devalued in order to reap the full amount of devaluation. There was little risk, and the transactions required only small margins.

Brokers reported to me that one gentleman had bought upwards of $10,000,000 worth of foreign currencies. The profits to the successful speculator could be enormous—$1,000,000 invested in pounds sterling was worth $1,400,000 less than a year later.

Foreign banks and governments were turning their deposits in the United States into gold deposited in the Federal reserve banks and "earmarked" for future shipments. The "earmarking" was another form of invisible flight, but even this camouflage shortly ceased, and actual gold shipments out began. They totaled $160,000,000 in February and $122,000,000 in the first four days of March.

Domestic hoarding began in late January and grew by leaps. Many people simply drew gold coin from the banks. Those "in the know" bought gold bullion. The buyers of foreign currencies were wiser than the buyers of bullion and hoarders of gold coin, for the former reaped their harvest after devaluation while the latter had later to surrender their gold to the Treasury. Still less-knowing people hoarded currency in the belief that the "covenant" on its face assured its convertibility into gold, as per the Roosevelt "covenant" speech during the campaign.

In the single month of February, there was an increase of $900,000,000 of currency in circulation—representing withdrawals by bank depositors of cash—and in the first four days of March, another increase of more than $800,000,000. Withdrawal of gold coin from the banks and the Treasury amounted to more than $80,000,000 in the last 10 days of February and more than $200,000,000 in the first four days of March.

Despite the evidence, I could only reluctantly bring myself to believe that Roosevelt would directly violate his own explicit word, given a few nights before his election in the above-mentioned speech in which he had described as a "covenant" the statement printed on the gold certificates and implied on other currency that said currency was redeemable in gold.

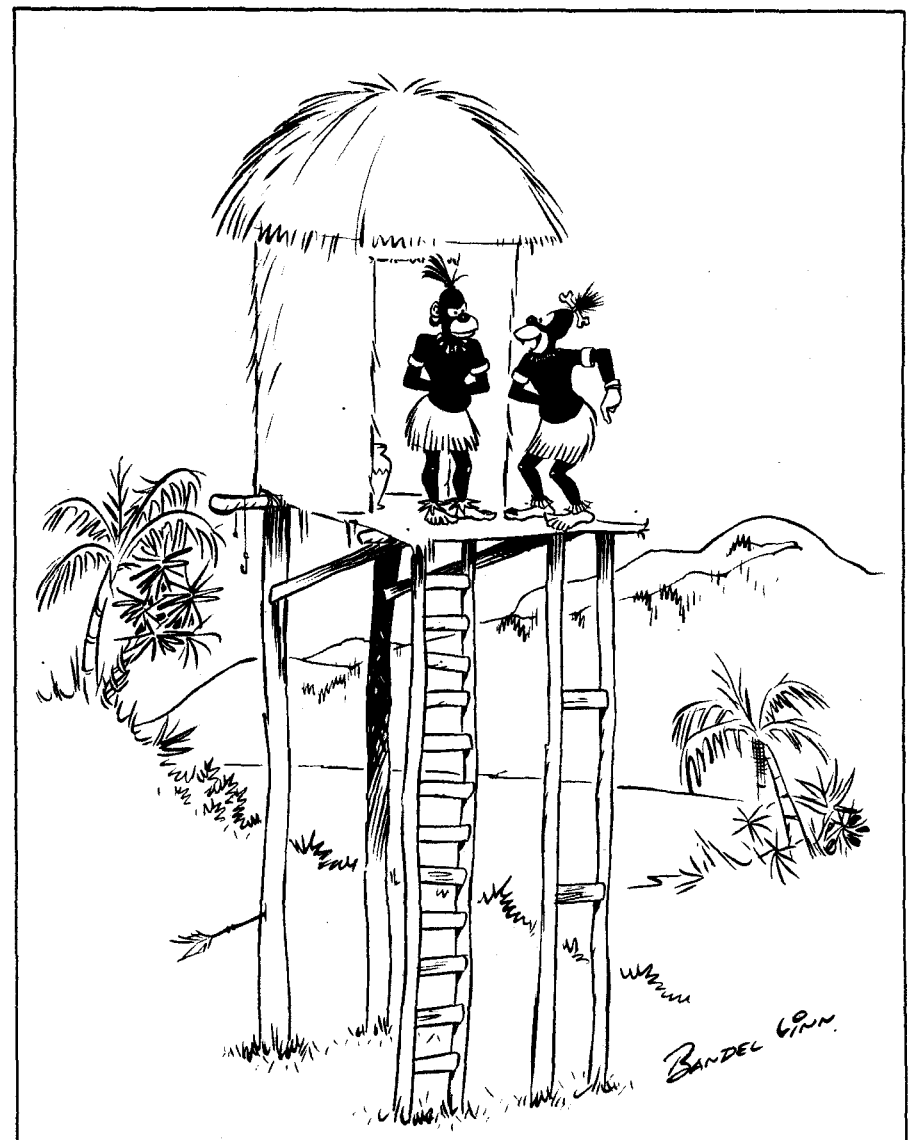
It seemed to me that he could not want a bank depositors' panic to greet his inauguration.

I started trying to communicate with the President-elect as to these dangers on February 6th. He had left on a yachting trip with Vincent Astor on the 4th. Despite the fact that the yacht had a wireless, his aids repeatedly informed me that he would take up such matters only when he returned. Meanwhile, the fire of panic was spreading.

On the 13th Bernard Baruch, who had supported Roosevelt, said before a Senate committee:

"I regard the condition of this country the most serious in its history . . . inflation . . . is the road to ruin . . . The mere talk of inflation retards business. If you start talking about that (devaluation) you would not have a nickel's worth of gold in the Reserve System day after tomorrow."

Melvin A. Traylor, an important Chicago banker, who also had supported Roosevelt, told this committee: "Nothing



COLLIER'S "Wanna take the local or the express?" BANDEL LINN

but a declaration from Mr. Roosevelt that there will be no devaluation will save the situation from a general panic." Such statements, made with the best of intentions, also confirmed public fears.

By now, with all this fanning of fear, the country was off in full cry of a general bank depositors' panic and a flight of capital. The larger banking centers, such as Detroit and Cleveland, were coming under great stress.

Yet there was very little that an outgoing administration—handcuffed by a hostile Congress and an un-co-operative President-elect—could do. It was obvious that no statements or assurances from us, going out of office within a few days, could carry any weight. It was also obvious that I could secure no remedies from Congress without Roosevelt's explicit direction to the Democratic members.

I was unable to contact Roosevelt until he returned on the 17th. That day I wrote him a letter in longhand and sent it by a trusted messenger, who delivered it into his hands in a few hours. It was unduly long, but I feared that because of the lack of understanding he had displayed on such questions in our earlier discussions, and because of his two weeks' absence, he did not fully grasp the situation. The letter said:

"A most critical situation has arisen in the country of which I feel it is my duty to advise you confidentially. I am therefore taking this course of writing you myself and sending it to you through the Secret Service for your hand direct as obviously its misplacement would only feed the fire and increase the dangers.

"The major difficulty is the state of the public mind, for there is a steadily degenerating confidence in the future, which has reached the height of general alarm. I am convinced that a very early statement by you upon two or three policies of your administration would serve greatly to restore confidence and cause a resumption of the march of recovery."

I then reviewed at length the situation which had developed, and added:

"It is obvious that as you will shortly be in a position to make whatever policies you wish effective, you are the only one who can give these assurances . . . it would steady the country greatly if there could be prompt assurance that there will be no tampering or inflation of the currency; that the budget will be unquestionably balanced, even if further taxation is necessary; that the government credit will be maintained by refusal to exhaust it in the issue of securities. It would be of further help if the leaders could be advised to cease publication of RFC business.

"I am taking the liberty of addressing you because both in my anxiety over the situation and my confidence from four years of experience that such tides as are now running can be moderated and the processes of regeneration which are also always running can be released."

On February 18th, the press announced that Senator Glass had refused the Secretaryship of the Treasury because Roosevelt would not give him satisfactory assurances on maintaining the gold standard. Glass confirmed this to me, and public report of it via the newspapers also added to fears.

With little hope, I nevertheless waited anxiously every day for a reply to my letter to Roosevelt, or for a reassuring public statement by him.

In the meantime, the selection of William Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury had been announced. Secretary Mills at once urged Woodin to secure a reassuring statement from Roosevelt on the currency. Woodin informed Mills that no statement would be forthcoming.

I consulted our legal advisers as to whether I should make use of the supposed unrepealed World War I Presidential power over bank withdrawals and foreign exchange. Most of them were doubtful as to its use, on the ground that failure to repeal it after the war had probably been an oversight. But more important, under another law all World War I powers had been terminated by the peace, and possibly included this power. There was danger that to act under it would create a mass of legal conflicts and possibly incur the refusal by the banks to comply with any orders I might issue under it. (This view was also held by Senator Glass, as later revealed in his authorized biography.)

I then developed the idea of my issuing an executive order under this power, provided Roosevelt would approve.

My legal advisers agreed that, if Roosevelt approved, it could be done—because he could secure ratification of the action from his overwhelming majority in the incoming Congress.

We drew up an order stopping payments from the banks to depositors except for necessities, and controlling foreign exchange so as to stop speculation in it or the flight of capital. Thus this order would have stopped the strain on banks, kept them open for legitimate business, and in time ended the panic when the public had cooled off.

Secretary Mills then urged this idea on Woodin, who reported to us on February 22d that Roosevelt declined all our suggestions.

Another brand on the fire of panic came from a well-meaning action of the Federal Reserve Advisory Council. This committee of leading bankers, filled with anxiety, sent one of its number to Mr. Roosevelt on February 21st, asking him to make a public reaffirmation of his pre-election pledge to the gold standard. The committee's envoy reported his conclusion, from his interview with Roosevelt, that devaluation and abandonment of the gold standard was coming.

Bankers in a Rush to Phones

I have no doubt that at once most of these bankers ran to the telephone calling their friends in every important city, advising them to put their houses in order. One of these bankers certainly did so; he informed me as much and told me of others who did.

On February 23d, Roosevelt replied to my letter of the 17th, saying that mailing of his acknowledgment of my letter had been overlooked. He offered no constructive aid.

Six days had elapsed. A statement from Roosevelt—even at this date—could probably have stopped the panic. In any event, I could have stopped it had I had his support.

Despite Roosevelt's refusal to co-operate, we did not neglect any other means of trying to stem the tide.

Depositors' runs had closed perfectly solvent banks in Detroit. Other closings followed in Cleveland. Later, the governors of those states were to declare banking holidays. But we made heroic efforts to save these banks with alternate daily prospects of success and failure. We could have prevented the Detroit debacle, which was the immediate center of disturbance, if Senator Couzens of Michigan had not interfered. He was threatening the RFC with

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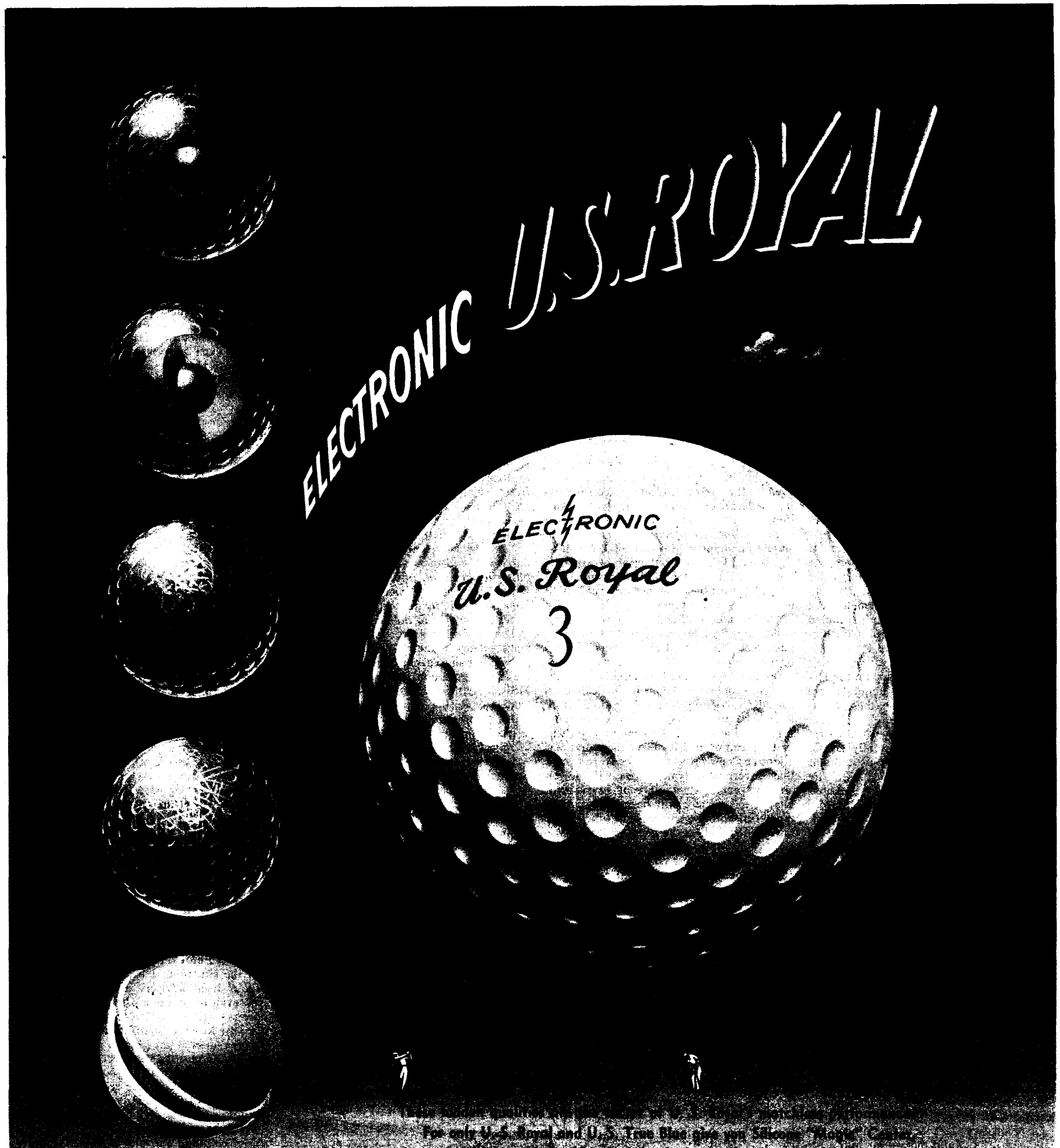

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dire vengeance if its directors acted to lend money to certain Detroit banks.

Couzens claimed that loans could not, within the RFC law, be made to the bank which was the key to the situation—the Union Guardian Trust Company—as the RFC directors admitted that the bank's assets, at their depressed values, did not warrant a sufficiently large loan to save the situation. I urged that these low valuations were not true values. To resist him required a degree of courage and an interpretation of RFC powers which I could not instill into the RFC chairman. The Detroit threat was so great in its ramifications for millions of depositors in Michigan and Ohio that I wanted to take the risk even if the RFC lost a few millions. But with Couzens' threats, the RFC delayed action.

Henry Ford Was Co-operative

I then made great efforts to secure local financial aid for the bank, which would make it eligible for RFC loans—even on Couzens' definition of legal security. Henry Ford had $7,000,000 deposits in this bank. He agreed to subordinate to the RFC loan any claim his deposits might have on the bank's assets.

I also secured an agreement from representatives of the General Motors and the Chrysler companies to deposit $1,000,000 each, also subordinate to the RFC loan. I asked Couzens to the White House and proposed that he put up another $1,000,000 which would complete the job. He professed to be astonished and indignant.

We parted with this shot from me: "If 800,000 small bank depositors in my home town could be saved by my lending 3 per cent of my fortune, even if I lost, I would certainly do it." As Senator Vandenberg was a witness to this scene, it rankled Couzens until his death. Malcolm W. Bingay, editor of the Detroit Free Press, later published several interviews with Couzens as to the reasons for his attitude on the Detroit crisis. In response to a request from me for some information on these interviews, Bingay wrote me:

"The senator, in his last years, was a desperately sick man and so violently erratic that it was impossible to follow his thought processes at times. He voted to give Charlie Dawes all the money he needed to straighten out his Chicago bank, but went into a wild rage when the Union Guardian Bank of Detroit asked for a great deal less. This was entirely due to a bitter feud between his old associate, Henry Ford, and himself. "The problem of Couzens and the banks was not one of finance at all, but a strange clash of personalities . . ."

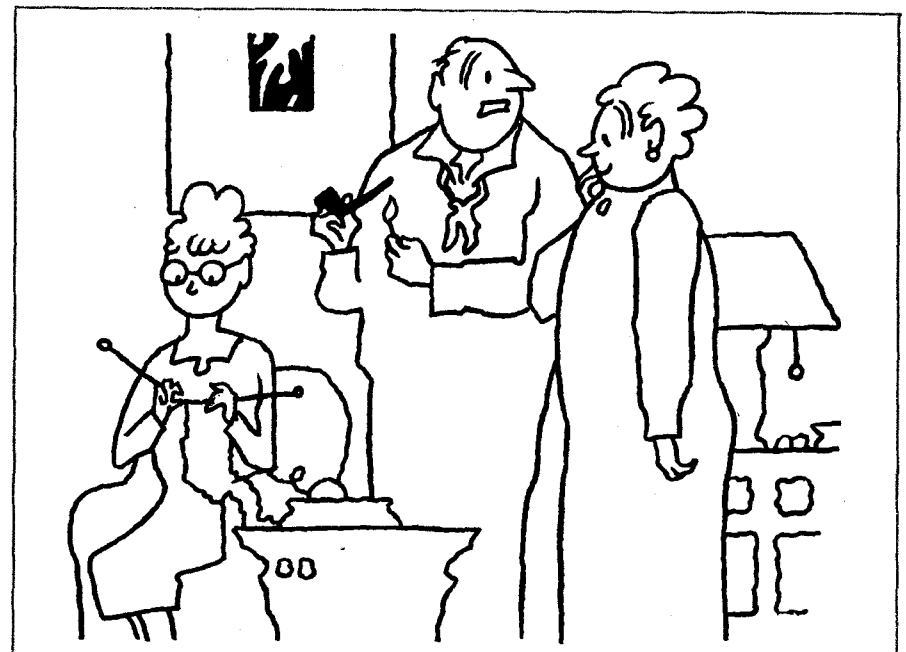
On February 20, 1933, I received a call from Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, who suggested that he take up matters concerning the hoarding of currency and flight of capital with the Democratic senators. I urged him to do so and at his request gave him a note on the situation, suggesting that he transmit to these senators the need for urgent action, which they in turn might urge on the President-elect.

Senator Reed got nowhere in his discussion with his Democratic colleagues, but recommended that I talk directly with them. I at once called such a meeting, which I describe later on.

On February 21st Senator Simeon D. Fess asked if I would dictate for him a review of the causes and needs of the situation. The pertinent parts are:

"Today we are on the verge of financial panic and chaos. Fear for the policies of the new administration has gripped the country. People do not await events, they act. Hoarding of currency, and of gold, has risen to a point never before known; banks are suspending not only in isolated instances, but in one case in an entire state.

". . . It is fear that now dominates the national situation. It is not lack of resources, currency or credit . . . There has been a multitude of speeches, bills and statements of Democratic members of Congress and others proposing inflation or tinkering with the currency . . .



COLLIER'S

"Sure, it's nice to have her home, nights—but it's not nice to have nobody want to keep her out!"

GARDNER REA

"There have been proposed in the Congress by Democratic leaders, and publicly even by the President-elect, projects involving federal expenditures of tremendous dimensions . . . The proposals of Speaker Garner that constitutional government should be abandoned because the Congress . . . is unable to face reduction of expenses has started a chatter of dictatorship. The President-elect has done nothing publicly to disavow any of these proposals . . .

"In the interest of every man, woman and child, the President-elect has, during the past week, been urged by the saner leaders of his own party, such as Senator Glass and others, by myself and by Democratic bankers and economists whom he has called on for advice, to stop the conflagration before it becomes uncontrollable, by announcing firmly and at once that (a) the budget will be balanced even if it means increased taxation; (b) new projects will be so restricted that government bond issues will not in any way endanger stability of government finances; (c) there will be no inflation or tampering with the currency; to which some have added that, as the Democratic party is coming in with an overwhelming majority in both houses, there can be no excuse for abandonment of constitutional process.

"The present administration is devoting its days and nights to put out the fires or to localize them. I have scrupulously refrained from criticism, which is well merited, but have instead been giving repeated assurances to the country of our desire to co-operate and help the new administration . . .

"The day will come when the Democratic party will endeavor to place the responsibility for the events of this . . . period on the Republican party. When that day comes I hope you will invite the attention of the American people to the actual truth."

The Federal Reserve Board was the primary agency of the government in matters of banking and currency. Two members of the board, Adolph Miller and Secretary Mills, saw the situation as I did. I concluded, with the approval of Miller and Mills, to press the hesitant board majority to use its influence with Roosevelt, as some members were in contact with him.

In a note to them on February 22d, I summarized the situation and said:

". . . I should like to be advised by the board as to whether the board considers that the situation is one that has reached a public danger and whether the board considers the Federal Reserve System can protect the public interest, or whether the board considers any measures should be undertaken at this juncture and especially what, if any, further authority should be obtained."

Mills and Miller urged that the board recommend to Roosevelt that he co-operate in the use of the old World War I power to control unnecessary withdrawals and foreign exchange, and that the board also announce this recommendation to the public.

The board majority replied on the 25th, minimizing the situation:

". . . While some of the recent developments are disturbing, and many proposals as to ways and means of dealing with them are being made . . . at the moment the board does not desire to make any specific proposals for additional measures or authority but it will continue to give all aspects of the situation its most careful consideration."

A few days later I again formally addressed the board, believing that it could influence either the President-elect or Congress:

"Since my letter of a few days ago the banking situation has obviously become one of even greater gravity . . . Although the board is not the technical adviser of the President, yet it appears to me that in the large sense it should be prepared to advise me as to the measures necessary for the protection of the banking and currency system in times of emergency.

"I would, therefore, be glad to know whether the board considers it desirable: (a) to establish some form of federal guarantee of banking deposits; or (b) to establish clearinghouse systems in the affected areas; or (c) to allow the situation to drift along under the sporadic state and community solutions now in progress."

The idea of the bank guarantees, put forward by Mills and myself, provided for a temporary federal guarantee of each bank depositor's account up to the value of the assets of the bank. If the assets were 100 per cent of the depositor's liability, the deposits would have been guaranteed in full. If the assets were equal to 80 per cent of the deposits, then the depositor would have been guaranteed that far, and his further claims suspended, pending reorganization of that bank.

The plan would have kept all banks open and functioning. As we knew, and as was confirmed subsequently, only 2 or 3 per cent of the banks—measured in deposits—lacked sufficient assets, even at depressed values, to meet their full deposit liabilities.

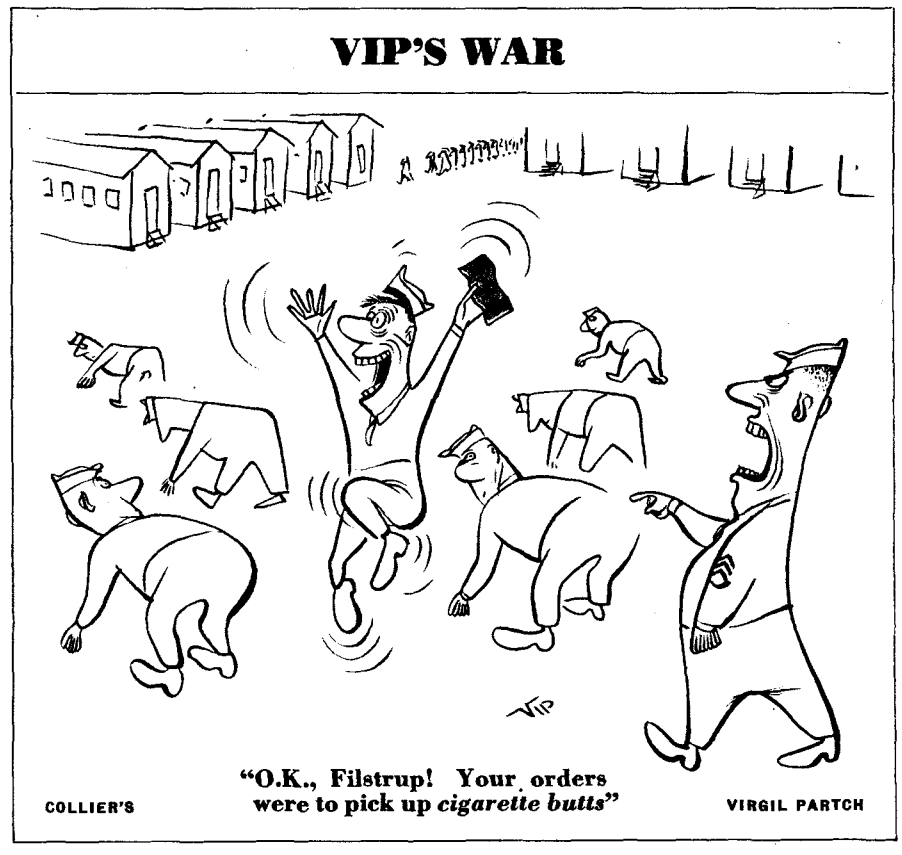
Plan Rejected by the Board

In the board's meeting to consider this letter, Adolph Miller prevented Secretary Mills from coming to physical blows with another board member. The majority of the board refused to support any such recommendations, and so informed me by letter.

Miller called me again on March 2d to urge the use of the old war powers to control the situation. I explained the attitude of our legal advisers and the refusal of Roosevelt to go along with our use of those powers. Miller wanted to try again to induce the Reserve Board to use its influence. At his request I gave him a note to lay before it at a meeting that evening. It ran:

"I understand that the board is meeting this evening to consider recommending to me the use of the emergency powers under Section 5 of the Enemy Trading Act as amended, *for the purpose of limiting the use of coin and currency to necessary purposes* . . . If it is the view of the board that these powers should be exerted I would be glad to have your recommendation accompanied by a form of proclamation, as it would seem to me it should be issued by me before banking hours tomorrow morning."

The majority of the board again declined any part in the proposed recommendations to Roosevelt or Congress. Meanwhile, I was working unceasingly in other directions to get Roosevelt to co-operate. At my suggestion Adolph Miller joined Secretary Mills in urging through Woodin again that Roosevelt make a statement on the gold standard, or, in any event, support the issuance of an executive order invoking the old war powers.



COLLIER'S

"O.K., Filstrup! Your orders were to pick up *cigarette butts*"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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As Senator Reed had urged, I asked Senators Robinson and Glass to the White House. I explained to them our legal advisers' opinions, and suggested that they urge Roosevelt to approve of my using the wartime powers, or approve any of the other constructive steps I had outlined to the Federal Reserve Board. The senators informed me that nothing could be done without Roosevelt's approval, and that he would approve nothing. They professed to be very indignant at him.

Pressures from various quarters, including the majority of the Federal Reserve Board, were brought on me to declare a national banking holiday until after the inauguration. I do not know whether this idea came from Roosevelt or not, but some of its proponents were in communication with him.

However, up to the hour I left the White House, more than 80 per cent of our banks —measured in terms of deposits—were still meeting all depositors' demands. I therefore refused to declare a holiday but constantly proposed, up to virtually the last moment of my Presidency—11:00 P.M. of March 3d—to put into effect the executive order controlling withdrawals and exchanges if Roosevelt would approve. That would have kept the banks open.

At this last moment, shortly before midnight, I called Roosevelt on the telephone at his Washington hotel. He again declined to approve the executive order. Senator Glass, who was with Roosevelt at the time, later confirmed this in his biography.

To my astonishment, immediately after his inauguration Roosevelt announced that he had just discovered this old World War power and used it as authority not to keep the banks open—but to close them.

Roosevelt did not need to *close* the banks. All he needed to do, until bank depositors got over their panic, was to restrict bank payments to necessary business, and to limit foreign exchange likewise. Closing the banks was the American equivalent of the burning of the *Reichstag* to create "an emergency."

(I later had confirmation of this attitude from Raymond Moley. In 1948, I asked him why Roosevelt would not co-operate in 1933 to stop the bank depositors' panic. His reply was: "I feel that when you asked him on February 18th to co-operate in the banking situation, he either did not realize how serious the situation was or he preferred to have conditions deteriorate and gain for himself the entire credit for the rescue operation.")

After the March, 1933, storm had blown over, institutions representing more than 98 per cent of the nation's total bank deposits ultimately paid off their depositors. They should never have been closed. The 2 per cent of banks which were insolvent in terms of depression values could, with a little aid, have recovered with the inevitable restoration of real values. That proved to be the case, for instance, with some very important Detroit banks.

The whole panic was simply an induced hysteria among bank depositors.

It was the most senseless and the most easily preventable panic in all history.

Other Panics Were Avoided

We had successfully fought off four far greater crises during the three previous years. We had no panic after the stock market collapsed in October, 1929. We had no panic when the financial crash of Europe culminated in the British collapse in September, 1931, nor when we were nearly forced off the gold standard in February, 1932, nor at the bottom of the depression in July, 1932, when our structure was greatly weakened by Congressional obstruction and foreign pressures. At any of these periods panic could have arisen.

It is not difficult to explain why we had a panic of bank depositors during the few days before March 4, 1933. It was simply because bank depositors were frightened. Their fright had mounted steadily for two months. What were they afraid of? Surely not of an outgoing administration with but a few days to run; not of foreign countries, for these were steadily recovering. It was fear of the incoming administration.

The United States alone had deserted the world march out of the depression which had begun in July of 1932. No other country slipped backward. Britain and a dozen other countries free of the New Deal and collectivism went on uninterruptedly to full employment and prosperity within two years. But we continued to have 10 or 11 million unemployed—the same number as on Election Day, 1932—until military demands began to absorb them in 1940.

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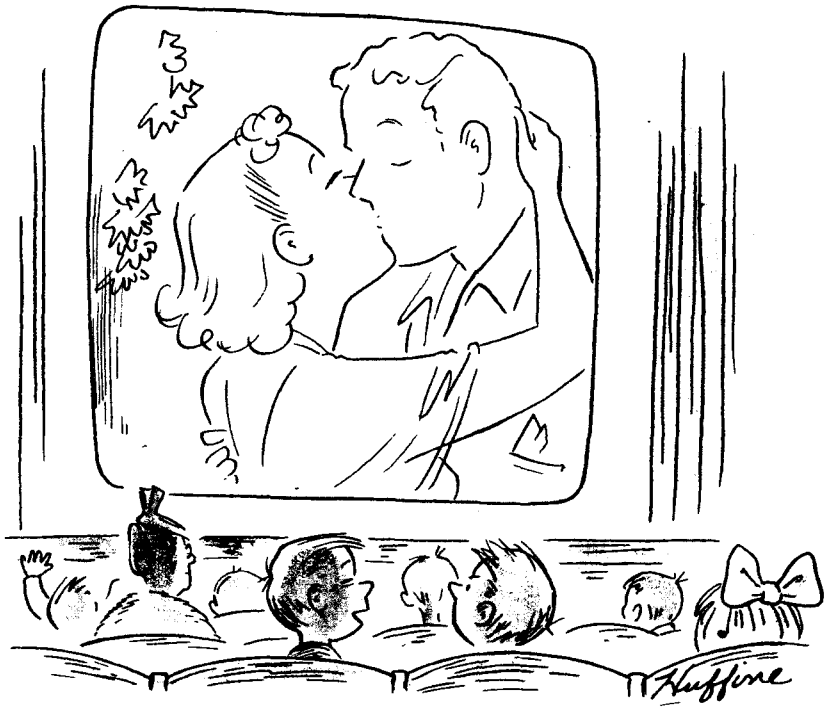

COLLIER'S

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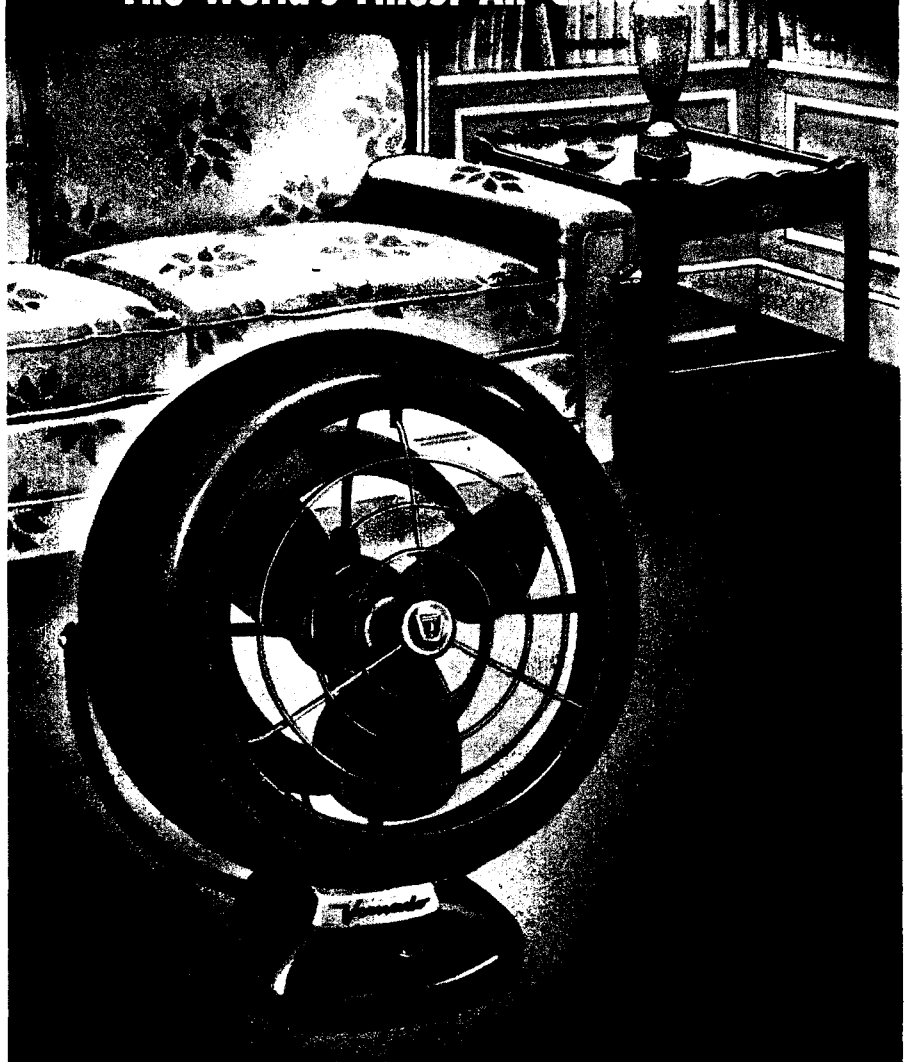

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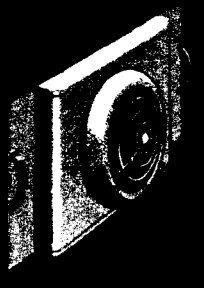

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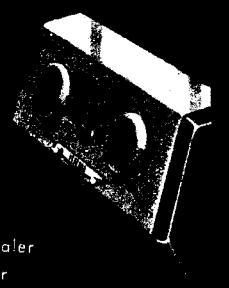

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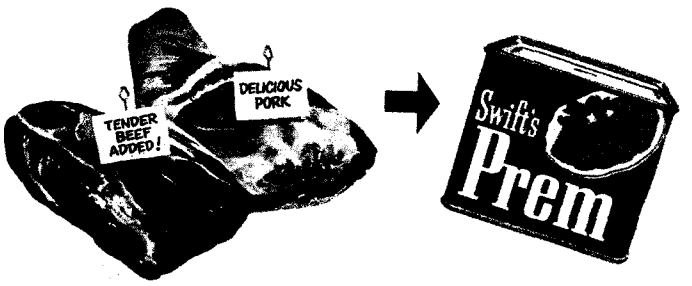

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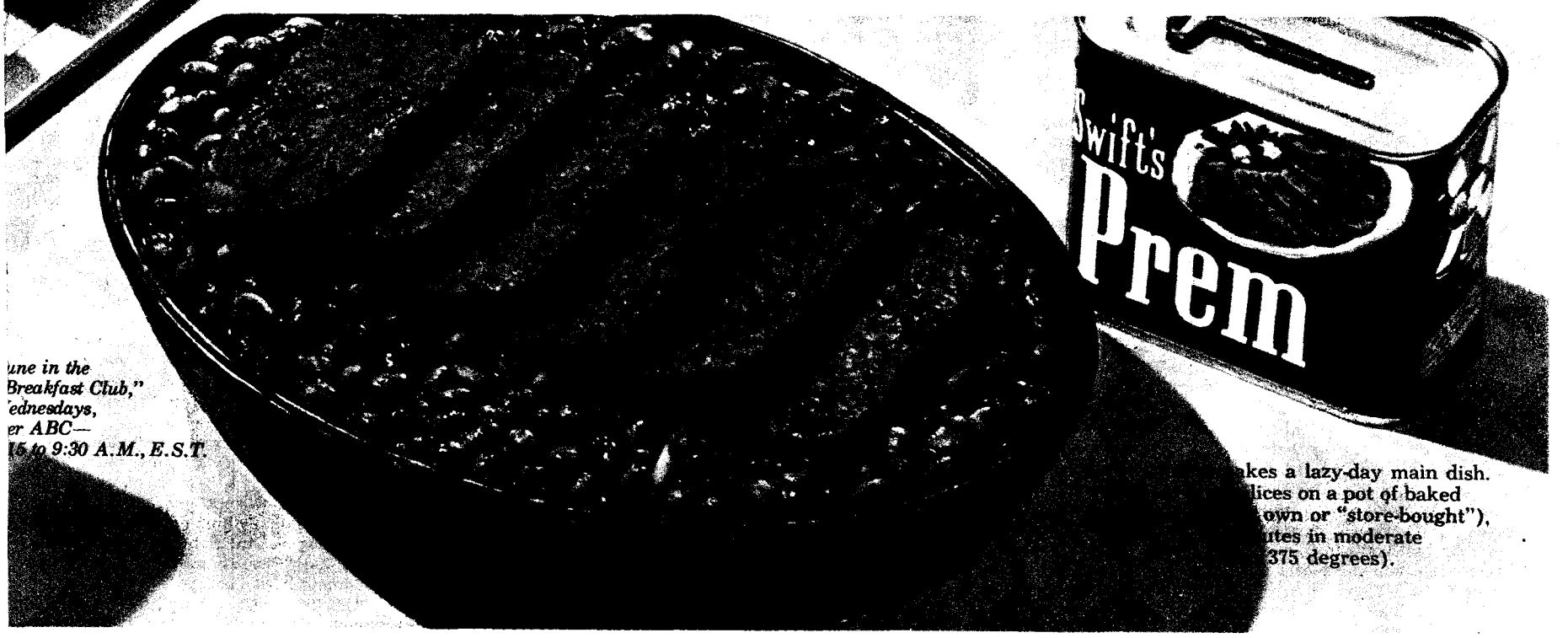

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A Roman Romance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

romance. How could Cass ever have let her go? And how had he got her back? Realizing that I'd never know unless I saw them often, I yanked myself back to the topic at hand—they were talking about a neighborhood where I could live cheaply—and tried to be good enough company so that they would want to see me again. When the time came for me to leave, I was exhausted, but things had gone so pleasantly that I felt able to invite them into town for dinner with me, and they both seemed happy to accept.

I COULD hardly wait for the hour, three nights later, when they were to join me. I didn't dare tell myself that I was in love with Vicki—for the moment, there was something profane in the idea—but I thought about her constantly. There was so little I knew. Cass, I assumed, was an American. But Vicki, though she spoke without a trace of accent, seemed vaguely foreign to me in other ways. It was not just her extraordinary looks, but an air about her, an open friendliness that suggested, instead of innocence, a lot of being around and an easy assurance. Maybe she'd been born in Europe and brought up by Americans. Maybe she was an American girl whose parents had lived in Europe. Something, anyway, made me feel that she would be at home in a half-dozen European capitals and languages.

As for what had happened between her and Cass, I could only entertain the maddest and most painful speculations. I saw her, during that "interval" she had said they both enjoyed, going in and out of the fine hotels of Europe with a succession of worldly men. I didn't know whether it made me admire her less or a little more.

Whatever the answer, I knew that I wouldn't be happy until I got it. I couldn't ask direct questions, but I could keep my eyes and ears open, and put little things together. Vicki, I thought, would be likely to reveal more than Cass would. How I wished I could have a talk with her. Or just be with her. That was it, as much as anything else. I imagined our meeting and talking and her saying something like, "My dear, you can have my love, but never my secret."

I'd have settled, all right. I knew this was pretty sorry imagining for anyone twenty-six years old, but I imagined it, and a lot more, during the three endless days before I saw her again. . . .

When our evening finally came, it was fabulous. I was still at the hotel and had got friendly with Mario, the bartender, so when Cass and Vicki showed up, he served us Martinis the way I wanted them—five to one and very cold. Then the Barkers took me out in their little Lancia and we sped through the city to a part I hadn't seen and went into a restaurant they knew and liked and had some wonderful stuff called Abbacchio, which they said was suckling lamb. We had greens and cheese and two bottles of wine, and afterward, when we came out, we stood and looked at a rising full moon. I said I'd bet the Colosseum looked beautiful on a night like this, and Cass said, "Let's go see. Maybe we can get in." So we drove over there.

We climbed almost to the top and sat there for hours, just talking and watching the moonlight moving slowly down the tiers and across the rough stonework of the arena. Vicki sat between Cass and me, and I was terribly conscious of her nearness. Once or twice I felt, or saw by the light of a cigarette, that her hand was close to mine. I knew that I could touch it with only the slightest movement and I had a crazy desire to do it. But not nearly the courage. Sometimes, when she was talking and turned toward me, I took advantage of the darkness to look at her with an expression absolutely full of admiration and frank desire, glad that she couldn't see it but hoping that in some telepathic way a little of it would be communicated to her.

Then once, when I was trying to draw them out about themselves, I mentioned again the name of the history professor we all knew. I asked Cass how they happened to be friends.

"When we were young I went around with his sister," Cass said. "She was killed in an automobile accident. Bill and I both took it hard and got pretty close. Later, we each got interested in history, one way or another, and—well, we've kept in touch."

"Sometimes Tom is wonderful. Other times he's broke"

COLLIER'S — JANE SPEAR KING

"You said he was at your wedding?" I ventured.

"Yes. He sobered me up for it."

"Where was that?" I asked.

"New York."

"On New Year's Day," Vicki explained, laughing.

"I don't think that had much to do with it," Cass said. "I'd have needed help anyway. I was very excited about marrying you."

I didn't exactly like this talk, but I was getting a little information at last and couldn't resist trying for more. I took a long chance and said, "Where were you married the next time?"

"Same place," Cass said. "Just before we came over on this job."

"Same place, same church, same minister," Vicki said. "He was sweet. He said he must have tied a granny knot the first time."

PRESENTLY I asked Vicki if New York had been her home. "For a while," she replied. "I hardly know what to call home any more."

Enviously, I imagined her thinking of places she knew and had once called home —London, Paris, Copenhagen—

"It's chilly," she said suddenly. "Pockets, please."

She put one hand into Cass's right coat pocket and one into my left. I tingled with excitement and in a matter of seconds was toying with the dangerous idea of slipping my hand casually in upon hers. Why not? I thought. She couldn't really resent it. And yet, if she did, how awful I'd feel. What if I put my hand in with hers and, in a minute, she took hers away? She had wanted her hand warmed, not held, and she would think I'd misunderstood and feel bad about that—and probably despise me.

But as we talked and as I felt the warmth of her hand at my side and as the moon rose high and white over the huge broken amphitheater, something told me that I should let her know, by just this much, that I liked her. I did it. I put my hand in my pocket and found hers, now warm, and touched it and then held it. I didn't do anything stupid, like giving it a squeeze; I just put my hand over hers and left it there, and she moved her hand only enough to take mine comfortably and did not make any other move or say a thing. An enormous feeling of joy and relief took possession of me. Here she was, not promised, certainly, but not withdrawn. Once or twice I moved my hand a little bit and she accommodated it with a slight movement of her own. Cass had got to telling something pretty interesting about Hannibal and his elephants, and I was listening and so was she, I could tell by her occasional comments, and it pleased me to see her managing the whole thing so easily.

Cass took out a cigarette and turned toward us as he lighted a match, and in the brief, strong glare I knew he glanced down and saw that my hand was in my pocket with Vicki's. He flicked the match away and continued talking. I thought it would be a cowardly admission of guilt to move my hand, and waited to see what Vicki would do. She did nothing. Cass went right on about Hannibal, and he was good, and I thought to myself what a wonderful life it was—sitting in the Roman Colosseum, holding hands with the most marvelous woman I'd ever known, and listening with interest, even affection, as her husband told a colorful story of the ancients. It was wonderful and funny, and I didn't think I'd ever felt so alive and happy before.

I didn't believe that anything much better could happen to me, but it did. We finally made our way down the dark, steep, crumbled stairs and to the car, and on the way back to my hotel Cass asked me if I'd been through the Roman Forum. I said I had only had time to look at it from the outside, and he turned to Vicki and said, "I'm pretty busy tomorrow, but you could take him through. Like to?"

"Of course. I'd love it. Are you free?" she asked me.

It was as though I'd been asked if I could see my way clear to accepting a gift of a million dollars. Almost exploding with eagerness, I answered quietly, "Sure, yes; I think that would be fine."

They dropped me at the hotel and thanked me—thanked *me*—for a delightful evening. I went inside, weak in the knees, and hurried to the bar and ordered a double brandy. I sat there, staring through what seemed like a great wide window to heaven, until Mario began putting the bottles away.

It was a long time before I slept. I'm afraid it wasn't only my anticipation of the next day: I found myself looking even further ahead into some miraculous future—though I saw no avenue toward it—when Vicki might feel about me the way I felt about her. I could not count on or, in good conscience, hope for the various unlikely circumstances through which she might someday be mine. Everything that occurred to me seemed either dishonorable or violent or both, and even if I could picture myself in such dark roles, I couldn't do it for Vicki. These thoughts got me nowhere.

I turned to brooding lengthily over the fact that I still knew too little about Vicki and Cass. I had found out when and where they were married, but was no closer than ever to knowing why they had been divorced. It was even rather strange, considering the plain difference in their ages, that they should have been married in the first place. Suddenly I sat up in bed. That was it! The age difference. Anyone as attractive as Vicki must always have had admirers. For one of these she might have left Cass. At the time, she'd have been quite young, and perhaps impulsive. Cass was the kind who'd have understood. He was mature and tolerant (how casually he had accepted our handholding) and, in time, he'd have forgiven her and taken her back. It all made sense. I closed my eyes and thought happily of my approaching date with Vicki and went to sleep.

IT WAS a cool, sparkling day. I stood beside Vicki in the center of the Forum and looked around at the massive ruins of marble and brick and wondered whether any of the emperors who had built them had ever had in their lives one afternoon as delightful as this one was for me. Vicki had picked me up at two o'clock and we had walked all the way to the Forum. She was wearing a yellow coat and no jewelry and no hat, and she looked glorious. The Romans see a lot of lovely women, but there wasn't a man we passed who didn't stare at Vicki with amazement and longing. I was too proud to resent them.

We wandered among the shattered buildings, and she told me what she knew of them, and then we sat for a long time beside a little pool near the six white statues of the Vestal Virgins. Later, we walked up a long path that led through vast woods and dark arches to the top of the Palatine Hill, and, finally, we stood at the top of the hill and looked east toward the great shell of the Colosseum, now a mellow pink in the glow of the evening sun.

I had been waiting for a moment like this. "Vicki," I began, "I can't help saying something I probably shouldn't—"

She turned to me, and her eyes were grave and questioning. Then she smiled faintly and reached up and put a finger on my lips.

"You can help it," she said. "You don't have to say anything. I like you very much. Both of us do."

I took her hand and held it. She was right, I knew. She was being kind to me, but making herself quite clear.

I couldn't stop, though. "Let me just tell you," I said. "I don't want to make you unhappy. Believe me, I don't take anything for granted. I only want to say it."

"You've said it, and in a way I like; it doesn't make me unhappy." She put her hands on my arms and kissed me, softly and quickly, and backed away. "We'll go now," she said, and took my hand, and we started down the hill. We caught one of the horse-drawn carriages that hang around that part of the city, but I don't remember much about what we said or saw riding back. To me—it was all I could think of—Vicki seemed more wonderful than ever. What she had done was sheer magic. Giving and taking in almost the same instant, she had elevated me to an atmosphere so rarefied that I didn't mind her having also reduced me to nothing. I think that for a little while I would cheerfully have died for her.

As we approached the hotel, I grew nervous about how we would say good-by. I needn't have worried. Some inner governor, a sort of negative inspiration, kept me from saying a word about what had happened—and kept me, thank Heaven, from making any kind of apology. I knew everything was all right when, on leaving, Vicki said, "Please come out later this week for dinner. We'll call you."

And they did. Actually, she called, and though I had dreaded some change in her

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tone or manner, there was none. I was beginning to feel that I must be a nuisance, but she seemed to mean it when she asked me out, and I accepted.

Cass met me again at the door. I searched his eyes for some sign that he might know what had happened, some slight revelation of distrust or, what would be worse, amusement. He showed nothing but friendliness. Vicki joined us, and my heart pounded at the sight of her and the touch of her hand. Cass went for the drinks this time, and I quickly took advantage of his absence to say, neither wisely nor subtly, "I seem to be welcome."

"Of course you are," Vicki said gently. "That was your affair and mine."

It was generous. It assured me that she hadn't told Cass. It also suggested that what we were talking about was a thing of the past.

I was terribly self-conscious, and the drinks I took were no help. They moved me toward a mild melancholy in which I began to see myself as a pretty poor type, really. After all, wasn't this a shabby thing—coming out here and accepting Cass's hospitality so that I could be near Vicki? I liked him, too, but—well, why kid myself? And what sort of person was it who would take a man's wife out (when the man, himself, had proposed the date) and then try to make love to her?

AT THE table, I watched them, seeing how well they got along, how good he was to her, what a lively interest she had in his ideas. I drank a brandy with them and then another, and soon, I guess, I was enjoying the sensation of calling myself a cad. I loved Vicki, yes—but this was one of those times when a man could and ought to test his love for a woman by doing the right thing, by getting out of her life.

"You know," I said suddenly, "I've decided to leave Rome."

They both looked astounded, and I hoped I saw real disappointment in Vicki's eyes.

"Don't misunderstand me," I said. "I like it, and you two have been wonderful to me. I want to come back sometime. But I just have the feeling that I shouldn't get settled here. I'm not sure enough of what I want to do. I don't think it makes sense to dig in here until I've seen more of Europe and got myself a broader perspective."

Well, they were sorry, they told me, but of course they could see something in what I said. I watched Vicki for some sign of unhappiness. If I had seen anything of the kind, I'd have reversed myself completely, but there was nothing to see. She was interested, sympathetic, honestly sorry, I think, that our association should end so abruptly, but she was far from desolated.

I sighed and smiled—as though to remind them that nothing is permanent and that, as you see more and more of life, the things people do can't surprise you.

It was late, and I said I'd better be going. They urged me to stay, and I wanted to because I knew I wouldn't be seeing them again and would probably never get the whole story of their divorce. Nevertheless, I forced myself to my feet. I thanked them for all they had done for me.

"Nonsense," Cass said. "But if you feel you have to go, let me drive you in."

I said I wouldn't think of it, but he insisted. "I'd like to," he said. "I want to have a talk with you." That gave me quite a turn, until he added, "I started out on a trip like yours once myself. Maybe I can give you some pointers."

That may have been a cue for Vicki; anyway, she confessed that she was tired. I shook hands with her and promised that I would call before I left and wished her the best of everything. Then, in front of Cass, she kissed my cheek, and I'll never forget how I felt or how she looked, standing there in the doorway, waving, with the light shining on her smooth black hair.

Cass and I drove off. We were silent for a few minutes and then he asked me where I'd be going from Rome. I said I guessed it would be some of the obvious places for a while—London, Paris, and, if I could get in, Vienna. He knew them all and talked about a lot of things worth seeing, and then he told me of other places, away from the big cities, that I would never have thought of. He said he'd write me a few pages of dope like this and some letters to good people.

"I think I understand your wanting to leave," he said. "It's a kind of restlessness and it's all right. You'll have fun, and you'll get a lot out of your system—stuff you ought to get out before it's too late."

"How do you mean, too late?" I asked him.

"Well, you're still free. You can chase around without hurting anyone. I wish I had."

"Chased around?" I said, suddenly alerted.

"Without hurting anyone. Probably Bill told you. You didn't seem surprised about Vicki and me, which is the kind of thing I'm talking about, partly. I'm not proud of it, but I don't mind your knowing. After we got married the first time and came to Europe, I went a little nuts, I guess. I got into this work in the first place because I'm a romantic. I'd read too many books about guys with wonderful jobs in foreign places. I thought there was a lot of mystery and excitement in it. There's some. But when I started, I didn't think there was enough. So I began looking for more. I wanted to trot around all over Europe, just as you do, and I figured out some ways to do it. At first, I took Vicki with me, and then I started inventing reasons—expenses and so forth—for going off by myself. I'm afraid I just wanted to play around. Vicki was—well—sort of a homebody."

"Vicki?"

"Oh, I don't mean it as anything against her. She was a swell girl and fine as a wife, but compared with some of the European women I ran into, she seemed, then, pretty tame. You know—University of Nebraska, strong and healthy and good-looking, but hell, I'd known that kind all my life. The women over here seemed like another breed altogether—wiser, somehow more interesting. Anyway, I got involved."

I didn't want to believe any of this. I said, "You mean Vicki sort of *reminded* you of this American type? She wasn't really from Nebraska, was she?"

"Sure, she was. Oh, a year in Greenwich Village, some courses at Columbia, and all that. But the first time I met her she was steaming around Manhattan on one of those little excursion boats. She'd never been on salt water before."

I sat still, holding my mouth shut, telling myself it was all a great joke. He couldn't possibly be talking about Vicki, the woman whose hand I had held in the moonlit Colosseum, the woman whose cool kiss I had felt on the Palatine Hill.

WE HAD come to the hotel. Cass parked and switched off the engine. "Anyway," he said, "I fooled around until it got silly and finally I told Vicki about it and said we'd better break up. I said I wasn't likely to reform and she was too good to kick around. She agreed." He laughed.

"We got divorced and she settled again in New York. Then I got into the war and thought things over for a few years, and when it was over, I was halfway grown up. I went back to her and had the nerve to ask her to marry me again, and she did. That's about all there is to it. It's crazy. I didn't mean to bore you with it and I don't know what it proves except how stupid a man can be and how good a woman can be. You're not stupid, but I think there's a lot you want to do that maybe you'd better do now. This is pretty moralistic, isn't it? I guess I'm getting old."

I opened the car door and put out my hand. I couldn't say anything but "Thanks."

"So long," Cass said. "Have yourself a time. Then someday"—he smiled, and I've always liked to believe there was only kindness in that smile—"I hope you'll be lucky enough to fall in love with a girl like Vicki."

THE END

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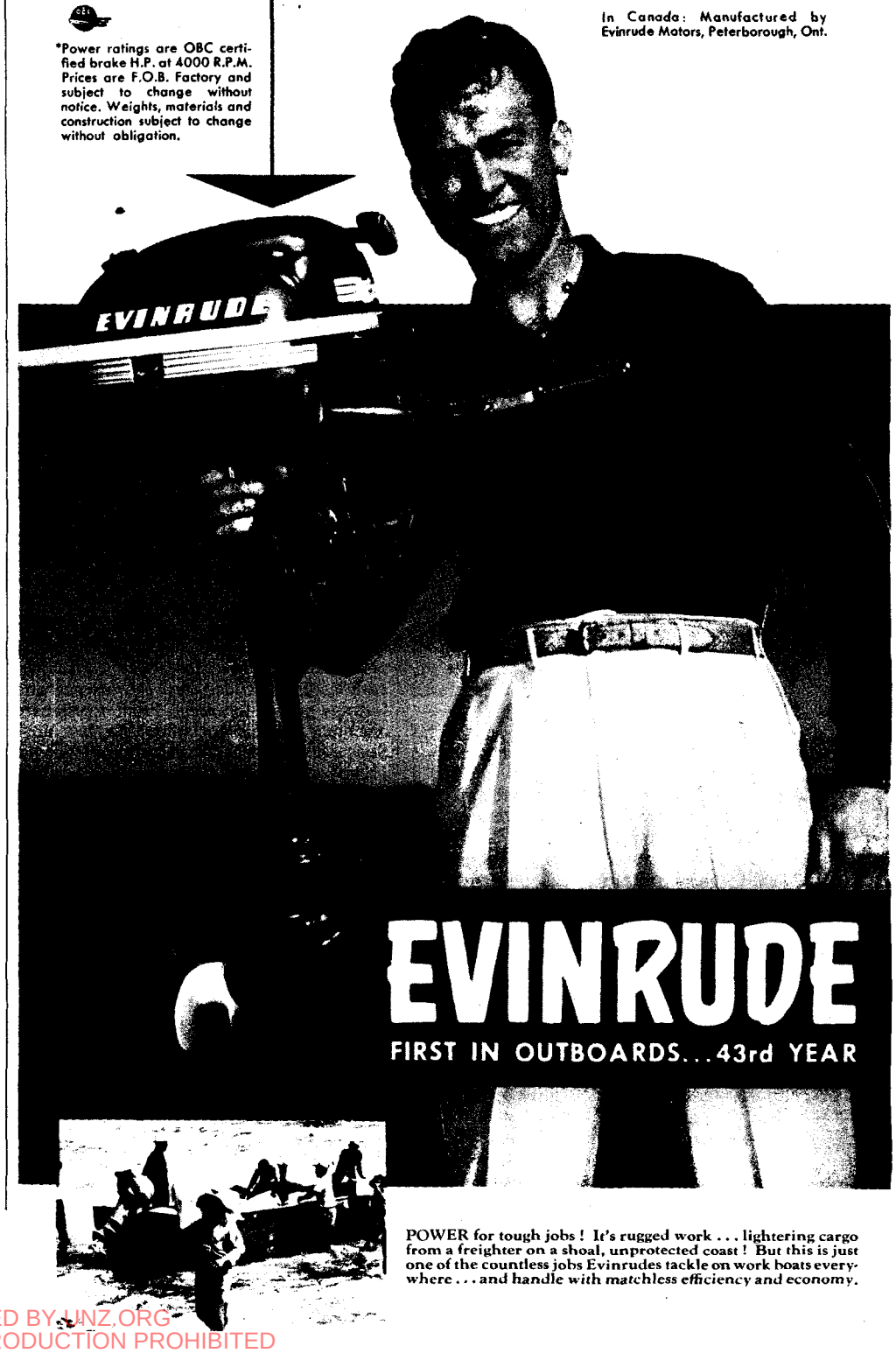

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The City with Golden Garbage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

for cities seeking a solution for the problem of garbage disposal. The Oakland compost now costs $34 a ton, but Pfeiffer expects even this price, comparable to conventional fertilizer costs, to go down as production expands. Since January the plant has been converting 100 to 125 tons of garbage a day, and expects to produce a minimum of 60,000 tons of compost during the coming year.

Oakland, meanwhile, likes the showcase idea and is intrigued by its curious distinction as the first city in the world to turn garbage into a useful commercial product.

Tribune "Points with Pride"

"Oakland, let us announce with pride, is the Compost City of America," the Oakland Tribune recently boasted. The paper went on to chide San Francisco for not getting a compost plant, too. ". . . California does have its backward cities," it commented. Walter F. Gibson, head of Oakland's sanitation department, has called the plant "a boon to any municipality, as it disposes of the garbage problem. It is economically sound and can be operated in any area."

No such rosy optimism existed in the fall of 1950, when the plant began operations under the resounding name of Compost Corporation of America. Seven stockholders—mainly paper processors who saw a promise of a new pulp supply from the garbage—were persuaded to spend a total of $150,000 to start the company, which is known in Oakland as Comco. Richard Stovroff, the Buffalo businessman, was named president. Stock on hand included an unlimited supply of garbage and several test tubes filled with hungry bacteria.

For 30 years, Oakland's garbage has been collected under contract with the city by the Scavengers, 250 Italian-Americans who function as a co-operative, sharing titles, profits and labor equally. The friendly if skeptical Scavengers turned over to Comco some of their 30 garbage-built acres for a plant; they offered the garbage for nothing.

Young Dick Stovroff was skeptical himself, but the prospect of getting a profitable supply of wastepaper from the conveyer-belt handling of rubbish convinced him. As it turned out, that paper amounted to only about one per cent of the plant's $50,000 income last year.

Pfeiffer's arrival at Oakland's garbage dumps came about by way of the widest possible detour—one which included several European countries and a period on what seemed at the time to be his deathbed.

Born in Munich fifty-three years ago, Pfeiffer as a boy emigrated with his parents to Switzerland, where he became a naturalized citizen. He graduated with honors from the University of Basel and was on his way to a doctorate when a significant event occurred. Strolling on the streets of Basel one winter day, he noticed that the frost patterns on windowpanes differed from shop to shop.

What eventually developed out of his walk that day was a revolutionary method of diagnosing human disease by means of the crystal or frost patterns made from a drop of the patient's blood crystallized, together with chloride of copper, on a glass plate. These crystal patterns distinguish a healthy person from a sick one and they have proved 82 per cent reliable in the diagnosis of cancer. In 1939 the crystallization theory was to bring Pfeiffer an honorary doctorate from Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College in Philadelphia.

While pursuing his crystallization studies, he was appointed director of the Biochemical Research Laboratory at Dornach, Switzerland, and manager and director of an 800-acre experimental farm at Loverendale, Holland. The farm, set up to carry out some of the agricultural studies of the laboratory, fed 700 families. For years, Pfeiffer commuted monthly between Holland and Switzerland. Then, in 1940, the Nazis smashed through Holland, and Pfeiffer, his wife, son and daughter took to the road as refugees.

They traveled across southern France and crossed into Spain by way of the Pyrenees, and flew from there into Portugal. On an October day in 1940, they arrived in New York with a few bags and $50 in cash.

For the next few years, the scientist managed and helped develop a model experimental farm at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, on a former private estate where prize tomatoes were grown in winter in what had once been a palatial solarium. Then he bought his own farm near Chester, New York. What he got for the modest amount of cash he could raise was a primitive farmhouse, 260 stony acres and a herd of 40 cattle, which, it soon developed, were riddled with the dread Bang's disease.

This was the kind of challenge Pfeiffer liked. It gave him a chance to test his soil theories at the "dirt farmer" level. "You can't prove anything with a farm that's subsidized and loaded with gadgets that the average farmer can't afford," he says.

COLLIER'S — **"We have found her remarkably efficient, but a bit nerve-racking"** — AL MUELLER

Within two years he had restored his land with scientific composts, fed the grain grown on it to his cattle and completely cured them without medication. "They cured themselves," he recalls. "We just provided the proper nutrition and care."

The astonishing little bacteria which are now the secret of converting garbage to a humus concentrate at Oakland indirectly saved Pfeiffer's life. In 1944 the strain of 16-hour days divided between science and farming proved too great. Pfeiffer collapsed one night over his worktable. At New York State's Summit Park Sanatorium he got the grim word that he was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. The chances of recovery, even with surgery, were slim.

Pfeiffer spent more than a year in bed at the sanatorium, reading and staring at the ceiling, and doing more thinking than he had ever before had time for. "I figured out that in order to stay alive in such a crisis a man has to find himself a tough job that is just too important to be left unfinished, and then plunge into it and let the doctors do the rest." For Pfeiffer, the job was the search for his bacteria formula.

He knew by the statistics that the organic humus content of U.S. soil is decreasing to the danger level. Yet there was a treasure of organic matter in many waste products like garbage—if a swift method of converting them could be found. There was one important clue. In Europe, farmers for centuries have used various wild plants like nettle, dandelion and valerian to produce a quicker breakdown and stabilizing of manures and composts. Did the secret lie in some bacteria which such plants breed?

When Pfeiffer was able to get out of his bed, he headed straight for the sanatorium's bacteriological laboratory. There, watching the action of tubercular bacteria under a microscope, he forgot his illness. He studied bacterial specimens from digestive tracts and noted how these germs actually broke down and digested waste material.

The clue he found in digestive tracts was that 25 to 30 per cent of the mass was bacteria. The bacteria digest and break down food, and would go on breaking it down until nothing was left, except that other bacteria take over and convert what remains into minerals and proteins needed by the body. Wild nettle and such plants contain hormones which cause a similar action to take place in the soil.

What Pfeiffer was looking for was a breed of bacteria he could isolate and control, to perform this kind of job on waste materials at the greatest possible speed.

A year after he began his research, he walked out of the sanatorium completely recovered; his case was regarded as something of a miracle. When he left, he had with him the formula he sought. To put it to work, he opened his own laboratory over a rented garage. That laboratory has now grown into a spacious building set in the peaceful woodlands of Spring Valley.

Today one section of the laboratory exhibits the results of this work. The walls are lined with shelves of test tubes and beakers filled with black earth made from nearly every kind of waste product imaginable—nutshells, human feces, cotton waste, sugar-cane stalks, even sheep's wool and human hair—and of course garbage.

It takes more than 50 different carefully bred strains of bacteria, each with its own digestive job, to transform any one of these materials. Each strain is kept isolated because it is cultured only on that material which encourages its greatest growth in nature. Materials which might stimulate the growth of foreign bacteria are kept out of its food. Then the different bacterial strains are painstakingly blended together.

Each composted material must have its own special blend. Summer garbage, for example, wouldn't tempt a bacteria family that lives off winter garbage. Given the right food and temperatures, the bacteria will live indefinitely in their test tubes.

The bacteria are temperamental, and harder to manage than a trained flea circus. "You can see the fleas, but can you imagine telling one microbe from another?" smiles Pfeiffer. "Sometimes one of them will go on a hunger strike and die, and when one gets lost there's the devil to pay. One species got away from us recently; we thought we had lost it for good, but we found it later in a compost pile in Oakland."

The bacteria are harmless to humans and animals, but will decompose just about anything else. Not long ago, an improperly packed test tube broke inside of a bag on its way to Oakland. The busy bacteria had digested most of the bag and were sampling the wrappings before the accident was discovered.

Sally Burns, a pretty, twenty-five-year-old ex-Wave, deserves a share of the credit for getting the Oakland experiment under way. Sally, now Comco's lab technician, was a research assistant at the Pfeiffer laboratory when the bacteria starter was developed. Sally was fired by Pfeiffer's enthusiasm. When she returned to her home in suburban Buffalo, she went to local newspaper editors and got them to print the story of the bacteria discovery. She floored friends with long monologues on garbage.

But her campaign got results. One day Pfeiffer was asked to go to Buffalo to deliver a radio talk. While there, he met Richard Stovroff, who proposed that they go into business. The scientist refused any financial interest in the new company, but agreed to supply the bacteria starter and donate his time in getting production under way. Oakland was selected as the site because of its proximity to the big California truck farms, and also because of its warm climate, which makes bacteria act faster.

Pfeiffer's Thrilling Moment

Recently Pfeiffer flew to Oakland to have a look at his brain child. Although he derives no personal profit from Comco (his laboratory in New York gets a small royalty for the use of the bacteria), the scientist behaved like a man just awarded an extra bonus. For on that day, he was informed, Comco was handling a quarter of Oakland's daily garbage—about 100 tons.

As Pfeiffer watched, lines of heavily laden garbage trucks rumbled down to the foot of Davis Street, which stops almost at the edge of San Francisco Bay. Jouncing across the refuse-strewn yard, the trucks dumped their aromatic loads. Tractor plows nosed it into the piles and pushed them into a long trough leading into the Comco plant.

In the trough was a three-foot-wide conveyer belt. As it hit the belt, the garbage began to move into the world's only garbage assembly plant—or, to be absolutely correct, disassembly plant, because the garbage is taken apart rather than put together, as Pfeiffer will remind you.

The first thing the garbage encountered in the operation inside the plant was a pair of giant suction fans which hang over the belt. Acting like outsize vacuum cleaners, the fans picked off most of the wastepaper as the garbage sailed by. Later this paper would go to pulp companies.

Pfeiffer followed the mixture as it ascended on the belt to the second floor. Occasionally he ran an experienced hand through it. "You can read the seasons by what people put in their trash pails," he told a visitor. "In summer, you get a lot of green vegetables and fewer meat scraps. Just after Christmas, the supply of broken toys and empty paper boxes is heavy. Even an occasional gift tie goes by. Then in spring come the half-used bottles of vitamin tablets and tonics. We are grateful for the vitamin pills," he smiled. "What we are trying to do is get them back into the food."

Except for the gamy scent, the atmosphere on the second floor of the building was like any small manufacturing plant. A crew of 10 workers bent over the belt. As the garbage marched past, they rummaged around in it with gloved hands, pulling out

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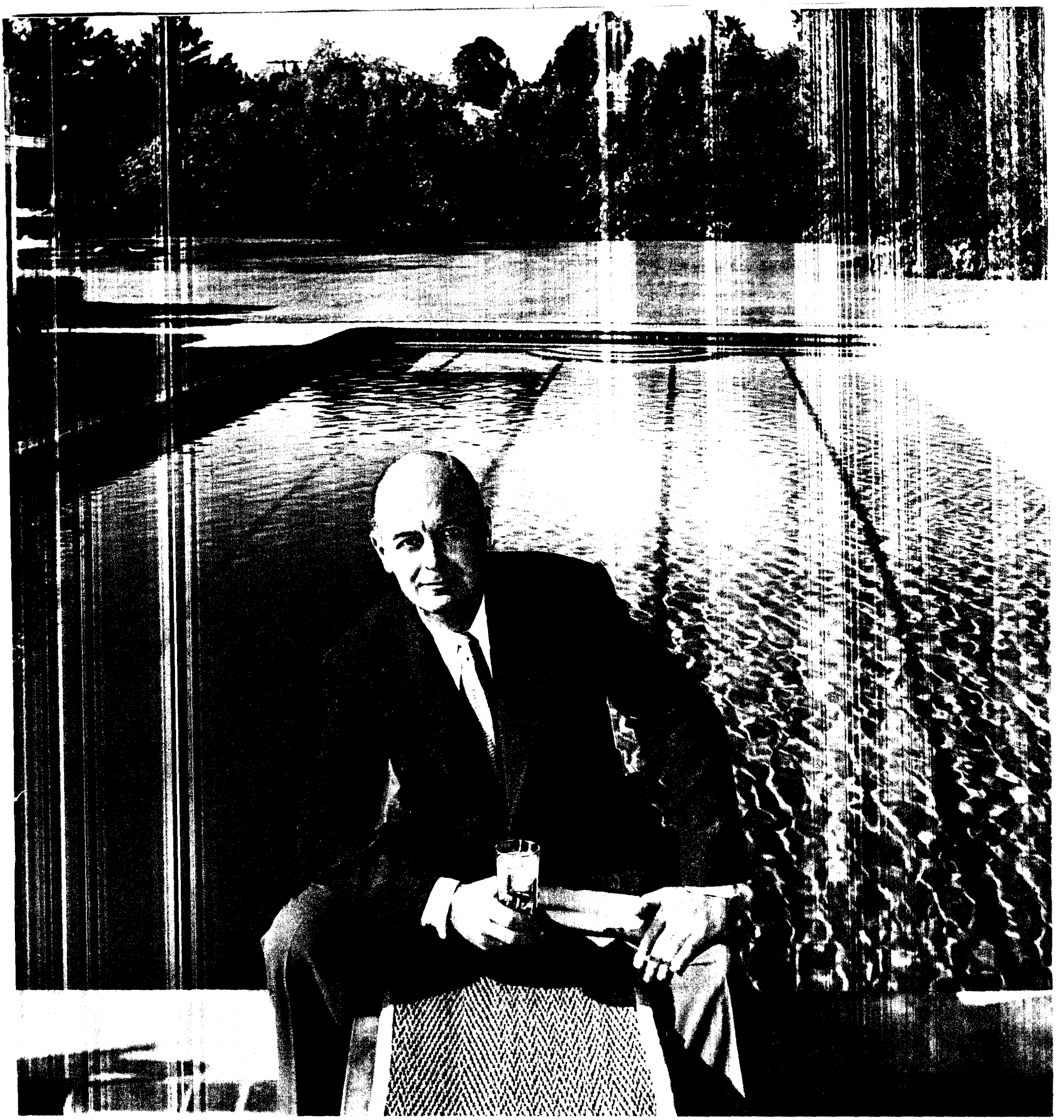

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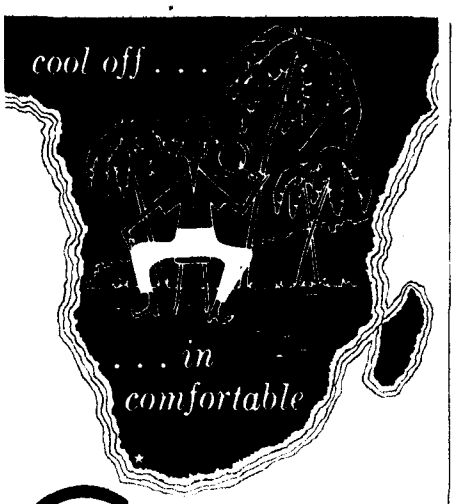

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glass or wooden objects, plus whatever metal had been missed by the huge magnet that scans the refuse. These items were dropped into appropriate chutes.

When Comco began operations, the sorting problem seemed a big hurdle to overcome. Pfeiffer recalled: "We wondered whether we would be able to find people willing to keep their hands in garbage all day long. But we found all the help we needed. Garbage can become as inoffensive as any other product in time."

Properly picked over, the garbage next dropped through a chute and was carted by waiting trucks to a second conveyer some distance from the plant. This conveyer sent it riding up to the top of a roofed platform, 10 feet off the ground, for the most critical part of the operation.

Two things happen to the mixture when it reaches the platform. First it is chewed up, somewhat the way meat is in a meat grinder. Then it is soaked under a shower.

When Pfeiffer clambered up to the top of the platform on this particular morning, he peered anxiously into a big iron hopper four feet across. Steel blades, each a foot long, were churning around against stationary knives in the hopper. As the garbage rode in, it was pulverized.

This part of the operation nearly put Comco out of business at the start because of trouble with the big grinding blades. Steel is tough, but "soft" garbage can be even tougher. The garbage would chew foot-long blades down to a nub in three days. After weeks of desperate experimenting, Comco abandoned commercial grinders and designed one of its own. A tougher steel was found and the blade pitch was changed. That did the trick.

A steady stream of water poured down on the mixture as it churned through the hopper. It was water spiked with bacteria—about a tablespoon for every ton of garbage. The action of the bacteria is immediate. An hour after the moistened garbage is spewed off the rear of the platform and stacked in heaps, a change begins to take place. Within two to four days the bacteria will multiply themselves 300,000,000 times. The action is so intense that the mixture heats up to more than 150 degrees and becomes almost too hot to handle.

How the Bacteria Go to Work

The mountainous piles present a weird spectacle on the San Francisco Bay landscape. For days, these heaps actually cook, throwing off dense clouds of steam. The furiously multiplying bacteria decompose and digest the garbage, creating enzymes which speed up the digestive process and make possible chemical changes; they act like the starter in your car, getting the engine going. In this case, the engine is the breakdown of elements and subsequent build-up of chemicals in the garbage.

In less than a week, as the decomposition is completed, the piles shrink in size and cool off. But during the digestive period, new, food-building bacteria have begun to grow. Their function, as in the life process itself, is to use the decomposed matter to build living organic matter, store up nutrients in their mass to be used by growing plants, and change basic elements so they can be absorbed into plant roots.

Such bacteria life is present in virgin soil, but in the garbage compost the concentration is several hundred times greater. After the first week of violent decomposition, the garbage has ceased to be rotting material and has become a stabilized plant food. It has no odor; actually, it repels vermin and carrion birds, which hover around the piles but will not venture on them.

Thus, less than three weeks after an Oakland housewife scrapes clean her dinner plates, her garbage is ready to go back into the land as fertilizer.

Despite its pungent atmosphere, the Comco plant has become the showcase Pfeiffer dreamed of. Visitors include officials of cities with a sanitation problem (60 visited the plant in one day recently), university groups, and just plain farmers. One recent visitor was Lady Eve Balfour, organizing secretary of Soil Association, Ltd., a British agricultural group. Lady Eve climbed gingerly around the hillocks of garbage, and later, in an interview, singled out the Comco plant as the high spot of her U.S. tour.

"Love that gal," bubbled the Oakland Tribune, editorially.

Since the bacteria starter will make compost of just about anything from peanut shells to sawdust, there appears no limit to its possibilities. One new application for it was suggested by a Comco visitor, a farmer, who saw in the bacteria a new way of speeding the decomposition of cover crops and crop stubble which farmers plow under to return organic matter to the soil.

Today, in Salinas, the Atwood Crop Dusting Service, which specializes in spraying insecticides by plane, buzzes with curious coded telephone messages. "Okay. Fly on the bacs in number 75," says a voice at the other end of the line. Within an hour a little hedgehopping plane zooms in over a farmer's field, leaving a spray of hungry bacteria on the crops. "Bacs" is what Salinas farmers have dubbed Pfeiffer's bacteria. More than 2,000 acres of their land are now being treated this way, and orders are in for spraying another 5,000 acres.

Two ounces of "bacs" in five gallons of water will treat a whole acre and the total cost is $5.50. Result: the cover crop or the stubble turns to fertilizer so fast the farmer saves a month in starting a new crop.

If this new use for Pfeiffer's bacteria seems to steal a little of the show from the plant-made compost, the scientist is not the least bit disappointed. His hope is to get more natural fertilization into the land by any means possible, and his trained bacteria are not particular where they live, so long as the food is good.

In Florida and Texas, water hyacinths have begun to choke the pond and lake waters, making them unnavigable. A Texas farmer, Alexander Debruille, now harvests the hyacinths, composts them with "bacs" and gets five to 10 tons of rich plant food a day. A national dairy is studying plans for using the "bacs" on cow manure and putting itself into the fertilizer business.

In coming months, Pfeiffer will go to Cuba to set up an experimental plant to convert tons of waste sugar-cane fiber into much-needed organic fertilizer in that largely one-crop country.

Another Pfeiffer project now under way is the pilot plant he and his research associate, Peter Escher, have set up deep in the ill-smelling New Jersey meadows across from New York City. A company there makes tallow from beef offal, and the idea was to make compost of the contents of cows' paunches. When the scientist arrived home after a day of skidding about on tallow-coated floors, he carried with him an aroma that sent the dogs scattering in the farmyard. Mrs. Pfeiffer made him change his clothes in the barn before he could get into the house. On the Pfeiffer farm, grainfields and a lush truck garden are fertilized entirely from former garbage. Curiously, there is almost no sign of insects, although no insecticides are used.

Pfeiffer does not find this remarkable. The 800-acre farm which he managed in Holland required neither chemical fertilizers nor insecticides, yet had one of the best dairy herds in Europe. Wheat yields reached 100 bushels an acre, among the highest recorded anywhere in the world. The farm's produce was so nutritious that in a survey the 700 families who lived off it reported they needed only two thirds of what they once ate to satisfy their needs.

Crops That Resist Insects

Pfeiffer credits this to the scientific composts used, which in turn produced healthier, more nutritious crops. Crops grown in a robust soil are better able to resist insect attacks; an example is the 1,000-acre Malabar Farm of author-farmer Louis Bromfield, which depends largely on composted organic matter and requires no insecticides.

Dr. Firman Bear of Rutgers University, described by the National Fertilizer Association as one of America's outstanding scientists, said recently: ". . . (chemical) fertilizers alone, no matter how heavy the rate of application, will not meet the requirements for soils that are producing cultivated crops. Soil must be fed organic matter in larger amounts than the roots and residues can provide. There is need for study of the possibilities for recovery of city wastes."

Pfeiffer declares that plants which get no organic matter and are fed exclusively on chemicals are somewhat like unhealthy people who grow fat on sugars and sweets. According to research done at the Missouri Agricultural Experimental station, the plants produce an unbalanced amount of carbohydrates (sugar) at the expense of protein and trace minerals. Insects, he says, prefer these "sweet" plants and are able to attack them more easily. The plants, in turn, provide less nourishment to humans.

Along with all leading agricultural authorities, Pfeiffer emphasizes that insecticides are indispensable to general farming in America: "Without insecticides and fertilizers, our farm economy would collapse and our current food production would be impossible. However, the phenomenally increasing need for insecticides is a warning sign of the dangerous deficiencies developing in our croplands, which must in turn affect national health."

To overcome these deficiencies, Pfeiffer wants to see a partnership of chemical fertilizing and organic composts. "Both are needed," he says. "Both work together."

No man to rest on his laurels, Pfeiffer zestfully welcomes the stream of inquiries which arrive in the mail each day from an increasing number of U.S. cities, and from farther afield as well. A Mexican firm wants to set up a nation-wide composting plant, and farm organizations in Australia and New Zealand have invited him for a demonstration tour there next year.

The busy scientist has accepted the latter invitation, as well as requests from the Indian and Nationalist Chinese governments to visit India and Formosa for what may well be the crowning achievement of an already notable career: to demonstrate how his bacteria can make human fertilizer safe for composting. Such waste matter is now a main source of fertilizer in both countries, but it is also a main source of epidemic infections, because it carries typhus and other germs.

Sanitary human fertilizer, produced by trained bacteria, has already been developed by Pfeiffer in his laboratory. It is exactly like the Oakland compost. Used on a wide scale, it may well save millions of lives in undeveloped countries and change the economic course of history. THE END

HARRY DEVLIN

NO FARE

There's nothing so exasperates
(Or, for that matter, so deflates
The ego) as the loud exhaust
From busses one has chased and lost!

—VINEY WILDER

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Goldschein is only one of a score of special assistants to the U.S. Attorney General, but the others don't rove the country as he does. Although he works out of Philadelphia, his real office is his bulging, cluttered brief case

One-Man Reform Wave

Max Goldschein, the government's ace crime buster, forged a mighty weapon of the federal grand jury system, and has used it to smash at gangsters, dope rings, political corruption and Reds

WHEN Philadelphia's horse-book and numbers set heard, not long ago, that a government lawyer named Max H. Goldschein was coming to town, they called a council of war. In the voices of the Boys, who met in the back room of a Broad Street beanery, there were overtones of terror. And on their faces—as one participant later described it—there was the look of condemned men.

"Every man has his price," piped one underworld philosopher. "We can buy this guy. A hundred grand could do it."

Another conferee warned, "Don't try it. We've had lines out on him in Kansas City and New York and Los Angeles. This government character is screwy. He ain't on the arm."

After casing other approaches to human frailty, the Boys, as one of them later told a reporter, decided they could do nothing to stay government lawyer Goldschein from his appointed mission: a federal probe of the city's rackets.

And so some of the city's biggest underworld names left town. Others suspended their horse-parlor and numbers operations or turned them over to tougher entrepreneurs. The smart money in Philadelphia knew when to take it on the lam.

Hitherto snug and secure under a blanket of protection supplied by some police and some ward leaders, the Boys now faced something new: a federal crime buster with the talents of a master sleuth, inquisitor and prosecutor. All this, and a bewildering legal weapon too.

The weapon wasn't new. It was that venerable institution, the federal grand jury. But in Max Goldschein's hands it could be an "inquisitorial" rapier to slice to the heart of a town's corruption, or a bludgeon to batter an underworld machine. With federal grand jury cleanups in Kansas City, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in Miami and elsewhere, Max Goldschein had become a one-man reform wave.

With a U.S. grand jury, Goldschein broke the hold of the late gangster Charles Binaggio on Kansas City. (First exposed in Collier's issue of October 29, 1949, Binaggio was later killed.)

With grand juries in Miami, Newark, New Jersey, and New York City, Goldschein routed one of the biggest international opium-smuggling rings in Narcotics Bureau history.

In Scranton, Pennsylvania, he helped drive the notorious U.S. District Court Judge Albert W. Johnson from the bench.

And in Denver and Los Angeles, Goldschein was the first federal lawyer to send Communists to jail.

Max Goldschein is a special assistant to the Attorney General, an appointive $11,800-a-year job which he won in 1942. The Justice Department has some 20 special assistants, and they often help local U.S. attorneys, but Goldschein, by temperament and talent, has become the Department's roving crime buster, with all of America for his beat.

A chunky man of fifty-three, Goldschein propels himself forward with a nervous, short-step gait that is almost a canter. When Kansas City's mobsters lined the corridors of the Federal Building there, waiting their chance to testify, Goldschein would dart from the grand jury room and charge down the hall, brushing off the underworld big shots who tugged at his sleeve to attract his attention. He ignored them. Part of his calculated psychological warfare against the mob, this brush-off forced the Big Fellows to lose face before the little punks—and lessened the smaller fry's fear of singing before the jury.

So disarming is Goldschein's bland, bespectacled face that some racketeers, reassured, take to calling him "Goldy" or "Mac" at first sight. His amiability lowers their guard, and sometimes costs them dear. Since Goldschein was a Brooklyn boy who, as a law student, fell in love with Nashville, Tennessee, and made his home there, his speech is an interesting

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

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mutation. Before a Circuit Court of Appeals, he can roll out broad A's and round out stately sentences as sonorously as any Virginia senator. But when tongue-lashing a grand jury witness, he loses his courtliness. Witnesses and judges alike are impressed by his performance.

Goldschein can call on a high-voltage energy. Once, when his probing of the Kansas City mobs led to gangster Mickey Cohen in Los Angeles, Goldschein decided to make a spot check. Recessing the grand jury at Kansas City at 4:30 P.M. one day, he charged to the airport, and by 1:00 A.M. was in Los Angeles. There, he used up the remaining hours of the night preparing for the cross-examination of the morrow, and at 9:00 A.M. sharp was hammering at the sweating Mickey Cohen. He finished at five o'clock, and was soon bound east to appear in the morning before the grand jury in Kansas City.

"I didn't want to break the momentum," said Goldschein.

Goldschein's home life, too, is offered up —*pro bono publico*—on the altar of crime busting. To Max Goldschein, home is where the grand jury is. For years, his wife Fannie and their two children, Barbara, twenty-two and Charles, seventeen, would see him only on infrequent week ends. After Barbara went off to Syracuse University (she is now married) and Charles went to Pennsylvania's Valley Forge Military Academy, Mrs. Goldschein began traveling with her husband. Since Goldschein usually works before a grand jury all day, then prepares for further jury appearances most of the night, this made no substantial contribution to home life. In Philadelphia for 19 months the Goldscheins have enjoyed only four social evenings out.

The Pistol in His Brief Case

Yet, since Goldschein's arrival in a town means that some of its toughest mugs are surely going to jail, Mrs. Goldschein worries about his safety and likes to be nearby. At Fannie's insistence, Goldschein for a while carried a pistol, tossing it into his cluttered brief case, whence it could be extricated only after diligent search. After Goldschein had carted the shootin' iron around for 10 months, a prudent colleague cleaned and oiled it, took it to a shooting range and pulled the trigger. No report. The pistol had no firing pin.

When Goldschein batters at the walls of a corrupted town, something must give.

Take the case of Kansas City.

Binaggio in 1949 had vaulted to open political power by capturing the old Tom Pendergast machine, thus winning partial control of the city's taxing powers and the police department. Potent in state politics, he sat in on Democratic caucuses in the Lower House of the state legislature.

From his First District Democratic Club on Kansas City's once turbulent North Side, Binaggio sent forth the thugs who cut his mob in for 50 per cent of everything illegal—and some things legal.

Such was Kansas City when Goldschein arrived secretly in August, 1949.

This writer revisited Kansas City recently and made the rounds of the North Side in a police squad car.

"There she is," the plain-clothes man said as we drove down Truman Road and pulled up before Binaggio's onetime First District Democratic Club. Where the late gangster had once held court among his goons and plotted strategy with some of the leading city and state political figures, there were now a Ray's Swap Shop, a Fred's Watch Repair and a place called Melody Inn.

Charles Binaggio was dead, shot by other mobsters. Also dead was Charles Gargotta, the mob's enforcer and once Kansas City's chief police problem (35 arrests, including one for murder). Two other racketeers were gang murder victims; another died by his own hand. Eight mobsters as well as the county tax assessor were sent to jail. There is a completely new police board.

When Max Goldschein arrived in Kansas City with White House orders to clean it up, he started to ask questions.

Who were the city's chief malefactors? What did government agents in Kansas City know about them?

From the files of the Narcotics Bureau, the Treasury's Intelligence Unit and the Immigration and Naturalization Bureau poured a flood of leads. After a week, Goldschein came up with 70 targets—70 potential defendants in income tax, narcotics and other federal cases.

Government agents usually need months and even years of painful gumshoeing to piece together the evidence that will "make a case" against an underworld character. But Goldschein meant to get his evidence faster—in days, instead of months; against the underworld of a whole city instead of just one, isolated thug. He meant to dig out the facts wholesale before an "inquisitorial" grand jury.

For his purposes, Goldschein uses grand juries already convened or asks the district court judge to convene one. The judge selects 23 jury members from a list of respected citizens in the community, suggested to the court by a panel of doctors, ministers and others.

COLLIER'S **"It's okay, Daddy! Mommie isn't home yet!"** HENRY PIEPER

Goldschein's first problem in Kansas City was to forestall a general exodus of criminals. Once the first witness was served with a subpoena, Goldschein knew, telephones would start jangling all over town and raise the alarm.

Goldschein talked things over with the United States marshal and the postal inspectors, and at 9:00 A.M. on a Monday, there were lined up 25 special delivery postmen, each clutching a plain envelope bearing only a noncommittal post office box number as a return address. Inside each envelope was a U.S. grand jury subpoena. Outside, in addition to name and address, was 68 cents of postage: a stamp for registered mail and return receipt, another one to assure delivery to addressee only, another for special delivery.

When the Subpoenas Arrived

Later in the day, at almost precisely the same moment in scattered sections of the city, startled underworld big shots began pulling subpoenas from envelopes. This coup was their first inkling that a federal grand jury probe was under way.

The corridors of the Federal Building next morning were jammed with shabby dope peddlers whose overbright eyes proclaimed their own addiction, with $35-a-week numbers runners and street-corner bookies. Lending tone to the mob scene were the big-time racketeers in their trade uniforms of pearl-gray fedoras, $200 custom-tailored suits, flowered silk ties and diamond rings. Their bookkeepers, chauffeurs, even their molls, were on hand.

All eyes turned to the door of the grand jury room, but most anxious were the eyes of the Big Five: the ferret-faced but authoritative Maffia boss, James Balestrere; the local mob's ambassador to the Chicago Capone gang, Tony Gizzo; the habitual criminal Tano Lacoco; the beetle-browed enforcer, Charles Gargotta. And the moist-haired, young gangster-politician with the bespectacled and passive face, Charles Binaggio.

They grew even more fidgety as the days passed and the proceedings got under way. For Binaggio, the worst moment came a couple of weeks later, when Democratic leaders from all over America, including Cabinet members and President Truman himself, converged on Kansas City to fete Bill Boyle, the then chairman of the Democratic National Committee. As the most important local Democratic figure, Binaggio had invited scores of political friends to be his guests at the party. In his pockets were their tickets. Cocktail parties were being held all over town. Binaggio pleaded with Goldschein to be excused for the afternoon.

Goldschein raised himself to his full five feet eleven inches and, in a voice meant for every bent ear in the corridor, thundered:

"If 23 good citizens of this community can be here on the business of the court, then you can too."

A gang chief's power stems less from force than from the faith of his followers in his authority. The tableau of Big Boss Binaggio being pushed around by a government lawyer was the opening scene of a tragedy that could have only one ending: disgrace among his own kind and gang execution.

Since the Kansas City mob kept meticulous gambling-joint records for tax purposes, the Boys feared that the federals already knew all about their business affairs. This fear, inquisitor Goldschein did little to allay.

"He knows all about me," one gambler sobbed as he emerged from the grand jury room. "But it ain't so bad," he confided to a reporter; "he only got me for $50 back taxes."

Out in the corridor again after another bout with Goldschein, the same gambler wept: "He's got me up to $500 in back taxes."

Called for a third time, the witness emerged, his eyes rimmed with red.

"It's five grand now," he wailed.

The first big shot Goldschein took on was enforcer Charles Gargotta. Gargotta, powerfully built, swarthy and taciturn, was a walking advertisement of mob terror and contempt for local law. Although once caught, gun in hand, at a gang murder, Gargotta had won acquittal. A federal prosecutor later convicted him of stealing, from a U.S. armory, the gun with which the murder was committed.

Goldschein, facing the scowling Gargotta across three feet of grand jury room table, fiddled with his bow tie and stroked his graying mustache. Then, gently, he led the slow-talking, Texas-born Gargotta through his life of crime and business interests.

Persuading Gargotta to Sing

When Gargotta had finished, Goldschein slowly cleaned his glasses and asked blandly, "And is that all?"

"All," grunted Gargotta.

Goldschein turned to his aid, special assistant to the Attorney General Vincent P. Russo, and whispered a stage whisper.

"Perjury," the walls echoed.

Goldschein's aid nodded sagely as if to say: "You have him, Chief."

That did it.

Gargotta, whose face had turned ashen at the word perjury, proceeded to spill the beans. Seldom had an enforcer snitched so much on so many.

Out poured gang secrets for which federal agents had delved vainly for years: the hidden partners in the local racing wire service and their cuts; the owners and "take" in the numbers racket; the partners in the gambling casinos.

These startling disclosures, on the second day of the grand jury hearings, Goldschein greeted with a wildly pounding heart—but with a poker face.

Binaggio, when he was called later, also talked freely. He had to. The "inquisitorial" grand jury, as evolved by Goldschein, is a deadly crime-fighting weapon, because it has the power of the federal courts behind it. If a witness won't answer questions he can be forced to testify or go to jail for contempt. A reluctant witness can beg off only if he can show that to talk would incriminate him of a federal offense. A U.S. grand jury witness, the courts have generally ruled, can't be excused from talking even if it involves him in local or state crimes.

The choice before Goldschein's witnesses in Kansas City was either to clam up and go to jail or sing and face mob reprisal for squealing. The result was a trail of deaths.

One witness, a gambler, solved his dilemma by blowing out his brains. Another, a dope peddler, sang and was promptly executed by an underworld firing squad. The third and fourth victims were the bosses, Charles Binaggio and Charles Gargotta, who died together one night in April, 1950, in their political club headquarters with four bullet holes apiece in their heads.

Although the underworld seemed to know what Goldschein was piecing together, the town itself had no idea, since grand jury proceedings are secret. As the weeks of fact gathering lengthened into months, Goldschein himself faced a dilemma. He had in his hands the explosive and provable facts of mob power and crime. He had them in detail: names, places, dates. But the violations he had chiefly uncovered were local crimes over which neither he, as a federal officer, nor the grand jury, as an arm of a federal court, had any jurisdiction.

Goldschein has defied traditions so often that his friends sometimes introduce him to lawyers with:

"Meet Max Goldschein—Goldschein on Unusual Procedure."

Now, Goldschein chose a bold and unorthodox course. He asked the grand jury to spread the secret tale of gang domination in a presentment (statement) to the court. This the court made public, thus letting the mob's secrets out of the bag. The local enforcement officials, confronted by a page-one, detailed catalogue of local crimes, moved in and cleaned up.

Goldschein first demonstrated what a

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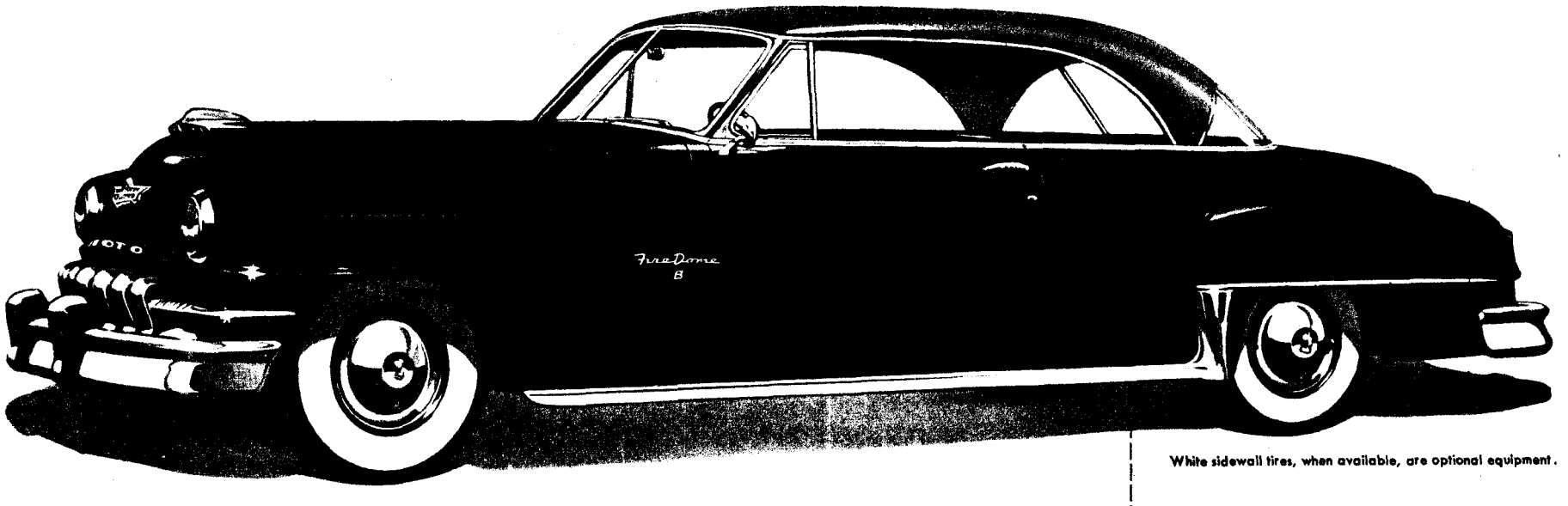

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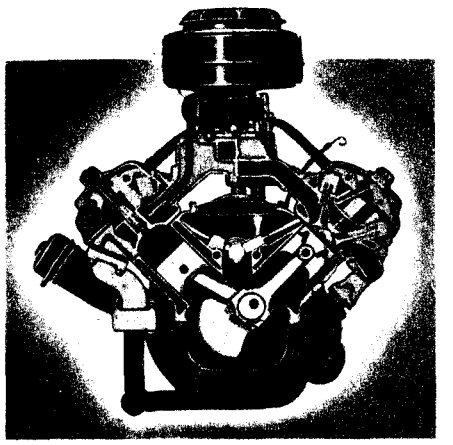

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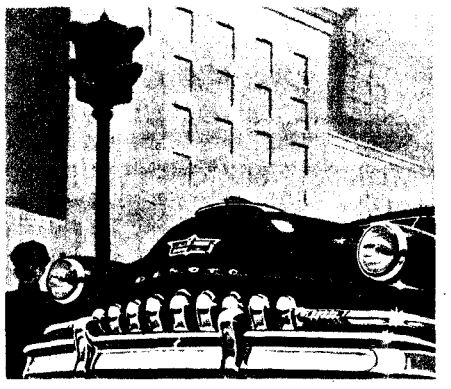

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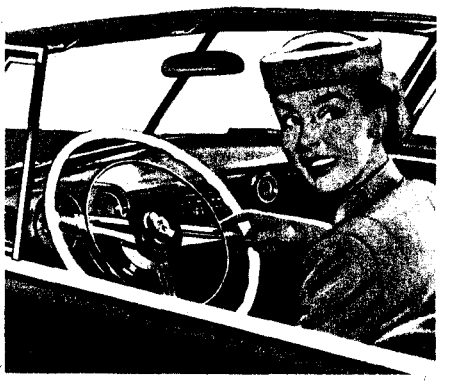

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grand jury, supported by investigators, could do in Scranton, in 1943, when he helped drive the notorious Judge Albert W. Johnson from the federal bench. This episode brought national attention to a Congressional prober by the name of Estes Kefauver, then a member of the House. Kefauver headed the House judiciary investigating committee that moved into Scranton on the heels of Goldschein's grand jury probe, and—with Goldschein as the first Kefauver committee counsel—forced Judge Johnson to quit.

Goldschein, then a lawyer in the War Frauds Section of the Justice Department, stumbled on the Scranton case while tracking down manufacturers who were filching cloth from the Army. He asked a Quartermaster depot major in Philadelphia one day why he had delayed moving against one of them.

"We get dozens of such complaints," said the major. "Look, here's one from Scranton that just came in this morning."

Army Labels Were Removed

Goldschein, eager for new criminal business, looked. He saw an inspector's report that contractors were removing telltale labels from Army-owned pants and cloth. He took the next train to Scranton.

There, with FBI agents to ferret out leads and with a grand jury to push witnesses into further admissions, Goldschein soon got the goods on manufacturers who, in time of war, had stolen 8,000 yards of scarce Army cloth and 1,300 pairs of soldiers' pants. In the subsequent trial, which Goldschein prosecuted, together with Arthur McGuire, the local U.S. attorney, the judge was Albert W. Johnson, a seventy-two-year-old, ramrod-backed, lean-faced apparent picture of judicial probity who had been on the federal bench for 20 years. Goldschein won convictions against four pants makers despite Judge Johnson's lenient charge to the jury, then pleaded for a stiff sentence.

But on the ringleader, who faced up to five years in a federal penitentiary, Judge Johnson imposed a $1,000 fine. On three accomplices the judge suspended the imposition of sentence.

Max Goldschein hurried to Washington, where he recited his suspicions of Judge Johnson to the then Assistant Attorney General, Tom Clark.

"You know how hard it is to make a case against a judge," Clark warned Goldschein.

"I can do it with FBI investigators and a grand jury," said the lawyer.

Yet, facing his "inquisitorial" grand jury at Scranton later, Goldschein wondered where to begin. The obvious place would be the cases which Judge Johnson had tried. But there were hundreds of them.

Goldschein decided to start with the men who profited from these cases: the receivers in bankruptcy proceedings, the trustees and attorneys that the judge had appointed. Like a terrier with a squirrel in his jaws, Goldschein began the job of worrying and shaking from these men the last intimate detail of their financial lives. The goal: to find whether any money received by the witnesses, as officers of Judge Johnson's court, went back to the judge.

The facts that witnesses disgorged before the grand jury each day, Goldschein turned over to FBI agents at night—to check against bookkeeping records, bank accounts, safe-deposit boxes.

When an agent sets out to make a case in the usual way—that is, through investigation—no one knows of his failures or his triumphs except his boss. But when a prosecutor tries to make a case via a grand jury, it's like "working in a department-store window," as Max Goldschein puts it. The reporters are at the grand jury room door every day trying to check up on progress. Everybody in town waits impatiently for an explosion.

As Goldschein worked month after month, with no visible sign of success, Scranton gave up his investigation as just another dead-end probe of Judge Johnson.

After 14 months, Goldschein packed the grand jury's secret minutes into several suitcases and slipped quietly back to Washington. There, his story of judicial corruption raised a problem:

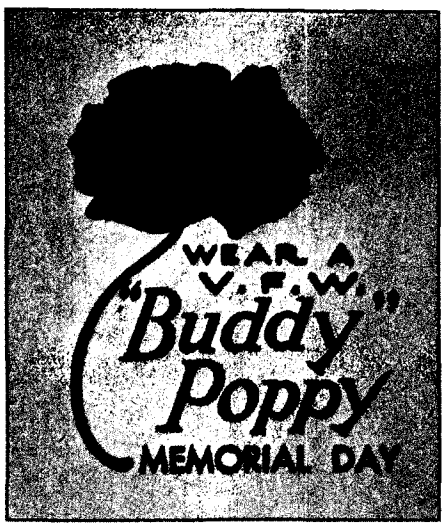
Should Judge Johnson be indicted and tried on fraud charges—a necessarily lengthy affair—or should he be removed from the bench, more swiftly, through impeachment?

Choosing the latter course, Assistant Attorney General Clark turned the results of Goldschein's work over to the House judiciary committee. Estes Kefauver, as chairman of a special investigating subcommittee, asked the Justice Department to assign Goldschein to him as counsel. At hearings in Scranton, Goldschein was soon spreading his own findings, hitherto secret, on the public record.

It was perhaps the most shocking judicial scandal in the last half century.

"Almost every litigant who had the misfortune to appear before this wicked and malicious judge," the judiciary subcommittee reported to Congress, "became the immediate object of this crooked conspiracy whose sole interest was the amount of money that could be extorted from him for . . . the evasion of justice."

The amazing judge even forced federal employees in his court to rent apartments



in buildings he owned (according to the report) "at higher rentals than other tenants were paying. . . . He compelled them . . . to do the menial work of servants in his home, dusting, cleaning and even washing his floors."

When Judge Johnson faced the Congressional probers from the witness stand, Goldschein subjected him to what Senator Kefauver has described as "the most skillful cross-examination I've ever seen."

Johnson interrupted it to resign his office and to relinquish his pension rights in order to forestall impeachment.

Three "Fixers" Sent to Jail

Subsequently, Goldschein and special assistant Val Hammack prosecuted and sent three "fixers" to jail for conspiracy to obstruct justice. One was Johnson's son Donald. Another was a former district attorney named John Memolo. The third was one Jake Greenes, leg man for the fix ring. Judge Johnson, also tried, was acquitted. Memolo, whose testimony was needed to convict, refused to testify against Johnson.

Kefauver was so impressed by Goldschein's role in breaking the Johnson case that, five years later, he asked him to become counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee—an invitation Goldschein had to decline.

Sometimes, when one grand jury alone can't crack a case, Goldschein uses as many as three, simultaneously. Shuttling between grand juries in Miami, Newark, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, and directing a team of narcotics agents, he smashed an international opium ring and came close to fulfilling the Narcotics Bureau's fondest dream: the exposure of the big underworld names who, as bankers, provide the capital for buying dope abroad.

The dope-ring adventure began in a Washington restaurant one January day in 1949, when Goldschein glanced up from his lunch into the round, happy face of Harry J. Anslinger, the United States Commissioner of Narcotics.

"Looking for crime-busting business?" the commissioner asked.

"Always," said Goldschein.

Commissioner Anslinger and his then assistant, Malachi Harney, had come to regard Goldschein and his grand juries as a heaven-sent short cut in getting the goods on narcotics traffickers.

"Why don't you try Miami?" Anslinger suggested laconically. "I'll let you have two of my best agents, Price Spivey and Ernie Gentry."

By nightfall, Goldschein was Florida bound. In Miami, he and his narcotics-agent helpers drew up a black list: a catalogue of all known dope addicts and peddlers in town.

The strategy was simple—start with the two-bit dope peddlers, and they may lead to the big distributors and importers. When Spivey seized two opium peddlers, Goldschein waited until they were convicted, then brought them before his grand jury. Already found guilty, they could not beg off on the ground of self-incrimination. Besides, sentence had not yet been passed, and if they talked they might get clemency. Faced with a five-year maximum sentence, one of the two dope peddlers talked. His story, supplemented by investigation and grand jury hearings in Newark, Philadelphia and New York City, led to ringleader Harold (Happy) Meltzer—and pay dirt.

Career of a Dope-Ring Boss

Meltzer sported a half-dozen aliases and as many convictions for selling dope and other crimes. Yet he had the fanciest underworld connections. He was close enough to mobster Mickey Cohen to be picked up with him in Los Angeles on a gun-toting charge.

Meltzer is now serving a five-year stretch in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Max Goldschein put him there, with an assist from two narcotics agents and Assistant United States Attorney Louis Kaplan.

Meltzer's dope ring got its start in a hotel room in Philadelphia in 1947. There, over an opium pipe, Meltzer raised the initial capital from underworld friends, then sold shares to Eastern crime figures. With this capital, he established an opium-buying office in Mexico City, and flew there often, in his own plane, until Goldschein interrupted him.

Confronted by the evidence Goldschein and the narcotics agents had gleaned from 18 months of digging in the field and before three grand juries, Meltzer pleaded guilty.

"We were getting pretty close to the boys upstairs (the big underworld bankers)," Goldschein recalls. "Meltzer pleaded guilty rather than stand trial and involve his backers. But the case isn't closed yet."

With grand juries in Denver and Los Angeles in 1948, Goldschein came close, also, to unlocking the American Communists' most treasured secret: their party membership lists.

Goldschein came to Denver to press a routine indictment against one Verne Wesley Howard, a card-holding Communist who, so the FBI discovered, had concealed his Red link when he obtained a mechanic's job at Lowry Air Force Base. Goldschein figured that 24 hours in Denver would get the indictment. He remained for four months.

It started when Goldschein, as a routine measure, subpoenaed the Lowry Air Force Base personnel officer to tell him what he could about Communist Howard.

"Nothing much," said the personnel officer, studying his records, "except he was once in a minor accident. Backed a truck into the field's communications panel and knocked the telephones out for two hours."

"How many other Reds can have minor accidents in key spots around here?" Goldschein wondered.

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To find out, he summoned Denver's leading known Communists before a federal grand jury. His aim: to get from the Reds the lists of their party members. Had he succeeded, he would have obtained, in a matter of days, the information that other government men had sought for years.

But the Communists wouldn't talk. Nor would jail sentences for contempt for six leaders loosen their tongues.

When Goldschein came to Philadelphia in September, 1950, the city that Lincoln Steffens once described as "corrupt and contented" was again ripe for a cleanup.

The Evening Bulletin's columnist, Earl Selby, could give an eyewitness account of bookies and numbers writers plying their trade in the streets "as openly as if they were selling pretzels." A court clerk could describe to Goldschein another street scene enacted fortnightly near the clerk's home: police squad cars lined up outside the local Republican clubhouse as the cops called for their pay-offs. The system: certain ward leaders protected the rackets in their bailiwicks, with the police—whose appointments and promotions the ward leaders controlled—serving as bagmen and enforcers. The pay-off scale started with $50 to $100 weekly for a sergeant; $100 to $200 for a captain; $250 to $500 for an inspector. The police pay-off, a regular item of gambling business expense, took about 5 per cent of the $36,000,000 gross which 30-odd numbers racketeers cut up on a regional basis.

But to cope with this, Goldschein had only himself and three aids, special assistants to the Attorney General: Russo, Drew O'Keefe and Justinus Gould, four men to fight the crime of a city of 2,064,000. In Kansas City, Goldschein had been able to muster 23 Intelligence Unit and Narcotics agents, because the probe was personally ordered by the President. But in Philadelphia, the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury did not co-operate.

Every Friday, for months, Goldschein would show up at the office of James McInerney, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's criminal division, to plead for investigators. McInerney, a former FBI man with gang-busting instincts, tried to get them, but failed.

No investigators appeared until the last five weeks of the 18-month probe, when one of Goldschein's oldest dreams came true. This was the creation in the Treasury Department of racket squads to help the Justice Department fight the underworld. Goldschein, father of the racket squad idea, first broached it in 1947.

Philadelphia Lawyer's Advice

Cracking a big town's underworld without investigators wasn't the only problem Goldschein faced in Philadelphia. When he arrived in the city, a Philadelphia lawyer said:

"This town isn't going to be a pushover for you like Kansas City and other places."

Goldschein: "Why not?"

Philadelphia lawyer: "Well, we've been watching you in other towns. We've been getting ready for you."

Goldschein: "How?"

Philadelphia lawyer: "Take me, for instance. I've been boning up on the rights of witnesses before grand juries."

Goldschein set this down as a bit of spoofing. But the Philadelphia lawyer, a brilliant legal scholar, accurately predicted the legal hurdles in store.

Once, when he was asking the court to jail a reluctant witness for contempt, Goldschein—usually on the questioning end—found the tables turned. He was on the witness stand, put there by an irreverent legal opponent who proceeded to grill him. Equal even to this novel denouement, Goldschein had an assistant object to the questions on the ground that answers would reveal secret grand jury business. Prosecutor Goldschein didn't have to sing.

Then, unmasking their heavy batteries, the lawyers potted Goldschein with explosive constitutional questions that kept him busy for months, digging himself out before the lower federal courts.

The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution ("No person . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself . . .") had not previously prevented Goldschein from asking such questions as:

"Are you in the numbers racket?

"Are you a partner in a gambling joint?

"What are your telephones used for?"

When the witness refused to answer these on constitutional grounds, Goldschein would argue successfully before the lower courts that the witness had to talk or go to jail for contempt—because his answers would not incriminate him on federal crimes.

With such questions, largely unchallenged, Goldschein had broken the back of the Kansas City mob.

Racketeers' "Rights" Upheld

But in Philadelphia these questions were fought stubbornly at every rung of the judicial ladder—all the way up to the Supreme Court. There, the lawyers for the racketeers proved—through newspaper clippings and criminal records—that their clients were notorious characters and were likely to incriminate themselves of federal offenses if forced to talk.

Such arguments induced the Supreme Court to reverse a five-month contempt rap for racketeer Cappy Hoffman, a gambler with a criminal record that includes a dope-selling conviction.

The severe going-over that Philadelphia's lawyers gave Goldschein's inquisitorial grand jury, and the lack of investigators, slowed but did not block it.

Doggedly, Goldschein plodded through 500 witnesses. Fifty refused at first to talk, but changed their minds when ordered to do so by District Court Judge J. Cullen Ganey. Six chose to fight it out on constitutional grounds and were convicted of contempt. Two won reversals in the higher courts.

But Goldschein obtained 20 indictments in Philadelphia—18 for alleged tax evasion and two on narcotics charges. As a result of his work, the government has taken steps to collect $3,236,500 in tax assessments and penalties for nonpayment. Goldschein is still in Philadelphia, trying contempt cases.

Goldschein must share part of the credit for the cleanup with the reform forces led by Mayor Joseph Clark, Jr., and District Attorney Richardson Dilworth (both of whom took office in January), and with the federal stamp tax on wagering, which became effective last November 1st.

Yet Goldschein's Philadelphia ordeal proved that a determined and resourceful federal prosecutor can clean up a city with an inquisitorial grand jury over the opposition of equally determined and resourceful lawyers who raise fundamental questions that challenge the whole idea of such an institution. Philadelphia's lawyers argued that catching crooks is a job for police, for district attorneys' offices and for other administrative agencies, such as the FBI. It is not a job, they said, for an arm of the courts, for a grand jury.

To this Goldschein replies:

True, the grand jury is an extraordinary device for enforcing the law. Yet, what is the citizen to do when the local government falls down on the job—either through incompetence or corruption? For such a situation, aroused citizens can turn to the grand jury—to find out what's going on in their own town, and to force their officials to do something about it. If organized lawlessness persists over the years the federal government may find it necessary to convene a grand jury to determine whether any of this lawlessness is within the jurisdiction of the federal government.

One famous crime buster who agrees with Goldschein is Senator Estes Kefauver, the former chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee.

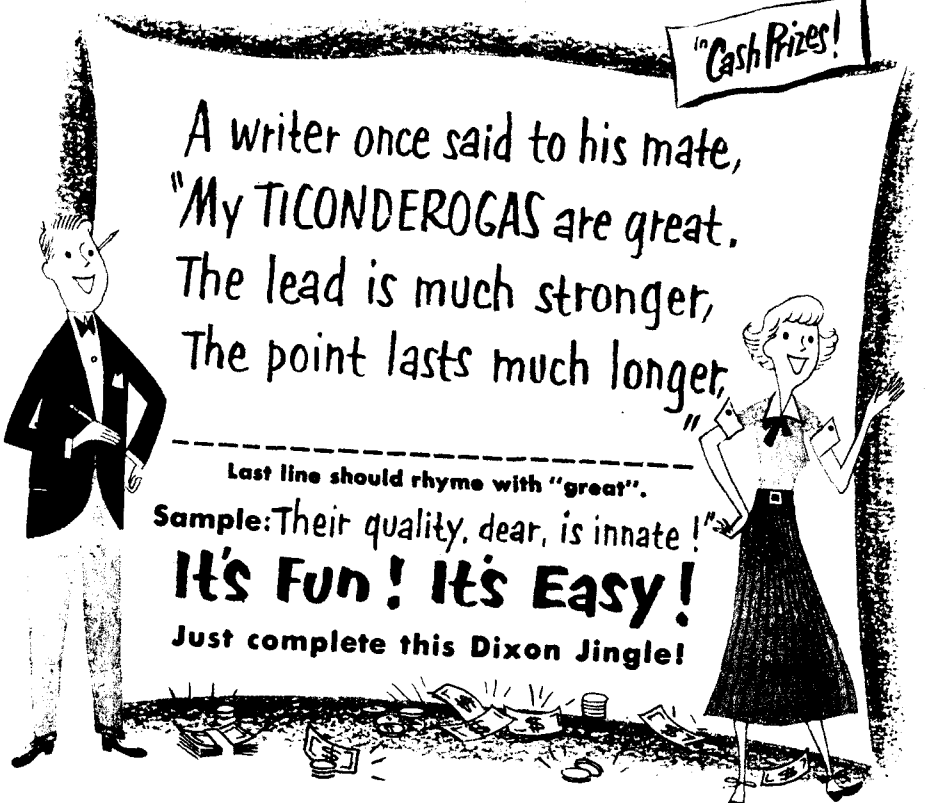
But the right method needs the right man.

"If we had 10 Max Goldscheins," says Kefauver, "we would have a clean America."

THE END

1827—DIXON'S 125TH ANNIVERSARY CONTEST—1952

$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes!



Last line should rhyme with "great".

Sample: Their quality, dear, is innate!"

It's Fun! It's Easy!

Just complete this Dixon Jingle!

567 Cash Prizes!

$5,000.00 First Prize!

$2,500.00 Second Prize!

5 $500.00 Prizes | 100 $ 50.00 Prizes

60 $100.00 Prizes | 400 $ 10.00 Prizes

Here are a few pointers about Ticonderoga Pencils that may help you complete the jingle.

Ticonderoga Pencils have a *Leadfast* construction that unites lead and wood... prevents splitting and burring in sharpening • They have a hexagonal shape with rounded edges, which makes them easier to grip, more comfortable to write with • Made of the finest cedar from California • Imported clay and graphite make Ticonderoga the smoothest writing of all pencils •

EASY CONTEST RULES

1 Mail entries to Dixon 125th Anniversary Contest, P.O. Box 8110, Chicago (Zone 77), Ill. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. Use enough postage.

2 Send as many entries as you wish. Enclose the section showing the soldier from the one dozen Ticonderoga box with each entry. You can also enter this contest by sending in a section of the box, on which the name Dixon appears, from any of the following Dixon products:

1. Eldorado Drawing Pencils (1 doz. box)
2. Thinex Colored Pencils (any size)
3. "Best" Colored Pencils (any size)
4. Anadel Colored Pencils (any size)
5. Enduro Pencil Sharpener

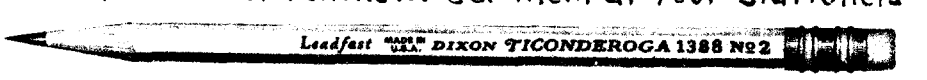
3 All entries must be postmarked not later than June 3 and received by June 19th, 1952. Everyone may enter the contest except employees of Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, their subsidiary companies, their advertising agencies and members of their families, and the employees and families of the organization judging the contest.

4 Entries will be judged for originality and aptness of thought. Competent judges will be selected by the organization handling this contest.

5 No entries returned. All entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., for any and all purposes. This contest is subject to all state and federal regulations.

Dixon TICONDEROGA

The Nation's First Pencils... Get them at Your Stationer's



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Up Front in Korea

MEETING THE MARINES

"You like it up there at the front, huh?" I said to the leatherneck engineer. "Love it," he said. "A Marine is a rifleman at heart and any other job he's got makes him feel bad"

By BILL MAULDIN

In the sergeant's tent I got attacked by a Korean kid that looked about seven. "Lay off, Chu," Riebe said, "or I'll tell the Korean draft board how old you really are . . ."

Dear Willie:

I didn't mean to get mixed up with the Marines, but I was working my way toward the east coast of Korea, bumming a meal here and a cot there, thinking I might find a ship and write something nice about the Navy in return for a hot shower, and I got lost in a high range of mountains. By the side of the road was a tree with its top shot off and the trunk full of holes and a sign was nailed on the tree, that said "GO PLACES, JOIN THE U.S. MARINES." Sitting under the tree was a little puppy about as big as your fist—I found out later his name was Napalm—and when I tried to pat him he bit me on the ankle. I knew then I had strayed away from the peace-loving Army.

Up a muddy side road was a bunch of tents and inside one of them I found a Marine private and a pfc arguing about a bottle.

"I don't care what you paid for it," the pfc said, "it's that Korean rotgut we been warned about, full of poison and stuff. Whoever heard of 'Lion Whisky'? Look how they spell 'whisky.'"

"You can spell it either way," said the private. "And anyway, it's 'whiskey' in the label below. That makes up for it. Listen to this," and he started reading the label.

"'Lion whiskey is the proud accomplisment of an art as skilled as that which can iese . . .'"

"What's that last word?" the pfc said.

"I don't know. 'Iese . . . which can iese a diamond for only amaster distiller aided by the mellowing hand of time . . .'"

"How do you iese a diamond?" said the pfc. "And do they mean a master distiller or amateur distiller?"

"Don't ask me," said the private. "Let me finish."

"It's rotgut," the pfc said. "I just know it is."

"Not this stuff. Listen . . . 'aided by the mellowing hand of time could bring out a flavor so remindful of ripe kentucky grain and soft kentucky sun this fine old bourbon is some thing to serve with pride and quaff with satisfaction for that next get together count lion whiskey among you most favored guests.'"

"I got to admit that's a mouth watering ad," the pfc said.

"Anybody puts out an ad like that must be okay," the private said.

"We been brought up on ads like that," said the pfc. "Laundry soap, bread, everything. You don't believe an ad that reads this good, you can't have faith in anything. Let's open it."

The private took the seal off and then he looked at the bottle kind of sad.

"We could of saved all that arguing," he said. "It's got an old root beer cap hammered on the top. I'll save it and make the gook that sold it to me drink it."

The next tent looked like some kind of office and there was a sort of pleasant-looking Marine sitting at a field desk. He told me this was C Company of the 1st Marine Division's combat engineers, and his name was Kenneth Riebe, from Seattle, Washington.

"That's a comical sign down the road for you guys to be putting up in Korea, about joining the Marines and going places," I said.

"It's no joke," said Riebe, "we got a re-enlistment drive on. Want to apply?"

I told him I was a war correspondent looking for a bunk for the night, and mentioned that I might do a little article about the Marine engineers. That's a great gimmick you learn in this business, Willie. There's some outfits will bring you breakfast in bed when they find out you're a reporter, and besides I had the President's word that the Marines are hot for public relations. It didn't work so good on Riebe, though. He just gave me a blank look and said I could bunk in the big tent where they put all the sergeants.

"If you don't mind," I said, "couldn't I just sort of stay in the ranks, in a tent with the rest of you boys?" I was thinking about all the movies I've seen about Marine sergeants and, Willie, I've had enough trouble with the Army type in my day.

"Why, I'm the first sergeant," said Riebe with a grin, so then I figured if this was the top kick the rest of them couldn't really be so bad.

In the sergeant's tent I got attacked by a Korean kid that looked about seven and was wearing cutdown Marine pants with a white leather Roy Rogers pistol belt and a red baseball shirt.

"Gung ho, you damn' pogue," he hollered, waving a chrome-plated ten-inch six-shooter like he was going to pound me to death with the butt of it. He wasn't much bigger than Napalm the pup but it looked like I was going to have to beat him off with my portable typewriter and trade space for time till I got out of that area, because he appeared to be backed up by about a dozen of the biggest, roughest-looking Marine sergeants I ever saw, in the movies or out. They looked like the forward wall of Notre Dame in one of its best years, and in spite of Riebe's good-natured ways those guys sure brought back my fears of spending a night in that tent.

"Lay off, Chu," said Riebe to the kid, "or I'll tell the Korean draft board how old you really are."

The kid slunk behind 250 pounds of muscle from Brighton, Colorado, named Jim (Half) Nelson, who was laying on his creaking bunk.

"He likes me," said Sergeant Nelson, like a grizzly talking about a mouse.

"Good Lord," I said, "how old is he?"

"He admits to fifteen," said a round-faced sergeant with a walrus mustache, named Victor Valesano, "but you never can tell about a Korean. He might be the head of a family."

"How does he spell his name?" I said, getting out my notebook.

"Gimme you pencil," the boy said, and in nice neat letters he spelled out G-H-U.

"You mean C-H-U," I said, changing it for him.

"Listen, pogue, I mean G, not C," he said, grabbing the pencil and changing it back, "but all same, you say it 'Chu,' not 'Ghu.' You gonna sleep here tonight?"

"Why, yes, if it's all right with you," I said. I was beginning to think he was an awful fresh kid.

"I fix bunk," he said, and I changed my mind.

"Chu's been here three months," said a young sergeant named Jim Kearns, who told me he'd sent home to Baltimore for all the cowboy stuff Chu was wearing. "His brother used to be an interpreter for us and sent word to the kid to join us, and he came three hundred miles all by himself, walking mostly. He was so hungry and sick when he got here we couldn't keep food down him for a week. We pay him out of our own pockets and he does little chores around the tent for us."

"What's a war correspondent doing back here with us engineers?" said a sort of stern-looking sergeant named Richard Gray, from Sacramento,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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Through your magic window

The sights you see on the Santa Fe are matched by the comforts you enjoy! Everyone of Santa Fe's five great trains each day, each way, between Chicago and California is planned, equipped and staffed to make your trip such fun you hate to have it end. Ask your ticket agent or travel agent about the wide choice of schedules and accommodations available.

PUEBLO INDIANS make interesting camera subjects when your Santa Fe train pauses at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Pueblo Indian Comanche Dancer —painted by an Indian artist

Santa Fe

Super Chief · Chief · El Capitan · Grand Canyon · California Ltd.

Texas Chief *between Chicago-Texas*

Kansas City Chief *between Chicago-Kansas City*

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

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California. He was laying on his back smoking a big pipe.

"He's a pogue," said the Korean kid.

"Listen, Chu or Ghu or whatever it is," I said, "I'm getting kind of tired of that word. What does it mean?"

"It means rear echelon," said Donald Bisbois, who's from St. Paul, Minnesota, and was the biggest sergeant in the tent and a good-natured type like Riebe. "It's a sort of relative word. When an engineer is picking up mines ahead of the infantry he's a great man but when they catch us with picks and shovels back on a supply road we're pogues."

"A war correspondent ought to be at the front," Gray said to me, chewing on the idea like it was a bone. "Here we're two-three thousand yards behind the front."

"That's about the range I figured," I said having to holler a little bit while a battery of our 105-mm. artillery pieces up the gully a little way tried to push my right eardrum out my left ear. "You like it up there at the front, huh?" I said to Gray.

"Love it," he said. "Go up every chance I get. A Marine is a rifleman at heart and any other job he's got makes him feel bad."

"I'm different," I said. "I don't go there when I haven't got business at the front. I wrote about the infantry last month. Right now I think I'll write about Marine engineers." I didn't know it then but I hadn't heard the last of Gray.

* * *

Next day I asked Riebe what was on the company's schedule. He was a nice guy to deal with. I found out from the other sergeants that he'd been in assault platoons using flame throwers and blowing pillboxes ahead of the infantry at Saipan, Tinian, the Marshalls and Iwo Jima, and I guess maybe he had the war talk knocked out of him in those days. He sent me up to watch an engineer crew work on the supply road on Hill 812, the top of which was being held by D Company of the Fifth Regiment.

It's one of those Korea hills so steep a billy goat would have a hard time navigating it, but these engineers had picked and shoveled and blasted a foot at a time through rocks and mud frozen harder than rocks, all the way to the top, which meant the riflemen could get supplies and transportation by truck, and that's a rare thing in this mountain war.

All the engineer sweat wasn't just from work either, there are places in this road that are under close enemy observation, and Riebe's company has picked up 150 Purple Hearts and two Silver Stars in Korea, which is a lot of ribbons for an outfit that's not infantry. Right now this crew was improving the road and widening a curve alongside some 4.2 mortar positions about halfway up 812.

A corporal named Arthur Whittaker, from Chicopee, Massachusetts, was the explosives man in the crew and he was busy blowing big rocks up in the air, so the first part of my visit was under the steel bed of a dump truck, listening to the rubble come rattling down like hail on a tin roof, and talking to the driver, Walt Smith, a Navy first-aid corpsman named Bill Donovan, and Sergeant Don Meissner, who was running the detail.

Willie, I sure did get to know a lot of sergeants around there.

This Meissner looked quite a bit younger than the general run of noncoms in C Company. He's a husky boy with a chew of tobacco in his face and he doesn't talk much, but he told me he's from Rensselaer, New York, and he was in the Fifth Regiment in the winter of 1950 when the Chinese came in and messed up the war and the Marines fought their way out to the coast. Meissner got frostbite up there and also got shot in the tail.

"Mind you," he said, spitting tobacco juice and giving me a hard look, "I wasn't retreating. I just happened to get hit in the tail. I wasn't retreating."

I said I would put it in my notes that he was firing from a prone position when it happened.

"I didn't think anybody that went through that winter had to stay in Korea," I said.

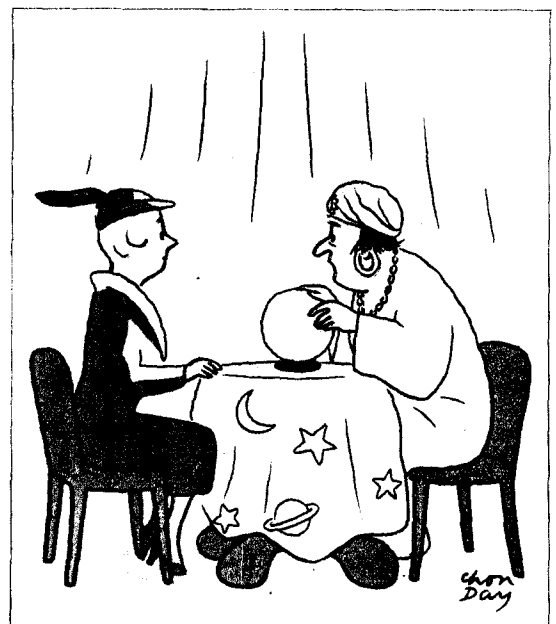
"They sent me home but I asked to come back," he said. "I'm a career man and this is my business, so it seemed like this is where I ought to be. Twelve more years and I retire."

"How old are you now?" I asked him, thinking this old career man sure carried his age good.

"Twenty-four," he said. "I joined when I was sixteen."

"Fire in the hole!" hollered Whittaker, bringing his detonating machine which he calls a hell box under the truck with us and blowing another charge.

"We yell that partly to warn people and partly so those boys on the mortars over there will know it isn't somebody throwing a round back at them," said Whittaker's helper, a pfc named Gus Vegas from San Francisco.



"I see you meeting a tall, dark man. You're forty-five minutes late"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

A bulldozer named Little Donna poked its nose around the bend and started pushing the busted rocks and mud out of the road while we kibitzed. Even engineers that are used to bulldozers seem to like to watch them work. Whittaker told me about a dozer man from Boston named Eddie Cunningham who was working on this road some time back when a machine gun started firing on him.

"You never saw a man so calm under fire," Whittaker said. "His engine was making so much noise he didn't know about the gun. He just kept pushing that dozer happy as a lark with bullets zipping around him, until he happened to be looking at his exhaust stack and all of a sudden there was a hole in it that hadn't been there a second before. It sure spoiled his day."

* * *

Old Sergeant Gray sure spoiled my day too when I got back to C Company.

"You only went part way up 812," he said, looking reproachful. "A war correspondent ought to go all the way."

"There's infantry up there," I said. "I told you I'm gathering engineer material."

"That's all right," he said. "I found some engineer business at the front for you. They're taking an eight-inch self-propelled gun right up on the line with a rifle company to fire point-blank at some enemy positions. I'm going up to that company and wait for the gun so if it gets stuck I can give it some engineer advice. I just happen to have room in my jeep for you."

Willie, I know what you're thinking, but what could I do? It was getting to the point where the honor of the war correspondent corps had to be looked after, and I like my new job. A couple of the other sergeants got me off in a corner before I started out with Gray and told me they had some friendly advice.

"Gray's going to make a point of going without a helmet," they said. "You got to follow through on this and tell him you don't want one either."

"What kind of advice is that?" I hollered.

"You will be okay," they told me. "Just go along with Gray and do what he does."

* * *

Sure enough, Gray went through the helmet routine with me and I did what they'd said but I still didn't like the idea very much.

If Gray was trying to get me in a sweat on the way up 812 he sure succeeded. He was telling me how enemy observation on that road is so good they can nail any vehicle they want to, and he described in some detail about how different people have got torn up by direct hits. But I guess maybe some of that talk backfired and started curling his own hair a little bit, because halfway up that mountain we stopped by the engineer crew that was still working on the same place in the road by the mortars, and Gray went over to the cab of the dump truck and stepped behind it for a minute. He came back wearing a green thing around his chest that looked like a corset.

"Flak vest," he said. "New invention. It stops shell fragments." At last I figured I had him slowed down and now I sure was appreciating the advice I had got a while back.

We went on to the top of the mountain and the terrain up there looks pretty much like what I wrote you some time back about I Company of the 31st Infantry, the same ugly red dirt hills looking down on you, the foxholes with the little connecting trenches on the forward slope and the bunkers on the back slope.

"There's snipers all around here," said Gray, and then he got in one of those trenches, took out a camera, and started taking pictures. There was just no stopping that guy. I guess he keeps a scrapbook.

I didn't see any of the Marines in that infantry company wearing flak vests but on the other hand they did have helmets on and they seemed to be staying pretty much under cover, and I was glad to see such a reasonable bunch of people.

One of them told me that although it was quiet today, the war had hotted up quite a bit this spring.

"They're using more artillery and mortars than we are," he said. "They think nothing of dumping a few hundred pounds on this one company if we stir them up these days."

"I thought artillery was about the only advantage we've got on them," I said.

"Maybe there's an economy drive on," the Marine said.

"You know, an artillery observer up here told me the other day that he spotted some gooks in a chow line and called for a 155-mm. shell on them.

" 'Are you sure it's a target?' the man on the other end of the phone said, and the observer said hell yes he was sure and described the target.

" 'Well, all right,' the guy at the other end said, 'one Buick coming up.'

" 'What?' screeched the observer.

" 'One Buick,' the guy said, and then he told the observer he'd been ordered to remind everybody how much it costs the taxpayers to fire artillery, so he calls a 105 a Chevrolet, a 155 a Buick, and an eight-inch shell a Cadillac.

"By that time," this observer told me, "the chow line had finished eating and gone back in their holes so he was able to save the taxpayers the price of that automobile, but he said he sure could have killed a bunch of enemy."

"Well," I said to the Marine, trying to comfort him, "you've still got air power."

"I got news for you," he said. "The Air Force has control of the Marine planes in Korea and there's a difference of opinion between Marines and Air Force on close ground support, so most of the time we can't even get an air strike when we call for it."

Gray finished taking his pictures and went in a huddle with some infantry officers, and then he told me the eight-inch wasn't coming up after all, they had decided to send up a 155-mm. self-propelled instead. Gray figured that this being a lighter weapon, shooting Buicks instead of Cadillacs, you might say, it would be able to get up the hill all right without engineer advice, and so we took off down the mountain again.

I found out later the 155 stirred up a regular hornets' nest when it poked its snout over the ridge and took two direct mortar hits the first half hour it was up there. It would have given Gray's flak vest a good workout but as far as I was concerned I was just as glad to be gone from there when it happened.

On the way down the mountain Gray turned around and favored me with the first grin I'd seen on his face.

"Now I'm going to show you my work isn't all at the front," he said.

We pulled in at the Fifth Regiment headquarters and stopped in front of a fancy log cabin that looked like some sporting man's hunting lodge.

"We're making this for the colonel," Gray said. "Sergeant Charles Lopez and me. Lopez is inside with a couple of the boys finishing the bathroom."

"Bathroom?" I said.

"Bathroom. Hot and cold running water."

Gray went inside but I didn't notice he was careful to knock on the door first—I was busy walking around and admiring the outside, seeing how solid it was built, with the logs chinked up tight and a roof that looked downright bullet proof.

* * *

Then I barged right in the house. Willie, I ought to mention I was looking pretty seedy and I still haven't got around to sewing on my war correspondent shoulder patch, but just the same I thought since people were still working on the place there wouldn't be anybody living in there yet. I sort of noticed a young guy in a suit of fatigues that looked like they'd just come out of the dry cleaners but I didn't pay any attention to him.

"Hiya, Lopez," I said, real loud and cheerful. Lopez is one of the big good-natured sergeants in C Company. "You guys sure do every kind of work under the sun," I said. "I bet the President of Korea takes this joint over when the war's finished."

Lopez grinned at me but didn't seem to have much to say. He was staring in the other room, and then I could hear this young man that turned out to be a lieutenant colonel on the regimental staff chewing poor Gray out.

"That man with you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," Gray said.

"Well, why don't you teach these men some common courtesy?" the colonel said. He was plenty sore.

"Yes, sir," Gray said.

I went out of there feeling pretty ashamed of myself. I had let old Gray down in every way. I went to the front with him and not a shot was fired and now I had got him in trouble with the high brass.

Willie, these Marines are great people but you have got to watch your step around them every minute.

Your friend,
Joe.

In next week's issue Bill Mauldin tells about a visit with the Navy

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HELICOPTER DROPS OIL EXPLORATION CREW into rough California terrain where geologists will study surface rock structures in their never-ending search for oil. In spite of the long chances involved, U. S. oilmen last year found twice as much new oil as the nation used.

Biggest Search In History Pays Off For U. S. Oil Consumers

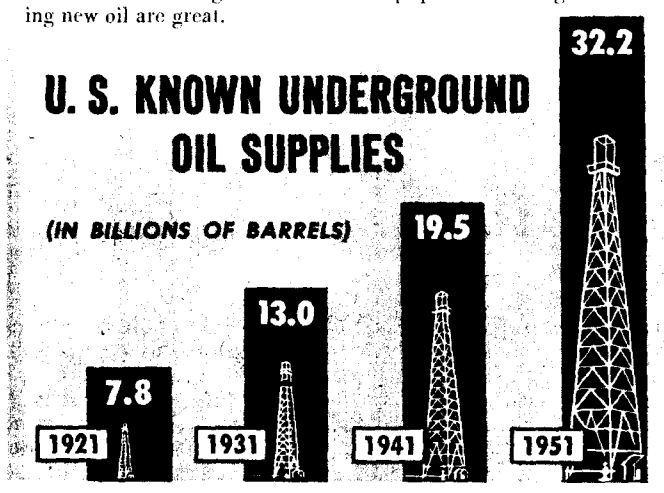
Last year oilmen found two barrels of new oil in the United States for every barrel the nation used, in spite of the tremendous odds against finding new sources of oil. As a result, the nation's known underground oil supplies are now at an all-time high—over four times what they were thirty years ago.

These record discoveries are remarkable when you consider the risks oilmen take in their search for oil. Even after the most scientific preliminary exploration, the odds are 8 to 1 against bringing in a producing well in an area where oil has never been found before. Yet by drilling more wells in 1951 than ever before—to expand known fields and to explore many entirely new "wildcat" areas—oilmen discovered a record amount of new oil to assure your future needs.

It is no accident that year after year America's thousands of privately-managed oil businesses find more oil in the U. S. than America uses. The odds against finding new oil are great, but the men who compete in the search for oil are willing to accept these odds as long as the chance to stay in business by earning a fair profit exists. This is America's competitive system at work—and a good example of how it benefits you and the nation.

Oil Industry Information Committee
AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

MINIATURE EARTHQUAKES like this were set off by the hundreds of thousands last year to chart underground rock formations, permitting seismograph crews to pinpoint *likely* oil drilling locations. Even using latest scientific equipment, odds against finding new oil are great.



ENOUGH OIL FOR THE FUTURE? This chart gives the answer. America's known underground oil supplies are increasing steadily even though U. S. uses more oil every year. Ample oil supplies help make oil products a real bargain. Today's high quality gasoline costs about the same as gasoline did 25 years ago—only taxes are higher. Yet 2 gallons now do the work 3 did in 1925.

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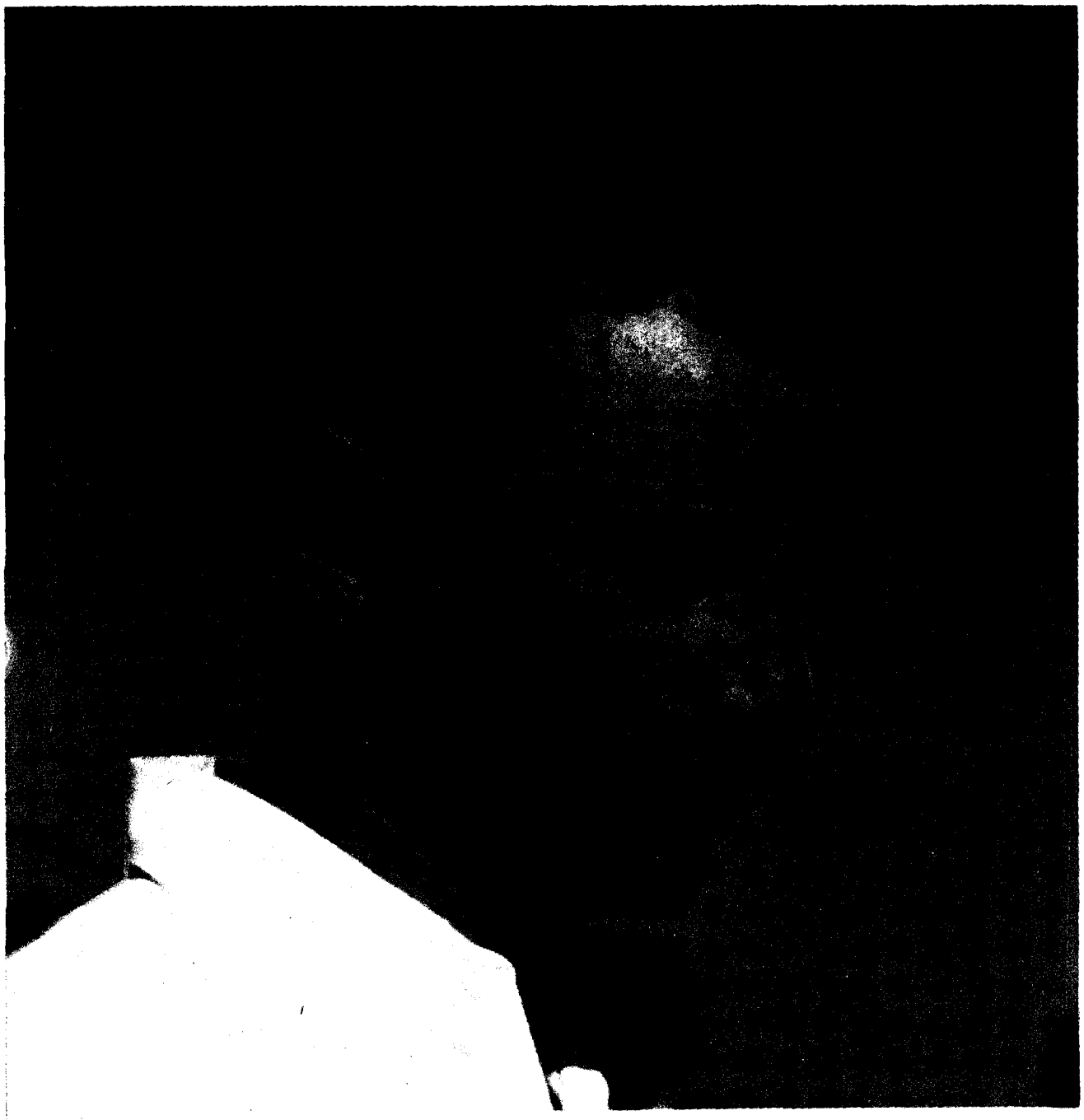
HANDY "GADGET"



SAM SHAW

Director Elia Kazan flatly refuses to compromise with convention. That's why he's a terrific Broadway-Hollywood success, why actors revere him—and why he occasionally takes off his shoes at parties

ELIA KAZAN, who has been called the top personality in the American legitimate theater, and is fast gaining a similar reputation in Hollywood, has his own ideas about how a man of his standing should be treated: just like anyone else.

He also has notions of his own about how to lead his life. If he wants to remove his coat, tie and shoes at a party, he does so. And if he's bored, he carries the procedure to its natural conclusion, and removes himself. His actions are always governed by a simple and direct logic; if he wants to locate a friend in a darkened motion picture theater, he stands in the back of the auditorium and hollers out the friend's name.

If he weren't already known in the film capital as one of its finest young directors, Kazan would be famous there anyhow, as perhaps the only man who ever rose to accept an Oscar without first having buttressed himself in a boiled shirt. The occasion was the presentation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award for his direction of the picture Gentleman's Agreement, and stage-and-screen star June Havoc, who was in the film, says she'll never forget it.

"Oscars are handed out," she says, "in an atmosphere of ermine neckties and ostrich feather bras. Everyone who'd preceded him was in a dinner jacket and had that well-rubbed look. Then he came down the aisle, in a tweed suit. It was pressed, but it certainly wasn't new. It seemed such a small suit, on a small man, at first—until you became aware of the abundance of dignity he was also wearing. Bless him, he was at least ten feet tall when he accepted his little statue."

The director of the current movie hits A Streetcar Named Desire and Viva Zapata!, as well as the recent Broadway play, Flight into Egypt, questions Miss Havoc's memory of that 1947 occasion. "I don't think it was tweed. It was blue serge, my best. I just don't happen to go in for clothes, jewelry, body water—uh, whaddya call that stuff . . . you know, toilet water—or any of that sort of thing."

He is wary of all social affectation, ornamentation and pretense. He thinks people who put on layers of veneer insulate themselves against the basic realities. Some people have been infuriated by the manner in which Kazan ignores the more elaborate social amenities, and it has been said that he almost succeeds in making an affectation out of despising affectation. Most people who know him, however, agree with playwright Clifford Odets, who says, "Kazan's a man of natural responses; he's always true to himself—for good or bad. He just can't be bothered living by any of the made-up rules."

Kazan doesn't like a devious or indirect approach on any level. An unwise young actor in search of a job once shared a cab with the director. He addressed him as "Sir" and "Mister" and was blatantly obsequious. At the first traffic light, Kazan opened the cab door and walked away.

The Crowd Was in Full Evening Dress

In February, Emlyn Williams, the English actor, opened a series of Dickens readings at New York's Golden Theater. It was one of the dressiest openings of the season; the audience was encased in mink, ermine and patent leather, like a cake in icing.

Kazan arrived just before curtain time, having come straight from a neighboring theater, where he was rehearsing a play. His wiry, five-foot seven-inch frame was clothed in slacks, an old blue sweater, and a gray flannel shirt open at the collar, with his lush crop of unruly black hair soaring uncombed over his swarthy Levantine features. From his point of view, had he cut short his own rehearsal just to gain time in which to dress himself in conformity with the rest of the audience, he would have been slighting his directorial duties, behaving irresponsibly.

His slender wife, Molly, whose deceptively ascetic New England features conceal an earthy sense of humor and a tolerant acceptance of her husband's eccentricities, says:

"He looked a little sad that night, but this we've seen before. He, of course, maintains he's just a *natural man and not a character. There's a certain* amount of truth to it. He has the capacity for putting first things first, so he sloughs off a lot of our tribal ritual and social pretense—which can be trying at times. But his informality is infectious. In the nineteen years we've been married I've never heard him called Mister. And only two people in the world call him Elia; my aunt, a dowager type, and Ruth Gordon, the actress."

Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence Olivier call Kazan the Pasha, because "he spends so much of his time lolling sprawled on the floor," but the rest of the world knows him as "Gadge," or "Gadget," a nickname he earned at Williams College because he was "small, compact and handy to have around." (Kazan, like many theater folk, calls all people "honey.")

Kazan's handiness around the theater came to public notice in 1942 when, at thirty-two, he first gained fame as the director of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer prize play, Skin of Our Teeth—one of the most difficult plays of our time to stage, what with its animated scenery, trap doors that disgorged actors, manholes that engorged them, and a cast of 35 that included, among other things, a baby dinosaur and a boy who was 4,000 years old. Since then, Kazan has directed 11 other plays—most notably, two other Pulitzer prize winners, Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman and Tennessee Williams' A Streetcar Named Desire, as well as Franz Werfel's Jacobowsky and the Colonel, James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau's Deep Are the Roots, and Arthur Miller's All My Sons.

In 1944, he directed his first Hollywood motion picture, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—commenting as he arrived in the film capital: "There're script

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By JAMES POLING

girls out here know more about this than I do." Then came Boomerang, Sea of Grass, Gentleman's Agreement, Pinky, Panic in the Streets, Viva Zapata!, and A Streetcar Named Desire, the latter two starring his protégé Marlon Brando, on whom has been bestowed the highest praise Gadge can offer anyone, "He won't do anything he doesn't believe in." Aside from the Oscar he won for Gentleman's Agreement, he has on three occasions won the New York Film Critics Award for Best Director of the Year—for Sea of Grass, Gentleman's Agreement, and A Streetcar Named Desire.

He was nominated for a second Oscar this year, for his work on Streetcar. Although he lost out in the final voting to George Stevens, director of A Place in the Sun, three of the actors whom Kazan guided through Streetcar—Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden—won Oscars as, respectively, best actress of the year, best supporting actress, and best supporting actor. This is the first time in Academy history that three of the four acting awards have gone to players in one picture.

This summer he will make a picture, tentatively titled Mississippi Woman, from an original script by Tennessee Williams. In the fall he will direct Arthur Miller's new and, as yet, untitled play.

Kazan's most recent Broadway play, George Tabori's Flight into Egypt, opened at the Music Box Theatre on March 18th. Although the play ran only a few weeks, the New York drama critics, as usual, found Kazan's direction "forceful . . . splendid . . . ingenious," and Walter F. Kerr, writing in the Herald Tribune, said, "Kazan has cut deep . . . he has found every hidden nerve, rubbed it raw, then set it flaring into cruel and violent life upon the stage."

The play's somewhat uneven but moving story concerns an Austrian family that has fled its ruined Vienna home, with America as its goal. After two years of flight the family—wife, war-invalid husband and young son—has been able to get only as far as Cairo. There, in a disreputable old hotel, the family's tragic history reaches a climax as it waits, bankrupt and harassed on all sides, for the precious visa that will admit it to the promised land.

Unknown Actress Chosen for Lead

Gadge's lack of orthodoxy brought to Flight into Egypt probably its best feature. Several Broadway and Hollywood actresses—stars with proven box-office appeal—fought for the show's leading role. Then, during auditions, an actress whom Gadge had never heard of, Gusti Huber, read for the role. She was an Austrian who had come to this country in 1946, after marrying a U.S. Army captain, and she had never appeared on the American stage. Kazan gave her the part.

In New Haven, Boston and New York, audiences and critics alike were moved to both tears and bravos by Gusti Huber's performance, while Gadge grinned broadly. Miss Huber, a bit breathless, says, "Oh, that man! A genius. He should be recorded for posterity, for those who come later to learn from."

Kazan doesn't automatically ignore an actor because he is a star but he does say, "Stars are too often more interested in charming their public than in giving an honest performance. Use any actor you believe in. Honey, you can only go by your own opinion in this life. You start using someone else's thinking—you're a gone goose."

In both Zapata and Streetcar he used only one actor who was under contract to the studio. The rest of his casting he did on Broadway, selecting players whose names, in the main, meant little to the movie audience. He is the first topflight director to use, consistently, practically unknown players in major film roles.

In New Orleans, while shooting Panic in the Streets, he did a police line-up scene. "I tried using actors," he says, "but it was no good. Actors get that velvety, we're-staying-at-the-Ritz look. You put 'em in a line-up and they look like masqueraders."

He sent men out to round up derelicts from the

ELAINE STEINBECK

Barefoot director at recent conference with John Steinbeck, who did script for Viva Zapata!

SAM SHAW

Bare-chested director (above) during filming of Zapata. Below, typical Kazan family scene. Clockwise, Kazan (on floor, a favorite position), wife Molly, kids Katy, Chris, Judy, Nick

MARY MORRIS

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city's Skid Row, and to hire some prostitutes, which the scrip called for. While scouting locations he had seen one, in particular, with a face that haunted him. But she refused to co-operate. Gadge looked into the situation, and discovered that she wouldn't work unless she could be accompanied by her husband. "I took one look at him and gave him a job, too. We ended up with a line-up that made sense. It was the real thing."

The "real thing" is vitally important to him. He even went so far in one picture as to shoot a rain scene in the rain—to the utter bafflement of his cameramen, who felt that it was, somehow, improper not to be photographing artificially produced rain on a sound stage.

Gadge is, of course, in search of an even deeper reality. Arthur Miller says that Kazan is a moralist to whom the theater is an ethical medium, to be used in bringing out the truths of the human situation, and in unmasking the untruths.

"I suppose he's right," says Gadge, "but what a way of saying it!"

Dramas Probe Human Problems

Certainly, in the subject matter with which he has dealt, Kazan has shown himself more concerned than most of his contemporaries with the serious facets of the human problem. He has dealt with anti-Semitism in Gentleman's Agreement, racial prejudice in Pinky, the psychopathology of sex in A Streetcar Named Desire, the falsities of our success code in Death of a Salesman, problems arising from the Oedipus complex in All My Sons, and the question of authoritarianism in Viva Zapata! And he's made these subjects both acceptable and profitable at the box office; Streetcar, for example, will gross around $4,500,000.

"I feel there's a great disguise on," Gadge explains. "Everyone is trying to show either the pleasant or the phony face of things. There's another face, you know. We've got to look at it all, take it all into account in our thinking, or we'll get into real trouble."

In his private life—where, again, he is concerned with the real as against the artificial—he tries to be simple and unpretentious.

He is an ardent family man. He and his wife—Molly Day Thacher, a professional play-reader, short-story writer, and the author of three as yet unproduced plays—have four children; Judy, sixteen; Chris, thirteen; Nick (the Greek) six; and Katy, three. Kazan's great rapport with all children is one of the traits his friends emphasize in discussing him. John Steinbeck's stepdaughter, Waverly Scott, sixteen, says "It just seems to me he's everybody's age."

His children are not in awe of him, and it is said that he is never happier than when they have him on the floor, swarming all over him. They unabashedly prefer the musical show Oklahoma! to any play of their father's contriving, and Judy's constant query is, "Life may be serious and all that, Gadge, but why don't you ever make a picture that's fun?" When an advertising campaign floods the radio with spot announcements extolling, "Viva Zapata! Viva Brando! Viva Kazan!", Gadge encounters a merciless barrage of Viva-Kazan-ing at home.

"If you want to see the old-fashioned paterfamilias in him," Arthur Miller relates, "you should see him when he's headed for Hollywood. He marches, completely empty-handed, through Grand Central Station, down the ramp to the train, followed in a long line by Molly, the nurse, the maid and the four kids, all heavily ladened and looking like beasts of burden."

He houses his brood in a plain brownstone on Manhattan's East Seventy-fourth Street. Mrs. John Steinbeck thinks it's the pleasantest house she's ever been in. It is a simply furnished place, designed solely for living and comfort, and it shows the ravages of the four healthy kids who have the run of it—including the top floor, which is supposed to be their dad's inner sanctum.

On this floor, the small back room is used as a library. Gadge's homework is done in the large, barren front room which, with curtains on two of its three windows, contains three battered chairs and a table that serves as a desk. The room is littered with stacks of magazines and dusty filing cases; a pile of scorched, broken firebricks; broken toys; and a fragment of a deer's skull, with antlers attached. The fireplace appears to have been used as an incinerator. Pinned haphazardly on the walls are photographs of friends, yellowed newspaper clippings, a crayon drawing of Zapata, and two large photographs of the mushroom cloud that cast its shadow over the whole world, as it rose over Bikini.

The family also has a 113-acre farm near Newtown, Connecticut. Last year, the original ramshackle farmhouse was turned over to the children and the nurse, Molly and Gadge having built a one-story fieldstone and timber house for their own use. It consists of two studios, a living room

COLLIER'S **"Okay, Al. They've finished!"** CHAS. SHARMAN

with a sleeping alcove, and a kitchen, dressing room and bath.

Gadge seeks refuge in the country whenever possible. There, he plays tennis with Bert Stroock, a retired manufacturer of woolens; Warren Druet, who gave up battling the subway to become a chicken farmer; Nicholas Mosely, a retired school principal and writer on education; and the Reverend Paul A. Cullens, minister of Newtown's Congregational Church.

"Gadge is just an ordinary member of the town," the Reverend Cullens says. "When he goes to the stores or to the Flagpole Fountain to pick up his paper, he's just one of the boys, and I'm not sure everyone knows who he really is.

"Actually, it was some time before I found out. He'd come to my church occasionally and we'd played tennis together for about a year and a half when I casually mentioned one day that my wife, daughter and I were going on a camping trip to California. He told me to be sure to come around to Warner Brothers and let him show us over the lot. Later, at home, I mentioned this, and wondered just who Gadge was; this man who usually had a four-day beard and who always wore the same old sneakers with the holes in them. My daughter Mary, who's nineteen, asked me his last name and I suddenly realized I didn't know it. Nobody'd ever called him anything but Gadge. So I called a friend and asked what it was. When I told Mary his name was Elia Kazan she almost went wild with excitement; she's more aware of these things than I am."

When he isn't doggedly chasing a tennis ball, Kazan works in the fields with his tractor or chops away at trees. "He won't just concentrate on the chokeberries, he'll attack any tree. I'm constantly having to call out, 'Spare that tree!' " Molly says. At regular intervals, he poisons himself on what is regarded as one of the finest collections of poison ivy in the county. He refuses to spray the ivy, however, because he is convinced he is developing an immunity to it.

His social life is, usually, an extension of his working life. Most of the few parties he attends, or gives, are after-hour gatherings of the people with whom he has been working during the day. And playwright Clifford Odets says that if he couldn't find Gadge at home or at the theater, he'd never think of looking for him anyplace where he might be in the company of "important or classy" people. He'd expect to find him, rather, in the company of Moe Jacobs, the property man, with Tiger Joe Marsh, the wrestler, with the captain of a tramp steamer, or in the company of some boxer who'd just come in from Detroit.

Kazan thinks this is just common sense. "One of the toughest problems when you're successful is keeping in touch with life, instead of what's going on in café society. If you're not careful, you take your money and use it to isolate yourself from the very sources and contacts that gave you your success. The theater is people. You've got to stay with 'em."

Obviously—as his personal life, as well as his professional record, attests—Gadge isn't interested in drawing-room comedy or the Noel Coward high-infidelity school of the drama. The statement that he likes the theater only when he can smell mankind, when it is so alive it sweats, has been attributed to him. (Gadge says, surprisingly, "Well, I don't like polite theater much, but I don't think I ever said that. Sweat's not a very nice word.") His directional bent has been described as being of the it-ain't-no-good-if-you-don't-break-the-furniture school.

A director's work is not readily described, as he deals in intangibles, rather like the conductor of a symphony orchestra. It is a director's job to coax, coerce, goad, beg, threaten or inspire actors into giving a performance that represents, to some degree, what the author had in mind when he wrote the play. When he has finished, his work may be an exact statement of what the author said, it may reveal things in the play the author never realized were there, or it may even result in the play's achieving effects diametrically opposed to anything the author had in mind. One thing is certain: no play is director-proof. He can make it or break it.

Even actors who have worked with Kazan cannot adequately define his talent. They usually end up in some sort of lyricism, such as, "He is a force of nature that overwhelms you." Julie Harris, currently starring in John van Druten's I Am a Camera, says, "Working with Gadge is like working in the middle of a whirlwind; you're tossed and torn and swept." Stage and picture star Kim Hunter says, "When I first worked with him I was blinded by his halo."

One of his qualities, they all agree, is an uncanny ability to adjust himself to the needs of the individual actor. Mildred Dunnock, who created the role of Willie Loman's wife, Linda, in Death of a Salesman, says: "As soon as he'd accepted me for the part, he began probing and probing at me, asking the most personal questions. I wasn't insulted, because I realized he was just trying to familiarize himself with the material with which he had to work.

"At the end of the first act—where I had the climactic speech, 'But Willie is a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention, attention must be finally paid to such a man!'—Gadge just wasn't satisfied with my reading. He carried a fencing foil at rehearsals, just something to have in his hands. He'd shake that foil in my face and shout, 'Attack, attack! I want more, more!' And I'd tell him, 'But I haven't any more, Gadge.'

"And he'd stab that foil at me and scream and swear, 'You've got more and, damn it, you'll give it to me! You're a tigress defending her cub! Now, attack that scene—again, again!' And, somehow, he got more and more out of me. I don't know, I really don't; he seems to get whatever he wants from you. Now with Lee Cobb, who played Willie, he was quite different. He'd take him away in a corner and whisper to him, and then get just the portrayal he wanted."

Actors feel they can learn from him by just watching his work with other actors. Hollywood veterans were surprised to see actors who had finished shooting a scene remain on the set to watch Gadge at work instead of, as is customary, retiring to their dressing rooms. When Gentleman's Agreement was being made, Celeste Holm and Dorothy McGuire even came to the studio on the days when they weren't on call.

How Directors "Police" Shows

But for one thing, at least, Kazan has been criticized. Part of a director's job is to "police" a show after it has opened; to see to it that the actors do not grow slipshod and to hold refresher rehearsals when necessary. Policing may also involve long lunches with a leading lady, during which she condemns the leading man's performance, and long walks in Central Park with the leading man, while he curses the leading lady's stage inconsistencies.

These are duties which Gadge can't bring himself to perform. Once the original challenge of the production has been met, his interest dies. He even refuses to direct the road companies of his shows. Producers and actors alike complain about this trait, and Irene Selznick, producer of Flight into Egypt, has inserted a clause in his contract which she hopes will change his attitude. Gadge grins, and says, "She's got it worked out so it's going to cost me money if I don't stick to the bitter end."

Attempts have been made to explain Kazan's theater magic through the use of the word "genius." He snorts, and offers the rebuttal, "I've learned my trade by working at every phase of it. I've acted, painted scenery, swept the stage and pasted up press notices. What a guy does in the theater today, honey, grows outta what he learned yesterday. You're not born to good notices, you earn 'em."

If work, for which he has a vicious energy, is the criterion, he has unquestionably earned his notices. He has been in the theater all of his adult life, despite the fact that his father, a Greek who brought his son to this country from Constantinople when Gadge was four, had every intention of getting him into the family rug business.

After attending high school at New Rochelle, New York, Gadge went to William College, graduating *cum laude* in 1930. He

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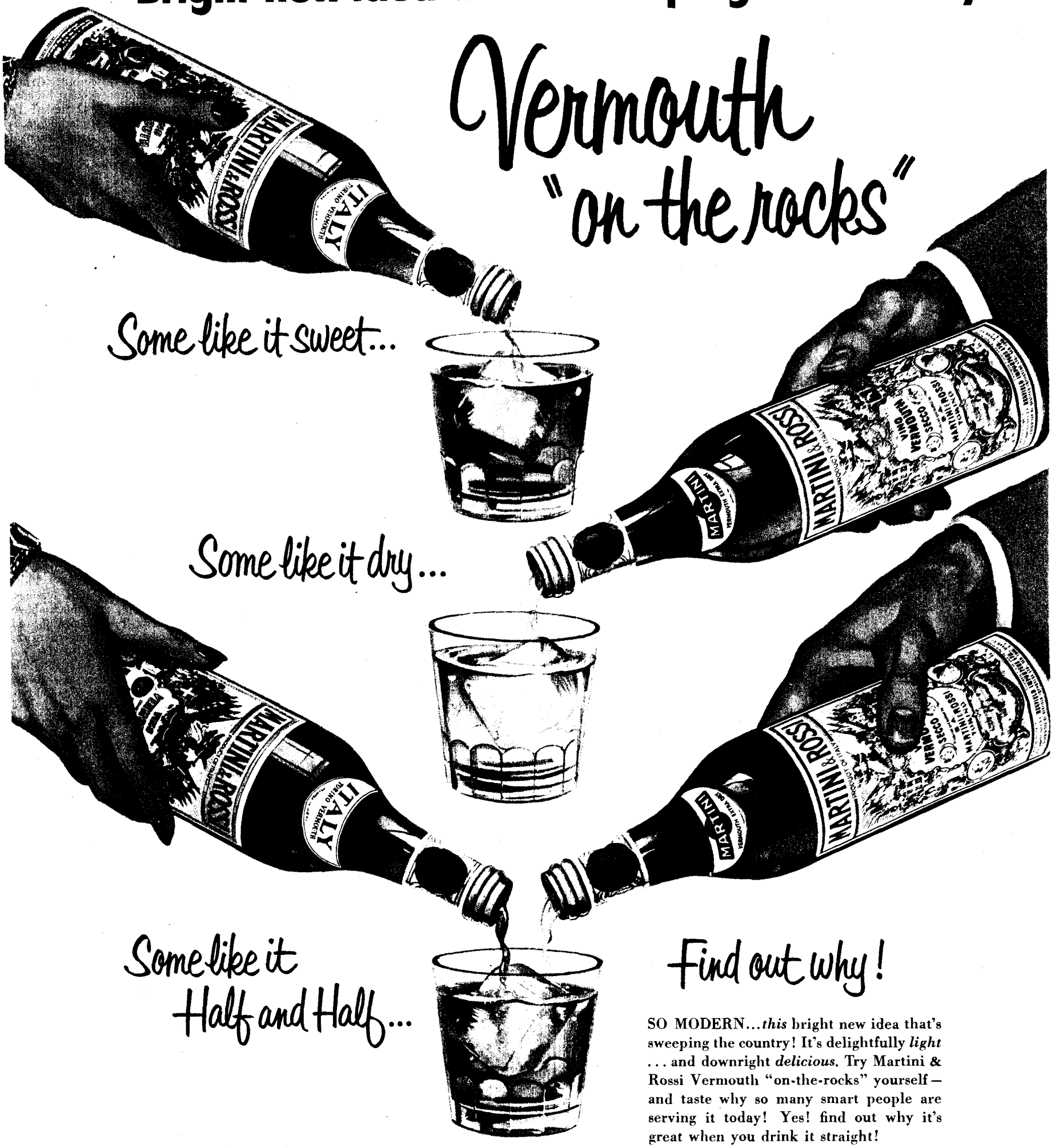

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did not participate in campus dramatics and spent his spare time washing dishes in a fraternity house. "When it came time to graduate," he says, "I didn't feel like punching any time clock. My classmate, Alan Baxter—he's out touring with South Pacific now—was all steamed up about the theater. I was more interested in the movies as a medium; still am, as a matter of fact. Anyway, Alan talked up the Yale Drama School, and it seemed a good way of avoiding office work. I decided to wash dishes for Yale for a couple of seasons."

He became head dishwasher of Yale's Drama School cafeteria, failed to win any distinction in the school itself, and met a fellow student named Molly Day Thacher. In 1932, at the end of his second year, he convinced himself he wasn't learning anything and went to New York, seeking admission into the Group Theater.

The "Group" was a band of talented and turbulent young people who had joined forces in the hope of bringing to life their dream of what the theater could and should be. Among its members were playwrights Odets and Sidney Kingsley, directors Robert Lewis and Michael Gordon, and such performers as Stella and Luther Adler, John Garfield, Karl Malden, Lee Cobb, Art Smith and the late J. Edward Bromberg. During its existence, in the thirties, the Group did much to revitalize the American drama. It was founded by Harold Clurman and Lee Strasberg, both now well-known directors, and Cheryl Crawford, one of today's leading producers.

Told He Had No Acting Talent

"They gave me an interview," Gadge recalls, "and sat around me like three dogs around a lamb chop, grilling me. I was eventually allowed to join them for the summer as a paying apprentice at $20 a week. After five weeks, I was broke and I asked them what they were going to do about it. Cheryl told me, 'You may have talent for something, but it certainly isn't acting. I'm afraid you'll have to go.' I stayed. I did any job I could to earn a buck, like typing a script for $15—that was big.

"At the end of the summer, Cheryl got me a job with the Theatre Guild as assistant stage manager of a play that folded on the road. Then the guild shifted me to a play that managed to get into town. But when it folded, after a few weeks, I was still broke. So I moved out of a cold-water flat where I was living with 10 other guys and married Molly. She was earning $30 a week making puppets for Haynes' Department Store, in Newark. I went to work for Dad for $10 a week. But I spent most of my time hanging around the Group office, pasting up their scrapbook. They began to take me for granted—like you accept a wart."

During this period, Gadge blundered into a trap that in those confused days temporarily ensnared a few other young people who were more emotional than analytical. As he described it, "At that time nearly all of us felt menaced by two things: the depression and the ever-growing power of Hitler. The streets were full of unemployed and shaken men. I was taken in by the Hard Times version of the Communist recruiting techniques. They claimed to have a cure for depressions and a cure for Nazism and Fascism. So I joined the Communist party in the summer of 1934. But I got out 19 months later. I'd had enough of being told what to think, say and do, enough of their habitual violation of the daily practices of democracy. I had a taste of police-state living, and I didn't like it. It left me with an abiding hatred of Communism and its methods."

This past April, Gadge described his experiences in the party to the House Un-American Activities Committee. At the conclusion of his testimony acting chairman Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania commended him and said, in part, "I feel that you have made a considerable contribution to the work of the committee . . . It is only through the assistance of such as you that we have been able to make the progress that has been made in bringing to the attention of the American people the machinations of the Communist conspiracy for world domination."

In 1934, the Group Theater took a job at a mountain resort, Green Mansions, New York, and Gadge went along. "The idea," he says, "was to get board and room for putting on entertainments and, in spare moments, rehearse a play they intended to put on in the fall. They needed someone with the kind of backstage training I'd had at Yale, so they let me go along as a nonpaying apprentice. I had a cot and chest on the side of the stage.

"In the fall we put on the play, Sidney Kingsley's Men in White, and it won the 1934 Pulitzer prize. I was assistant stage manager and, playing a hospital orderly, had one line. Then the regular stage manager quit, I got the job, and I was finally an accredited member of the Group. I stage-managed a couple more plays and then, in 1935, Cliff Odets wrote Waiting for Lefty.

Lee Strasberg says he still doesn't know how Gadge happened to get the taxi driver's role in the now-classic Lefty. Kazan thinks Odets was responsible. But he got it and, as was said at the time, "He exploded on stage." Overnight, he became one of the most talked-of actors of the day.

He went on to give other memorable performances in Night Music, Paradise Lost, Gentle People, Liliom and Golden Boy. His portrayal of Fuselli, the gangster, in Golden Boy, in 1937, was perhaps his outstanding performance, and led Brooks Atkinson, of the New York Times, to call him "one of the most exciting actors in America."

Hollywood was also impressed by Gadge the gangster, and he was imported to play Googi, the hood, in the James Cagney picture City for Conquest. He also appeared in Blues in the Night. His approach to Hollywood at that time set the pattern for his approach today. He was more interested in, and more at home with, the grips and the cameramen than he was with Hollywood society. He lived simply. Boris Aronson, the scene designer, says, "I was out there on a minor assignment and living at the Ambassador, while he was earning a weekly four-figure salary and living in a fifth—I said fifth—floor walk-up."

Today, according to a possibly exaggerated report, for a 10-week stay in the film capital he packs a bag with one suit and two sweat shirts. The Kazan family is said to "camp in a huge, gaunt, desolate wreck of a house at Malibu and live on the beach in shorts until the picture is finished."

Vivien Leigh, however, feels that a more expansive era may be dawning. "You know," she says, "Gadge is the sort that sends his suits out to be cleaned and rumpled. But he actually rented a dinner jacket when the Danny Kayes gave a party for me, while we were making Streetcar. It caused a lot of giggling and chortling. But I do think he rather enjoyed wearing it."

For the record, the dinner jacket was borrowed from the Warner Brothers' wardrobe department. The fact that the dress shirt had been yellowed, so that it couldn't reflect light into a camera, did little to lessen the chortling. "He made a striking figure in black and ecru," his wife says.

Throughout his acting period, Gadge had been studying and thinking in terms of his main interest, direction. When he returned to New York, in 1938, Harold Clurman, of the Group, assigned him to the direction of Robert Ardrey's play Casey Jones, which failed. He then directed three other Group plays which were failures, at least by box-office standards. Early in 1942, he left the Group to direct, with considerable success, H. S. Kraft's Café Crown. Michael Myerberg then hired him to direct Skin of Our Teeth, the turning point in Kazan's directorial career.

In the fall of 1942, the betting on Broadway was two to one that Myerberg would never get the show into town, and six to one that, if he did, Kazan wouldn't be with it. The show called for the services of four stars: Florence Reed, Florence Eldridge, Fredric March—and Tallulah Bankhead. And it was no secret that the show's director and Tallulah weren't seeing eye to eye.

It Was Kazan or Bankhead

On the fifth day of rehearsal, Tallulah walked out. Myerberg told Kazan, "We're in trouble, kid. She says you go or she goes. She says you let people walk in front of her." The producer finally effected an uneasy armed truce. Nothing but minor skirmishes took place until the show went to New Haven for its final, technical rehearsals before the out-of-town opening.

"There," Kazan recalls, "Tallulah got her first look at the scenery. She didn't like it; for hours on end she didn't like it. We tried to run through the play, using the scenery, but it took until three in the morning just to finish the first act. What a night! Myerberg was sick, stretched out on a cot in the aisle, Tallulah was screeching, Florence Eldridge was nursing hurt feelings, Florence Reed was being very much above all this sort of thing, Freddie March and the rest of the cast were trying to work, and me—I was scared to death.

"When we finally quit for the night, Tallulah and I bandied a few thousand words. It was a real brawl; my voice is as loud as hers and I know almost as many words. As she left, I got off a parting shot and the stagehands applauded. This may have started the legend that I won a victory. But I never did really beat her down. And I never sold her short, either; she's loaded with talent. She finally barred me from her dressing room, in New York. That's when we stopped speaking."

Myerberg now says, "Maybe he didn't beat her down. All I know is, that show opened in New York the way Gadge and I wanted it. What a spot, a kid director alone with four stars! He's small, but he had to be big to lick that situation."

Skin of Our Teeth won a Pulitzer, and Kazan was finally in full stride along the path leading to his present directorial eminence. But his interest in acting never left him, although it took a different form.

In October, 1947, in company with Cheryl Crawford, he founded the Actor's Studio; a dramatic workshop open only to actors who have, in auditions, convinced Kazan, Crawford and Lee Strasberg, or other members of the Studio's faculty, of their exceptional talent. Probably no other single organization has had so great an influence on contemporary American acting as the Actor's Studio. Its first class of 50 young actors, selected from over 300 auditioned, produced such noteworthy players as Julie Harris, Kim Hunter, Maureen Stapleton, Kevin McCarthy, Eli Wallach, Lee Grant, Phyllis Love, John Forsythe, Steven Hill, Anne Jackson, Karl Malden, Don Hammer, Jocelyn Brando and others. Actors of the caliber of Marlon Brando, Margaret Phillips, Joan McCracken, Sam Wanamaker, Shelley Winters, Mildred Dunnock, June Havoc, David Wayne and many others work at the Studio whenever possible. Admission is supposed to be granted solely on the basis of talent. On at least one occasion, another factor was taken

JIM SHORT

NO COMPARISON

Dogs drowse in the sun or relax on the rug,
And when they aren't sleeping, they're playing.
When I sigh, with self-pity, "I work like a dog,"
I really don't know what I'm saying.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

KENNESAW

"Kennesaw keeps tellin' him it's a car, but the Revenoo man thinks it's some kind of a still"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

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into consideration. Several years ago, a young actress applied about whom Gadge felt very dubious; he was afraid she might be too fey and ethereal. Nevertheless, he arranged for her to give an audition.

But when the day and the hour arrived, the actress didn't. Finally, she called and explained that she hadn't realized when she made the appointment that it fell on a Jewish holiday and, as her husband was Jewish, she didn't feel she should keep it. The Studio's secretary wondered if she had troubled to ask her husband whether or not he minded. She answered, "I've no intention of asking him. I'm content to share the holiday with him."

When this conversation was repeated to Gadge he thought for a moment, then said, "That girl doesn't know it, but she's in the Studio as of this moment. I'm still not sure of her as an actress, but I'm mighty sure of her as a human being. If she's intelligent enough to put her marriage ahead of her career, we want her." Today, the girl (still happily married and a mother) is starred in one of Broadway's biggest hits.

On another occasion, an actress almost failed to matriculate for reasons that had less to do with her talent than with Kazan's ingrained suspicion of social veneer. "I went to his office to discuss getting into the Studio," June Havoc reports, "and I was wearing a very chic dress, my mink and a hat that couldn't have been smarter. I was also sort of dripping Patou's Joy. And I soon got the feeling my general aura was offending him—which it definitely was. He didn't want me; he'd decided I was some sort of a blonde playgirl.

"Now, I know one movie star, the kind that wears lamé underwear, who had put on an old sweater and skirt to interview him. I wasn't going to stoop to that. You don't have to wear a sweat shirt to be sincere. You can be an honest actress even in sapphire-blue mink. Anyway, he spoke disdainfully, which made me mad. So I told him. I said, 'You have offended me. I've been sweating gumdrops all summer in a play, and one of the reasons I left Hollywood and took that play was so I could work with you this fall. Now I'm going to walk right into that class of yours, and I just dare you to stop me!'

"And I did. And he discovered he was wrong about me and he's been wonderful ever since. He's taught me things, given me little presents of acting-knowledge that I treasure like jewels."

In his classes at the studio, as in his rehearsal work, Gadge never tells the actor, arbitrarily, how he should move or speak in playing a scene. Instead, he stresses improvisation and shows the actor how, *after* he has projected himself into the thinking of the character he is enacting, he can evolve a valid interpretation of a role through his own reactions to the specific stage situation. If the student should be handicapped by timidity or a sense of decorum, Gadge will quickly correct the situation. An actor may suddenly be ordered to stand on his head. Or an actress will be told to sing My Country 'Tis of Thee to the class—backward. Self-consciousness is quickly destroyed.

In his enthusiasm, Kazan sometimes uses his students as guinea pigs. One day in class, Lou Gilbert, who plays Pablo Gomez in Viva Zapata!, wanted to discuss something that was bothering him. He kept raising his hand. Gadge ignored him. Lou started to talk. Gadge told him to shut up.

"I got to my feet," Lou says, "and yelled, 'Don't you shut me up! If you don't want me here, tell me to get out! But don't tell me to shut up!' What did Gadge do? He turned to the class and said, 'Look at Lou, he's angry. Watch him, study him. Look at those gestures. See his face?' And I screamed, 'Don't you make a damned case history out of me. You listen to me!' And Gadge says, 'That's it. Keep it up, Lou.' What could I do? I sat down. The whole class was studying me like I was some insect on a pin."

The Gadget is obviously more than a handy man in the American theater. He has left his vivid mark on our drama, our motion pictures and our actors. His influence is even felt where it isn't wanted.

His A Streetcar Named Desire company gave a Sunday-night Actors' Equity benefit performance which was attended by the cast of another Broadway hit, Mr. Roberts. After the Monday-night showing of Mr. Roberts, the show's stage manager made a hurried call to its director, Joshua Logan. "You better get down here, Josh, and do a policing job," he said. "The whole damn' company is playing our little comedy with a nice, tortured, tragic air. They've had an overdose of Kazan." THE END

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FRANK McCARTHY

Would Susan ever care what she looked like, whether she smashed her handsome little face?

Stonewall Susan

By JOAN AUCOURT

SUMMER lightning sliced off the remains of Mrs. Browning's afternoon nap. Thunder crashed. The hot air was very still.

Mrs. Browning sat up slowly, a rapt expression on her sensible, suburban face. She was listening with all her might for the echo of a scream. She often did this; sometimes there had been a scream; actually, more often not.

The kitchen door slammed. "Mother!" yelled Susan. "Where's the first-aid kit?"

"Upstairs on my dressing table, darling."

A moment later, Susan appeared on the porch, first-aid kit in hand. She was a handsome eight-year-old with the muscular conformation of a Siamese kitten. Blood was running down her left leg in a thick, bright stream.

"What now, pray?" Mrs. Browning, very matter-of-fact, started to swab the cut out with alcohol. It was a good deep cut, with lots of sand and macadam surfacing in it.

"*Ouch!*" cried Susan. "*Hey!* Okay, I'm holding still. I went down the Hellgate Hill no hands."

"And?"

"And just at the bottom that yellow cat, that one that's fat with kittens, ran right in front of me. Dumb old—"

"Don't swear."

"Okay. Well, I didn't want to hit her, of course, because I didn't know how many cats I might be killing. So I put the brakes on too fast."

"I see." Mrs. Browning efficiently stanched and bandaged the cleaned cut. Her jaw was set, her face intent. Now a little switch in the back of her head automatically turned on an endless interior monologue: Don't say it; she has the vitality of a crocodile anyway; she could lose half a pint of blood a day and lick you with one tiny hand tied behind her; don't go on at her; she'll just get so she can't hear you; don't . . .

"Mommy." Susan's voice was wistful. She cocked her head on one side and gave her mother the I-am-your-spaniel treatment.

"Yes, love?"

"*When* do I start riding lessons?"

Mrs. Browning started to open her mouth.

"Don't swear," Susan said automatically. Then, with anguish: "You *promised*."

"I'll talk to your father about it. And now go to your room and play with your Teddy bear."

"Funny Mommy!" Susan said fondly, and got back on her bike. She whistled down the driveway, no hands, and halfway around the sharp turn onto the sidewalk. A redheaded little boy across the street called, "Hi, Stonewall."

"Hi," called Susan. "Looka me." She accelerated, and, as she disappeared down the steep slope at the end of the street, both hands were waving wildly over her solid, shining head.

Late that night, Mrs. Browning lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. "You've got to let her rip," Mr. Browning was saying, lying beside her, calm in the dark. "There's nothing bad about it—in fact, it's a positive good. Susan has a gift for survival."

Mrs. Browning could not find it in her heart to blame her husband for his maddening complacency, but the next morning, as she stood at the sink, memory swelled in her like a sob in the throat —memories of Susan falling out of the convertible and fracturing her skull (she had been standing up, strictly against orders, to look over the windshield); of Susan skidding deliberately on an icy hill and smashing her sled against a stone wall (that exploit had earned her her nickname). The time—all the times . . . The list was endless.

She glanced out the window toward the quiet street. Susan was circling skillfully on her bike, round and round; no hands, of course. The worst of it was, the child's control was remarkable. Mrs. Browning sighed. She knew of only one way out, and that was to wait until Susan was old enough to realize that she was a girl and she'd better make the most of it. Wait till she cared how she looked, till she began to worry about smashing that handsome face. And when would that begin?

"Hey," the little redheaded boy was calling. "Hey, you Stonewall. I bet you wouldn't ride no hands down the Cedar Lake road."

Mrs. Browning held her breath and listened. She knew that road.

Susan had come to a stop before him. "Why not?" she asked.

"My big brother won't do it, and he's nine."

"I could do it," Susan said sturdily.

"I dare you," said the redheaded boy. What *was* his name?

"All right," said Susan, without pausing. "Get on your bike and watch me." The boy straddled his bike, and they were off before Mrs. Browning could open her mouth to call.

She let her breath out with a sharp *pouf!* of despair. Everything, everything had happened but this; and yet, hadn't she known all along that this would happen, too? Hadn't she—almost—been waiting for it, and, yes, hoping to get it over with? The Cedar Lake road was just plain murder, and everyone knew it—a dirt-and-gravel back road, an S curve downhill at a nasty pitch, ending in a narrow culvert with cement walls on either side.

Slowly, Mrs. Browning wiped her hands. What can I do? she thought, feeling numb. And the answer was plain enough: she could, at least, be there to pick up the pieces.

Mrs. Browning ran out to the car and raced the motor. Which way? She didn't want Susan to see her arrive. She didn't want anything to jar Susan's concentration as she started down. She felt as though she had a trapeze artist in the family, who disdained nets. Even now, she could race after the children and shout at Susan not to do it, but Susan would go ahead anyway. A dare was a dare.

So—the long way round. Circle the lake and be waiting—out of sight, if possible—at the bottom of the hill. Mrs. Browning backed out of the driveway and shifted from reverse to high, a thing she had never done before in her life.

She was waiting, far over on the side of the road and sheltered by pines, when Susan started down. It was a long way down. Long, long before she saw her hurtle around that last curve, she could hear the horrifying, exploding rattle of a bicycle shaking to pieces, faster and faster. And then Susan came in sight. She was going at top speed, steering with her feet on the handle bars. Her hands were held high and out at each side, for balance, but they weren't waving happily: her fists were clenched. The road was sickeningly rough toward the bottom of the hill: pitted and stony, a regular steeplechase road, full of tiny hurdles and ditches. Susan's hands lowered, second by second, still clenched. Mrs. Browning could feel them aching to touch the handle bars, and her own hands were slippery with sweat as she held the wheel of the car. The little boy, tiny on the top of the hill, watched, motionless, spellbound.

Mrs. Browning licked her lips. Susan was coming out of the last curve now, trying to straighten out, heading for the culvert. She had to get between those concrete walls now, and then it would be over.

Mrs. Browning could bear it no longer. The hell with this heroism, she thought, and opened her mouth to yell, "*Brake!*" But years of training had schooled her too well in the laws of derring-do. It was all over: Susan had made it.

THE little boy at the top of the hill jumped up and down. Had he been frightened, too? Susan slid off her bike and leaned across the saddle, half sobbing. For a moment, Mrs. Browning thought she was going to be sick, and almost ran to her. But no; Susan straightened up and turned, wheeling her bike slowly back up the hill.

Mrs. Browning waited till she was out of sight and then turned around and drove home hell for leather the way she had come. She felt fine; she felt ten years younger.

"Susan was *frightened!*" she kept saying to herself, in the same tone of voice she might be using ten years later to say, "Susan made *Vassar!*"

She put the car in the garage and began again on the dishes. It took Susan forever to get back. At last she appeared, wheeling her bike wearily down the driveway. She had never wheeled it down the driveway in all her life.

"Well!" Mrs. Browning called cheerfully. "Where've you been?"

"Oh—no place special," Susan said. She was crusted with dust and sweat, and one sock was torn to bits, and her face looked narrower.

"Have fun?" Mrs. Browning went on relentlessly.

"Uh—I guess so. Yeah." Susan poked at nothing with a dirty toe. "Mommy. Were you brave when you were a little girl?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Browning.

Susan smiled broadly. "You weren't brave? Either?" she said.

"I was an utter coward," Mrs. Browning said.

"Funny Mommy," Susan said fondly, and the relief in her eyes was a blessing. ▲▲▲

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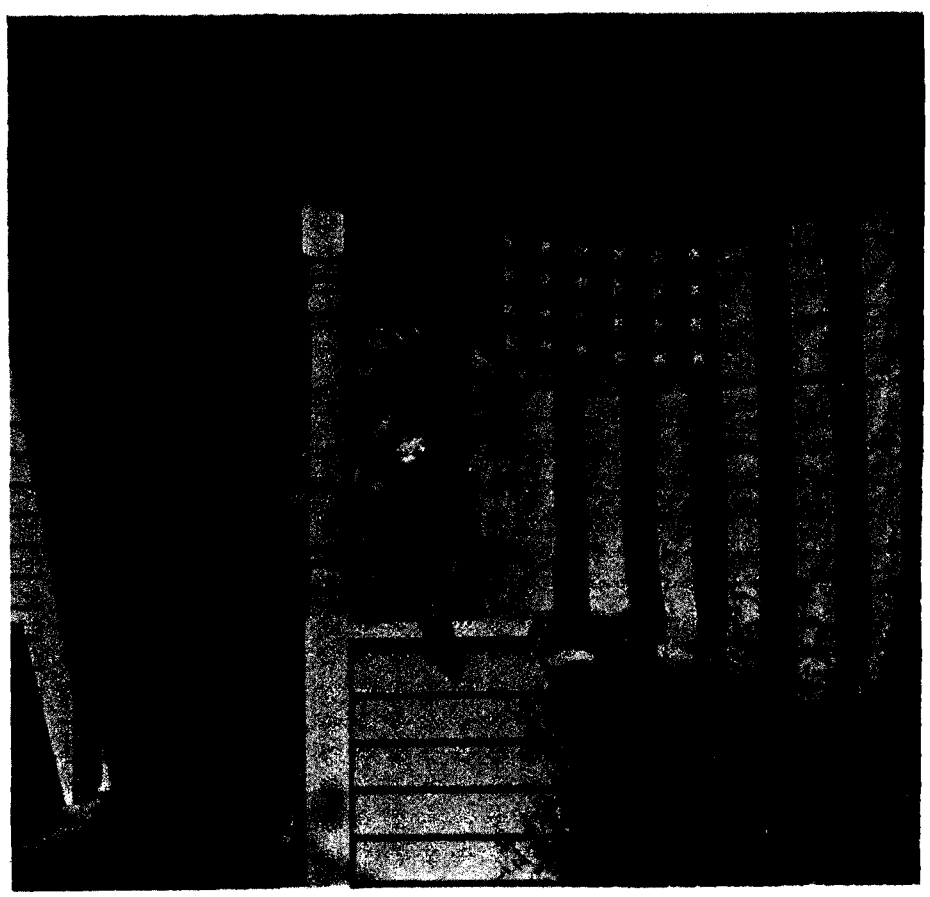
"It Is Altogether Fitting and

On Memorial Day in Sag Harbor, Long Island, as in most communities in the U.S., veterans lead the parade. Here, on Main Street, composing the color guard are (l. to r.): Chick Brewer, Charles Saunders, George Fick and Edward Comfort. Mr. Comfort saw service in both World Wars

Before parade, three high-school band members and (in background) fire chief and assistant wait near Municipal Building for order to "fall in"



The whole town comes out on Memorial Day. Mrs. Morris Klein (right) watches ceremonies from her own flag-draped front porch with a friend

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Proper"

Near Civil War monument Rev. Rohm reads Gen. Logan's order

ON MAY 5, 1868, General John A. Logan, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued General Order No. 11 to Union Army veterans. It requested that May 30th be set aside as a memorial day to those "who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes." . . . The observance Logan suggested shortly became an annual holiday all over the U.S., except in a few Southern states which set aside April 26th as a special Confederate Memorial Day.

Today the Grand Army has all but disappeared. There have been two great wars and many lesser, but equally tragic, ones since that first Decoration Day, and as the nation grows, its indebtedness to those who fought and died for it increases.

Embodying—and typifying—the dedicated spirit of the U.S. on Memorial Day is Sag Harbor, Long Island, which this year is celebrating the 175th anniversary of the days during the Revolutionary War when it served as a battleground. Sag Harbor has a population of some 3,000. Its parade starts from the American Legion building, as so many others in the nation do, at 9:00 A.M., and moves down Main Street.

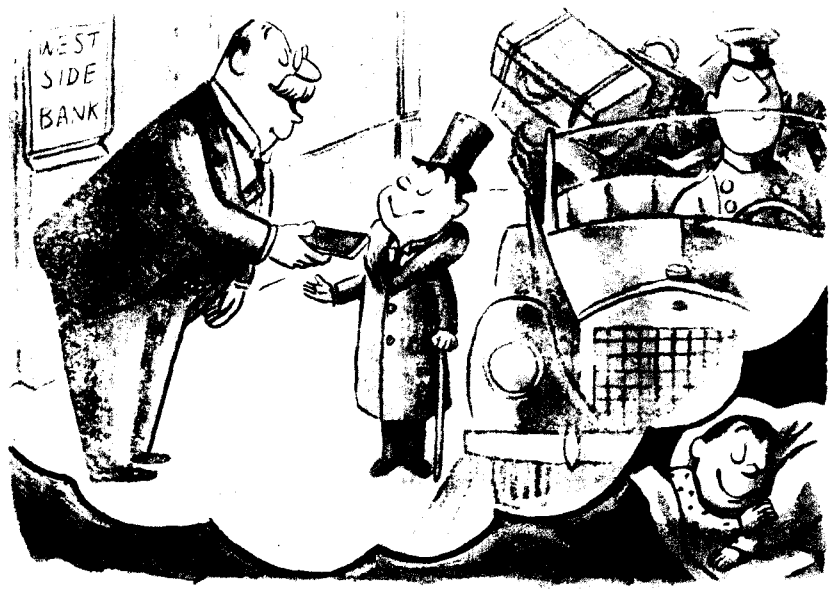
It includes the high-school band and Saint Andrew's Parochial School band, veterans in and out of uniform, the fire department, gold-star mothers, Girl Scouts and Brownies, Boy Scouts and Cubs, city officials and speakers in chauffeured cars and school children carrying small flags and riding their decorated bicycles. Wreaths are placed at the fire department honor roll and at honor rolls for veterans of both World Wars. Before a Civil War monument at Madison and Main Streets the Reverend William Rohm, ninety years old, reads General Logan's Order No. 11. A high-school student delivers Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, a guest speaks to the townspeople, the national anthem is played and taps are sounded.

Beyond this, nothing elaborate takes place. And yet, as the day ends with the warm May sunshine illuminating the quiet, flag-draped streets, the people of Sag Harbor know a little better who they are, and what Lincoln was driving at when he said that "it is altogether fitting and proper" that we should pay honor to the men who have given their lives for the Republic.

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Town's Cub Scouts, forming unit in the big parade, do their part in tribute to Memorial Day. With them is Suzie, fire department's dog



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The Kelpie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

have us outnumbered by about ten to one."

"You've sent for help?"

"Twice. I'll lose no more of my good men. Why didn't I go myself, you're thinking. Well, I tried. I thought I could make my way through the Kelpie's Haugh—that's the meadow you crossed—by keeping my head down and being wary. But my men wouldn't let me, by God! They jumped me before I got to the outer wall, and now they watch me like hawks. I had to fight old Niall here—he's my steward—before I could open the gate for you. They're afraid I'll make a dinner for the Kelpie too, I guess, like poor Davie and Angus."

"You'll have to explain," said Sir Roderick. "I'm fresh from Holy Land, and I don't understand Northern marvels. What's a kelpie?"

The earl rubbed his head. "I'll tell you, but you'll think we're either half-witted or skulking cowards. A kelpie's a water demon. It usually takes the form of a handsome horse, grazing in a meadow—just such a beast as any Border lad'd risk his neck to hang a bridle on. It'll let itself be mounted; then, so the tale goes, it takes to the water, drags the man under, takes on its own shape—and what that shape is I don't know, and don't want to know—and gobbles him up. My men are honest Lowland Scots, but they believe in the Kelpie. And somehow the Galloway gang's heard about it, too, and they won't set foot on the meadow. Three stout lads have crossed the Kelpie's Haugh, and two of them we never saw again. The other—Davie—we found on the riverbank below the castle, washed up, with his head caved in."

He groaned. "I'm as big a fool as the others. I had to drink a whole jug of my wife's special brewing before I could nerve myself to cross the Haugh that time. It's a pretty meadow." He bent closer, and Sir Roderick saw how the broad-palmed hand of the sword wielder trembled. "I say, did you see—anything—when you came through the meadow?"

SIR RODERICK shook his head. "Nothing unusual. Come to think of it, though, how long since you've pastured horses there?"

"Not since Easter."

"Well, *messire*, whatever else is in that meadow, there's been a horse in it recently. I nearly stepped in the proof of it."

"It's none of ours. Ours are—gone."

"Stolen?"

"Those at graze below us, yes. We brought a few inside the stockade when we took refuge here, and we've eaten the last of them."

Sir Roderick pushed back his bench, looking rather pale. "I did think it was pretty tough for beef," he muttered.

"Should have been good," mumbled the earl. "My own horse. I—that's why I was on top of the tower and saw you in the meadow. *I couldn't eat him.* We have to keep our strength up, because before this is over there'll be the devil of a fight. We've put out a dozen fires this week, from burning arrows. Thank God for the rain."

Sir Roderick looked about the smoke-grimed hall. There were only a half-dozen men off watch; one or two yawned, but their red-rimmed eyes did not leave him. The earl's steward, who never allowed the earl to get out of reach, cleared his throat, and his fingers clawed a thick fall of red-gray beard, but his eyes were fastened on Sir Roderick. What they wanted was plain.

The newcomer wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'll go fetch help, if you say. Which way?"

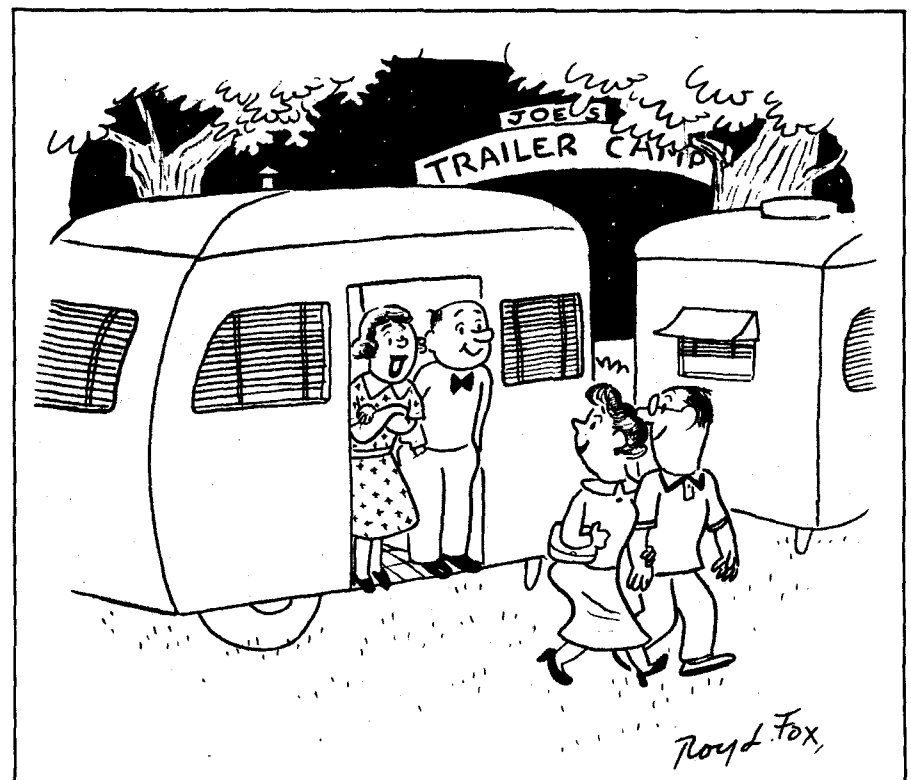
Sir Roderick's words might have been magic, the way the weary faces lighted up.

"Well," the earl said, "that's kind, by God! You can't go north, to my wife in my castle of Dun Ban, because you'd have to make your way through the Galloway forces. But you could go south, to my father-in-law, the Earl of Stanebridge in Northumberland. He doesn't like me, but he wouldn't mind picking up some loot on this side of the border. If you could get word to his niece, Margaret of Hollinwick—she's a great pet of his, and my wife's cousin—she might help you. I'll draw you a map. If I could only—"

"Hrum," said the steward, menacingly.

"All right, all right, Niall! Now, Sir Roderick, what will you have for your services? If I survive, that is. As I told the men, it's as if you were sent to us—I don't usually spill my troubles to strangers, but I liked your face."

Sir Roderick stood up. "I'm a poor knight bachelor; all I got out of my years in Holy Land was experience. My salvation, too, I hope. I've some relatives in Cumberland that would not break their hearts if I didn't



COLLIER'S **"Good-by. Come back and see us again somewhere"** ROY L. FOX

come visiting. So if I get help to you, I'd rather like to enter your service, *messire*."

"Oh, good God!" The earl grinned from ear to ear. "Is that all?" . . .

The earl and Niall, the steward, let Sir Roderick out by the meadow gate at midnight. The Galloway men had set the stable afire with burning arrows and attacked the main gate in the confusion. The attack had failed, but time had been lost.

"Now be careful," warned the earl. "Here's meat for you, and here's my seal ring. Anything else?"

"A handful of oats, if you can spare 'em. If there's a horse in that meadow, I'll catch him faster with oats."

"I guess we can spare a handful of oats. But damn it, man, you've considered that it may not be—a horse—in the Kelpie's Haugh?"

"It could be a mare." Sir Roderick rammed his steel cap down over his thick, sun-bleached hair.

"And there's another thing—I suppose I should warn you—they say the Kelpie sometimes takes the form of a beautiful woman."

Sir Roderick grinned. "That's better."

The steward spoke up in his broken Norman-English. "It's far worse!"

"I'll get out of here before you start sitting on *my* head too," said Sir Roderick.

However, as he started across the Kelpie's Haugh in the gray gloom of cloud-hidden moonlight, he felt uneasy; and the unease was not caused entirely by wading through tangled grasses in the dark, with invaders so close at hand that he could hear the off watch snoring.

"These demon stories have given me the shakes," he confessed to himself. "If the earl and his men were a pack of head-wagging old women, now . . . I ought to know a good fighting man when I see one, and when such men turn pale green and glance over their shoulders . . . I hear water. This must be the river I crossed yesterday." The trees rose up around him, shapes of darkness against the gray gloom. The ground beneath him felt soft under his worn boots, and he smelled the sourness of wet peat. A night bird uttered a doleful cry, but otherwise it was a gray world of silence.

"I'd better wait until it's lighter." Sir Roderick shifted the saddle on his shoulder. "I'll be stepping into a soft place if I'm not careful."

As he halted, he heard heavy steps and the squelch of bog water. His heart leaped like a salmon. He drew his sword and waited, gripping the saddle leathers in his left hand. The Thing seemed to be walking a slow circle around him, as if it were quite sure of him and enjoying the stalking.

"Damn the earl and his stories!" Sir Roderick set his teeth firmly. "If this is the Kelpie, is it the horse or the lady I'm going to be eaten by?" The idea made him grin. Some of the panic left him. Then he recalled the horse droppings he had noticed yesterday. He sheathed the sword, dropped the saddle to the ground, and dragged out the little pock of meal the earl had spared him. He spread some on his hand and waved it around.

"Venez, mon joli!" he invited. This beast might not understand French, but would comprehend the tone of his voice and smell the grain in his palm. *"Venez, venez*—where the devil are you?"

Sir Roderick heard a soft pawing of the ground. A few moments before, he would have fled, yelling; but that nonsense was at an end. Here was only a stray horse which he needed for a long journey—and on the success of that journey depended other things. He would be the liege man of this generous Border earl. He would join the earl's forces, and that would mean loot—horses, cattle and ransom fees. Then, of course, he would make a wealthy marriage. This Margaret of Hollinwick, now . . .

"But to begin with, I've got to catch the horse. *Venez donc!*"

He shook the bridle lightly. The creature snorted. The next moment, a velvet nose touched his hand, and soft lips muzzled at the grain.

"Aha, very good." Sir Roderick inserted the bits with a skilled hand and stroked the horse for a few moments, talking softly, while it blew the last of the oats from his damp hand. Its hide was rough, and burrs were thick in the long mane. Still, it seemed a good beast, none of the shaggy little ponies he had observed the Borderers riding, but a tall, rangy creature with arching neck and small, delicate ears.

The gray of the eastern sky was growing silvery. From the camp of the invaders came shouts and stirrings. Sir Roderick flung the saddle on the horse's back.

"Why, you *are* a mare!" he observed. "Pretty, too. And a good bay, the color I fancy. Don't blow out your belly like that." He set his foot against her barrel and tightened the girths. "Well, I never ride mares—they're not proper for a knight's use—but you've got four legs and hair, and I'm in no case to be particular."

He leaped into the saddle.

THE mare uttered a snort, and her ears went back. She lunged into the air like a playful cat and, as she came down, bounced onto her front hoofs and kicked out and up. Sir Roderick, astonished, wrapped his legs around her belly and spoke harshly. She reared, tossing her head and squealing. Sir Roderick applied his heels. The next moment, she was off like an arrow, heading for a great willow by the river.

Sir Roderick sawed on the reins. "No, you fool! Trying to bat your brains out?"

She charged straight at the tree, and Sir Roderick leaped off just in time to see her veer away by the breadth of a hair.

She kicked up once or twice, then lowered her head into the dew-wet grasses. She allowed him to approach her again and did nothing at all amiss until he was in the saddle, whereupon she whirled about and sped for the edge of the bog. It was still wrapped in its morning mists, and shone through them here and there, evilly green. The mare's mouth was as hard as any he had even encountered. He reached forward to grab her muzzle and turn her aside. She stopped short, on the edge of the bog, and he sailed through the air and landed with a splash in the water.

He took off his dripping mantle and wrung the water from it. "Now you've had your fun, madame," he said, "and how about your duty?" He flung the mantle across the saddlebow and strapped it there. The mare stood quietly.

Sir Roderick had ridden all manner of horses, from fiery Arab stallions to vicious old bone-racks, but this pretty bay mare had spilled him twice, and did not even trouble to run from his approach. She only waited for him to come back and try her again so she could have some more fun.

"But you won't this time," he said, and once again mounted. He could feel no tensing of the smooth muscles. She turned her head and sniffed at the mantle hanging from her withers. Sir Roderick grabbed for her muzzle. To his astonishment, she moved away at a smooth, easy pace, picking her path where the ground was tussocky and soft. Sir Roderick remained alert, but she gave no more trouble.

By the time they had skirted the western end of the bog, he was ready to laugh at kelpies. The earl's men might have been lost in the bog, or they might have fallen victims of the Galloway raiders.

But he had a good mount now, and could

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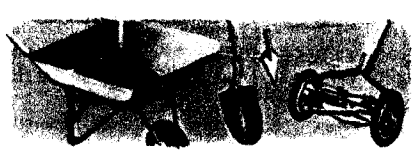

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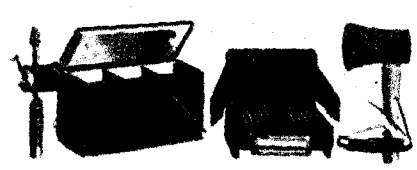

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start watching for the landmarks the earl had told him about.

He circled the swamp, and crossed a long stretch of moorland that finally descended into a wooded glen where the Irthing River flowed on its way to the Solway. There would be a fording place, the earl had said, and the way would be plainly marked by long use. The mare was sure-footed as a mule on the damp leaf mold, and Sir Roderick felt an urge to sing, what with the summer morning, and good horseflesh between his knees.

THE slope flattened slowly. They were in a green and pleasant grove through which the path marched straight for the river. Sir Roderick was just about to let loose one "Tirra-lirra" when the mare suddenly snorted, veered from the track, and plunged for the underbrush.

"What the hell!" gasped the knight. The mare shot through the green tangles; he had to lie close to her neck to keep from being swept off, and, as it was, the brambles tore his hose and clawed his hands. He jerked her to a halt on the very brink of the Irthing River, which was brown, and flooding its banks with the recent rains.

"And now, my fine madame," he addressed her harshly, "you can turn yourself around and get back to the ford." He applied his heels and thought with regret of his spurs in a pawnbroker's shop at Newcastle. The mare quivered, reared, and sawed her head against the bits. He reached out to the nearest willow and broke off a long switch. As he lifted his arm, the mare tossed her head and uttered a shrill neigh that was almost a scream. At once the underbrush crackled behind him and Sir Roderick saw the rusty red head of a man dodge behind a willow bole, and saw, too, the glinting of light along steel. Farther back along the way he had come, yelling men darted out of the underbrush, waving spears and long-handled axes.

"Ass that I am—I should have known the Galloway men would guard the ford!" Sir Roderick tossed away the switch and loosed the reins.

The mare flung up her head and crashed through the last fringe of willows. For half a heartbeat, she poised on the brink of the brown river, then flung herself into the air like a swallow. The water took them with a roar and a flash of white foam, and three spears shot over Sir Roderick's head when he bobbed to the surface.

He slid from the saddle and grabbed the mare's mane. The water roared in his ears, but he kept his head down and trod water close to the mare's shoulder, trying to avoid the lashing hoofs. She panted, "Huh-huh-huh," and her long neck stretched out desperately. Arrows began to cut the water left and right.

Sir Roderick was too busy keeping himself away from her hoofs and keeping his nose above the surface to worry about arrows. He blew the water from his nose and blinked.

"There, there," he gulped, when they'd reached the bank. "Easy, *ma belle*. They can't reach us now!"

He ventured a look behind. At the clearing by the ford, a dozen men had gathered. Sir Roderick managed to touch his thumb to his nose in a rude, unknightly fashion just as the mare ducked her head to avoid a long branch arching above the water.

"And now we're in Northumberland, my lady. If you are truly a kelpie, this is where you have dinner. You've got the advantage—my lunch is in the river."

He unsaddled, wadded up a handful of leaves, and rubbed her down; she submitted listlessly, with hanging head. At last Sir Roderick wrung out and donned his dripping mantle, slung the saddle to his shoulder, and turned from the river shore, leading the mare. He had to retrace his way upstream for some little distance, so that he could recover the Reivers' Way, the track regularly followed by the cattle thieves passing back and forth with their prey.

"A fine scramble this North Country is—Normans and English south of the Border, Normans and Scots north of it, and the Galloway fellows to the west—and all of 'em busy lifting one another's cattle! And the earl knows the Reivers' Way mighty well for a respectable lord of land."

In a drizzle of rain, the dim path wound up hill and down dale, now steep and rugged, hardly fit for goats, deserted and silent, save for the rustle of rabbits in the brush. The Kelpie lifted her head, switched her long tail, and pranced. Sir Roderick halted and saddled up.

"We have a distance to cover, and if you're feeling better, we'll cover it," he said, and mounted.

The next moment, he was picking himself out of a tangle of brambles, uttering a string of anguished oaths. The mare stood at the side of the path, cropping at a tuft of daisies. At the sound of his voice she raised her head innocently and regarded him, a daisy hanging from her lip.

"What the devil ails you, you damned kelpie? Taken a dislike to my looks, maybe?" He broke off, and rubbed his elbows. He cast back his memory over his short acquaintance with the Kelpie. At times she behaved very well. At other times— What had he done, the times when she had behaved?

He rubbed his head and pondered. "Damned if I can guess! Every time you behaved, my mantle was hanging down from the saddlebow. If that's what you want, Madame Kelpie, you'll get it. I'm getting bruised." When he hung his mantle in place, the mare pumped her head up and down vigorously. When he mounted, she trotted off like a lamb.

"Sweet as honey when you get your own way, eh?" he said to her. "I wonder if you are enchanted. Will you turn into a lovely lady if I say a paternoster over you? Well, I won't give you the chance, just yet. We've got to get to Stanebridge Castle and fetch help to the earl."

SINCE he met no one to ask the way of, it was well that Sir Roderick remembered his directions. He urged the mare on at her best pace. The wind blew from the north, driving the rain down the back of his neck, and he was no longer tempted to sing. Fording a little stream, which the earl had described, Sir Roderick reflected: About now I ought to see those old Roman walls he spoke of. He reined in the Kelpie and peered through the drizzle. Crowning the ridge of the hill range before him was a line of fortifications stretching east and west. I'm still on the right track, he thought, and perhaps I can shelter there. It's too dark to go much farther.

Just a bowshot to the left, Sir Roderick made out a bulge in the ruined stonework—Rather like a tower with a side caved in, he thought. When he came closer, he saw that it was a tower with a side caved in, crumbling into falls of stone. He dismounted. This would not be the best shelter in the world, but he would not be in it long.

He pulled the weary mare inside. She submitted meekly to unsaddling and a rubdown with the tail of his mantle. He went out into the rain and fetched in several armloads of long grasses for her, then explored the tower's interior as far as he could. It was dark and damp, and smelled of old leaves. He built a small fire, drew his sword from its sheath, and spread himself out on his wet mantle. The mare blew through her nostrils uneasily and crowded close to him, now nosing at his feet, now nibbling at his hair. He fumbled for the sword hilt at his side, found it, sighed, and fell sound asleep.

It must have been midnight when she woke him from an enjoyable dream of lying in soft green grasses playing with a girl's long hair. The girl snorted, and he thought: The Kelpie! He woke up just in time to roll away from trampling hoofs.

"You again," he muttered. "Keep that long tail of yours out of my face, can't you?"

He broke off, and came wide awake. Voices! Rough voices. Reivers, possibly, following the trail—but why so far off from the break in the wall? Then he knew, as the voices grew more distinct, that they were coming toward the tower.

He got up, grasping his sword. Outside was gray gloom and rain, and three ugly, humped black shapes stumbling slowly toward him. His hair rose for a moment, and then he realized they were men carrying sacks.

"Who goes?" he inquired. "Nasty weather we're having. You are quite welcome to this poor shelter. It is mine only for the night."

The three shapes halted. They did not retreat—as good God knows I would have done if I heard a voice coming out of a ruined tower at midnight, he thought.

Then one of the shapes advanced toward him. "Thankee, my noble lord," it said, in atrocious French-English, "we're peddlers, benighted; Sweet Wullie, the lassies ca' me. Is that a horse you've got there?"

"She's the property of the Earl of Creaghavon," said Sir Roderick, "and a wicked piece she is." He looked at Sweet Wullie, who did not seem impressed by the mention of the earl. He saw himself suddenly with their eyes—a stupid stranger with a fine mount. Easy pickings! "They call her the Kelpie. Don't come too close to her."

Sweet Wullie laughed. "Why, my lord, there's ways of taming 'em"—he gestured to the fire—"but won't ye warm yourself now? You, Hobby, lad, get another brand."

Sir Roderick strolled over to the little fire. The man kneeling there had a wheezy way of breathing, and a smell like a wet dog. The heat from the fire met the damp chill of ancient stone and fell back, discouraged. One of the sacks lay beside the fire, and protruding from its neck was a slender bar of silver, and on it the crudely wrought feet of a crucified figure.

He looked up and met the bright blue gaze of Wullie. Then he heard Hobby's feet pattering up behind him. The next moment, a club cracked down on his head.

HE CAME back to a dim consciousness, aware that he was lying on his belly, trussed up with leather thongs. The straps cut his ankles and wrists, and his arms, pinioned behind his back, ached cruelly. His head was a ball of pain, and the voices of the robbers made it throb. They spoke a kind of English, but so thick and blurred with Scots and with the contents of the leather bottle that passed among them that he could hardly make out a word.

They pointed at him, shouted, shook fingers under one another's noses.

At last Sweet Wullie flung up his hands, yielding. The man Hobby got to his feet. His eyes gleamed. He started over to the bound knight, fumbling for the long knife in his belt.

Oh, God, here I come! thought Sir Roderick; and even in that moment felt his face grow hot with shame. To be butchered in a cave by three dirty thieves, helpless—he, a Crusader of repute! By God, I'll take a bite out of his ankle, if it's the last thing I—

Hobby jerked the dagger free, and with it came a small, heavy sack that fell with a musical clink to the rocky floor. He halted and bent to snatch at it.

With a bawl of rage, Sweet Wullie leaped to his feet. The next moment, he and Hobby were wrestling, kicking, biting, gouging, grabbing at each other's throats, shouting what sounded like un-Christian speech. The Kelpie pawed and pranced about. Close to Sir Roderick lay the bag, spilling the golden gleam of coin and the soft luster of gems. The dirty paw of the wheezy man, who still sat by the fire, came inching over toward it.

"Hoy!" bawled Sweet Wullie. His huge fist struck the struggling Hobby behind the ear, and the man dropped like a stone.

The wheezy man gave a small cry of protest at the murder as he tucked the bag inside his sheepskin jerkin.

Sweet Wullie stood over the fallen Hobby, panting, grinning like a demon. Then his eye caught some movement of the other man's, and the next moment he noticed the absence of the little sack.

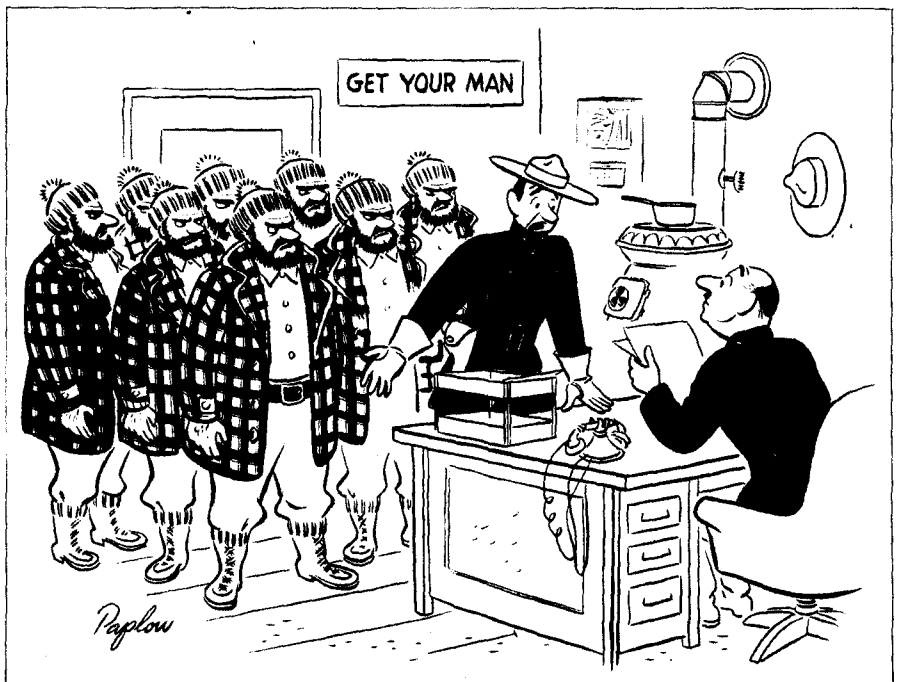
The wheezy man was no match for Wullie, and Wullie was mad with anger now—the furious disappointment of the leader whose men have let him down. He struck the thief down, and as the fellow sprawled on his belly, Wullie knelt on his back. His great hands reached out and caught the other's neck. Sir Roderick's blood shrank in his veins as the wheezy man's head was slowly bent backward until, with a hideous crack, the neckbone snapped.

Wullie stood up, shaking and gasping. Then he turned the man over and pulled the little bag out of his jerkin. He got his breath back and then went back to the fire and opened the sacks. He made a careful selection of the loot, choosing only gold and gems, tossing aside silks and linens and a fine fur-lined mantle. At last he pulled out the crucifix and stood balancing it, testing its weight.

"You damned heathen dog!" gasped Sir Roderick.

Wullie's eye caught his. "The kirk is rich, let it give to the poor," he chuckled, and fastened his loot in a neat bundle. He tied it to his belt. "I'll pick up the rest later, and give ye a proper burying."

He came over briskly, rolled Sir Roderick over on his back, and, before the knight could so much as gasp, drove down his knife. Only Sir Roderick's sudden con-



COLLIER'S "Well—they all fitted the description" BOB PAPLOW

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vulsive movement kept it from his heart. He cried out once, and fainted.

Sweet Wullie gave him no glance, but ran to the Kelpie and flung the saddle on her back.

A shrill neigh pierced Sir Roderick's wavering consciousness. Wullie was struggling to mount; he had one foot in the stirrup while he grasped at the Kelpie's mane. She reared. He struck her hard on the neck, and scrambled into the saddle. With a scream of fury, the Kelpie sprang into the air. Wullie had not found the stirrups in time. He sailed through the air like an arrow, and landed on his head on the rocky floor.

The flow of Sir Roderick's blood on the leather thongs stretched them, and he got an arm loose. He rolled over on his face and tried to get up. Something nagged at him, kept him from slipping off into the restful dark—some duty not done, some task unfinished. Far away, it seemed, he heard the clop-clop of hoofs upon rock, but could not identify the sound. Presently something blew warm on the back of his neck.

"Go 'way," he mumbled, "madame."

The warm breath persisted. Something tugged impatiently at his hair. The Kelpie uttered a puzzled whicker.

"Get along," moaned Sir Roderick. "Let me be. I'll just lie here—and bleed a bit—"

The Kelpie lowered her graceful head and bit Sir Roderick sharply on that part of his anatomy that was most prominent as he lay sprawled on his face.

"Yeough!" he yelled, and scrambled to his knees, the blood spurting freshly from his wound. The Kelpie backed off, nickering.

He bandaged the wound under his collarbone clumsily with a fine linen shirt from the tumbled heap of loot. He felt sick and dizzy, and the three dead men, mere heaps of old clothes now, unnerved him. The Kelpie stood patiently while he pulled himself upright by her mane. Even so, he remembered her wings. He managed to drag the fur-lined mantle across her withers before he hauled himself up into the saddle. The cold rain cleared his head somewhat; he remembered the earl, and the Reivers' Way, and his duty. The Kelpie climbed sturdily up a rocky rise and across a high, level hill, moving steadily south, and now and again tossing her head.

"Don't do that!" he cried, feeling consciousness slipping away. He sagged forward along her neck, his hands tangling the reins in her mane. But his well-disciplined legs kept their grip.

He roused when the mare quickened her pace, and hoisted himself erect. In the distance was a flat-topped hill that he recognized from the earl's description. Stanebridge Castle would be just beyond. The mare began to canter—a beautiful easy pace.

"You're a wonder, *ma belle*," he mumbled. "I believe you've taken a fancy to me, for all your wicked ways—and by God, if you do take on a lady's shape, look out, because I'm going to marry you."

HE FELT wet grass under his cheek. A voice was crying to him, angrily. He opened his eyes. Over him soared a blue, cloud-dappled sky, and towering into it was a very beautiful girl. Her dark eyes flashed, and long auburn braids swung over him.

"The Kelpie!" he gasped. Then—it had happened! The demon mare had turned into a woman.

His eyes escaped her, roved right and left. A grassy meadow, with thick underbrush and willows leaning over the gurgle of water on one hand, the gentle swell of a hill slope on the other. No sign of the mare!

He shut his eyes determinedly. When he forced them open, the girl was bending over him, her cheeks pink with anger.

"Why, then—you must be the Kelpie—after all!" he said.

"Kelpie!" She shook back the braids. "Kelpie, nonsense! What are you doing with my mare, you wicked thief! The poor darling's half dead! And why didn't you have the decency to curry her? Oh, I could kill you!"

"No more thief than yourself, madame," he muttered. His dazed eyes traveled slowly from the small booted foot in front of his nose, up the length of a heavy footmantle loosely belted about what seemed to be a lithe and lovely shape, to the slender hands that held a blue coverchief dripping wet and stained with blood, then to the face—a girl's face—thin-cheeked, eager, angry, beautiful. He gathered his wits together and managed to raise himself on his left elbow.

He stammered out his business. "I'm spent," he ended, pulling the earl's ring from his finger, "but maybe you could send word to Stanebridge, madame." Cool fingers touched his, and the ring was gone.

"Don't you worry, I am Margaret de Hollinwick, and Stanebridge is my uncle. I'll send my groom back at once with your message. Uncle will be delighted to have a good excuse for a raid, now we're at peace. Tonight will be moonlight, and they'll go at once. I like the earl. He married my cousin. There, now. If you're trying to get up, let me help you." As he rose upon his knees, she stooped down and put her arm around him. The wound below Sir Roderick's left shoulder began to bleed again. He staggered, and the warm strength of the slight young form pressed close to him, and the arm tightened around him. He sighed and looked down into the ardent, dark eyes. Dizzy as he was, he felt even dizzier. "Margaret de Hollinwick, the earl didn't tell me you were beautiful!"

AT THAT moment, a sturdy-looking youth in a green livery came dashing up the slope to them with his steel cap full of water. He stopped short at sight of the two of them and frowned.

"Gilbert, come here with that water!" she said, very pink. "And you must ride at once to Stanebridge with a message." She explained it rapidly and handed him the ring. "Now hurry. I'll follow slowly with this gentleman."

"It ain't right to leave you with him, m'lady," glowered the groom.

"Never mind! And tell Master Hugh that I've got a badly wounded man here who will need care. Go along now!"

She turned to Sir Roderick, who was drinking thirstily. "Here, use this for a sling for your poor arm. It's a wonder you're alive."

When she fastened the coverchief to support his arm, she blushed redder than before.

Sir Roderick was a kindly man. He said, to put her at ease, "So the Kelpie is your palfrey, Lady Margaret?"

Taking up his lead, she answered, "None of your kelpies, sir! She's MaBelle. I bought her from a peddler that she had pitched off. I could see how fine she was, only so poor and thin, poor dear! So I fed her myself, and rode her, and she was always as good as gold with me! She hates Scotsmen—I think raiders must have hurt her before the peddler got her—and since I've ridden her she won't let anyone else ride her. However did you manage it?"

He explained about the mantle. "She was used to skirts," he said. "I see that now. And I spoke to her in French, so she behaved for me. I'll say this for her. She has a mighty bad reputation across the Border."

"Of course," crooned Lady Margaret. "The darling! And now, sir, come to the river and I'll help you mount the horse I've been riding; he's an easy-paced beast. And poor MaBelle will follow us. Come, darling!"

At the girl's call, a familiar head thrust itself out of the willow thicket. And the Kelpie came ambling out into the meadow. Lady Margaret's fine mantle clinging to her sweaty loins, and her mouth full of willow leaves. She trotted up to them, nickering pleasantly, and butted Sir Roderick gently from behind. He had to clutch Lady Margaret for support, and found it very gratifying.

THE END

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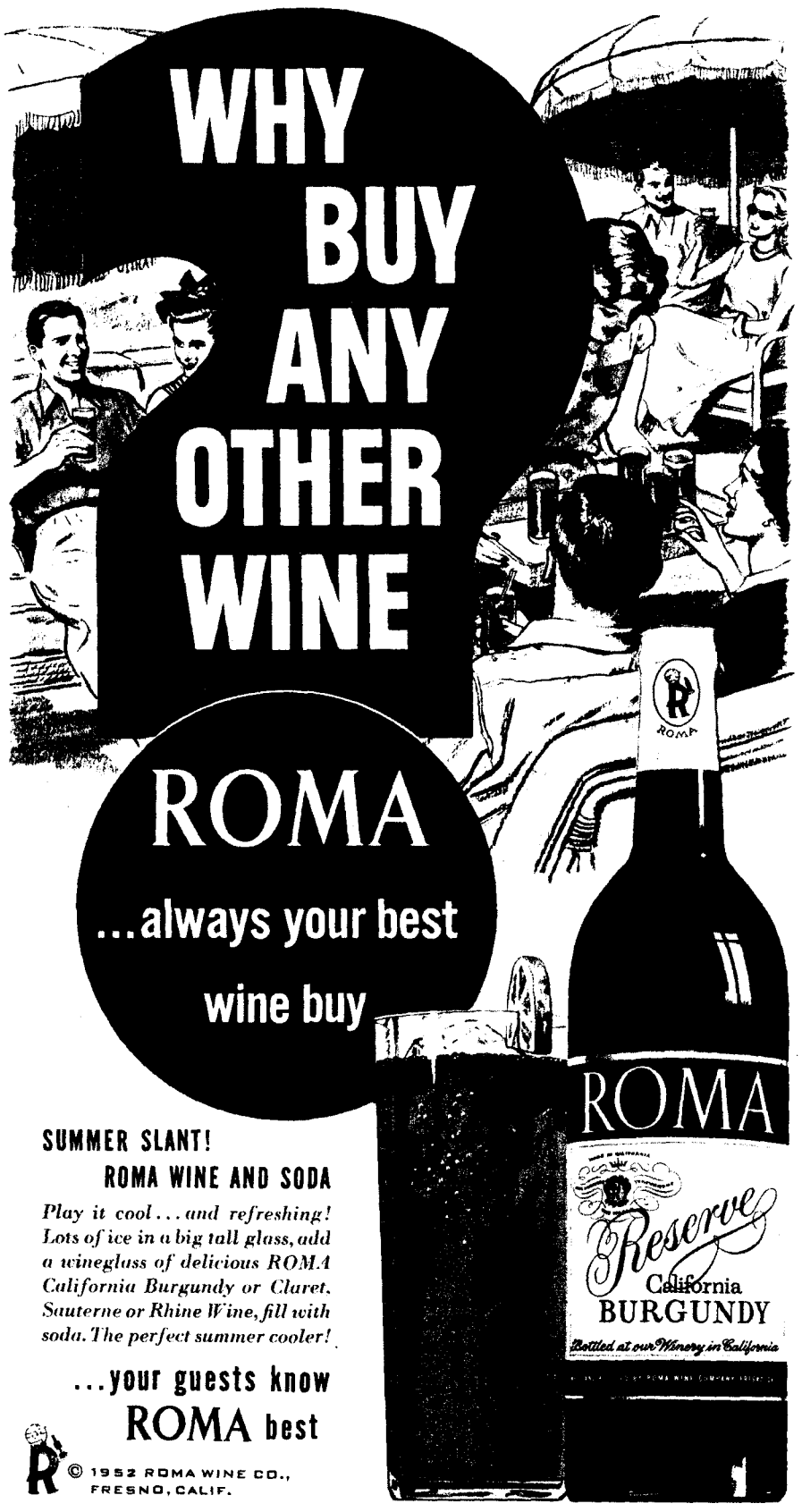

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He lifted one foot and planted it gently on the tiger's ribs. "Okay," he said then, and the man snapped the picture that appeared in a hundred papers

TIGER TAMER

By JACK FINNEY

I'm not kidding when I say Charley is Presidential timber. He not only got us out of the worst crisis we ever faced, but did it in a style impressive to man and beast alike

I SUPPOSE it'll be Taft or Eisenhower or Kefauver, but it might, it just *might,* be Charley. There's a one-in-ten chance, I'd say, and we could probably do worse. Oh, they say he's a charlatan, a confidence man—and, off the record, they're right. For hard-bitten practicality and gouging in the clinches, he could give odds to a loan shark. But he's a dreamer, too, an artist—and I'm not making a speech—warmed by the fires of genius, a shrewd and shifty poet at heart; and when it comes to pulling rabbits out of the hat, I promise you he'll produce them by litters.

If Charley gets in the running at all, you'll certainly read about his boyhood and see his early photographs till you're sick of them—that thin, composed, alert little face behind tortoise-shell glasses. And you'll see the old newspaper clippings reproduced once more: the stories and several dozen photographs that ran for a week, thirty-odd years ago, in the Galesburg, Illinois, Register-Mail; the follow-up interviews in the big Chicago papers next day; and the page-three wire story from the files of the New York Times. You might, if you can remember Calvin Coolidge, even recall the story yourself. Charley was the boy who hypnotized the tiger.

Yes, he did; don't think I'm remembering through a golden haze. In the things that counted with boys, Charley was unquestionably a genius. One summer vacation, Charley bought for two dollars—every cent he had—an immense, dusty carton of unsold Easter-egg dyes from the grocery store at eight o'clock one Tuesday morning. By eight thirty, using the upstairs telephone at his house, he had instructed five of us to meet in his basement and to bring along the big metal clothes boilers our mothers all used on washdays. By nine, when we met, Charley's mother had gone to the Tuesday-morning sewing group at the church. Ten minutes later, the five of us dispersed at Charley's direction, each to an assigned territory. Within forty minutes we were back, each with at least one, and some with two and three, white or semiwhite neighborhood dogs of all sizes and breeds, two white Angoras, and one mottled-white alley cat.

Charley was ready. The two stationary laundry tubs were filled with warm, sudsy water for the preliminary baths; the clothes boilers were each half full of dye; a section of the basement—the drying area—was neatly paved with newspapers; and Charley, seated above us on the basement stairs, was ready to direct and oversee the fast, efficient, assembly-line operation he had planned.

We were finished on schedule by noon, when the neighborhood was briefly busy with husbands coming home for lunch. Then Charley gave the signal, and—dry and combed now—fourteen excited red, green, violet, vivid yellow, sky-blue, and purple dogs, two sullen scarlet cats, and a final experimental red-white-and-blue one, were simultaneously released on a flabbergasted neighborhood.

This accomplishment had the clean-cut touch of genius, and we knew it. It was a conception so far above the routine traditional mischief of the rest of us that it was beyond envy and only to be admired and accepted with gratitude. Even then, as you

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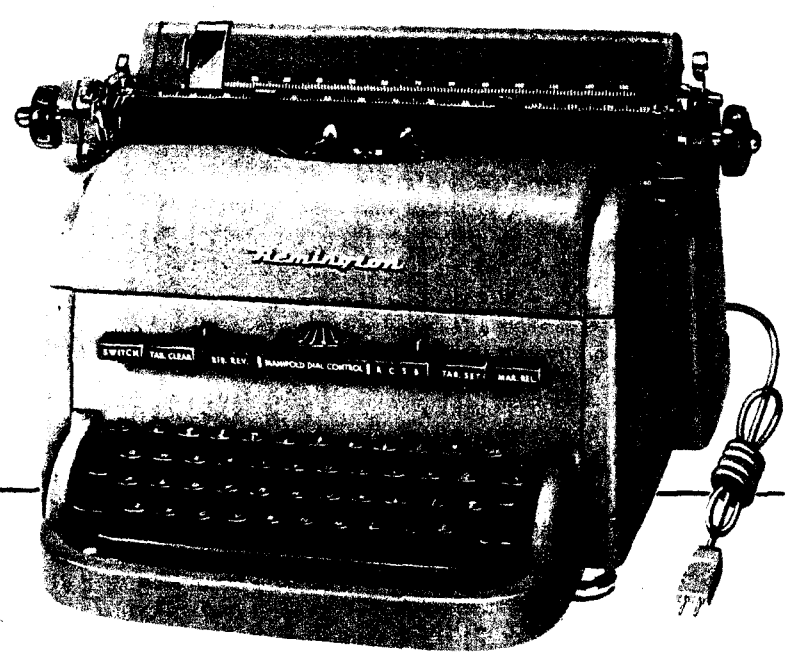

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can see—call it pump-priming, if you like—Charley never hesitated to spend what was necessary to the largeness of his purposes; he was broke for a week after the episode of the dogs, but it was obviously necessary and worth it. Then, as today, he understood that accomplishment carries its price.

But there was more to Charley than flash. In between his larger spectacular achievements ran a steady workaday stream of minor though always talented activity. He devised a simple, effective method of dipping the entire supply of school blackboard chalk, stick by stick, into a thinned solution of shellac, coating each with a hard, invisible shell which eliminated blackboard instruction for a day and a half. Charley found the pet cock at the back of an untended pipe down at the pop-bottling plant, which, when turned, released a warm, uncarbonated, delicious stream of grape pop, and we used it at intervals for a week, till Ed Krueger got careless and was caught.

And it was Charley, at the tattooing booth of a traveling carnival, who had a red-and-blue rose-wreathed heart labeled Mother worked onto his chest in genuine tattoo ink—though without the use of the needle—to the awe-struck envy of us all, till it began to wear off and he admitted the hoax.

He made things work. The essence of success ran in his veins—there was the key to Charley's character. And when he showed up, that memorable morning, after breakfast and the mail delivery, with a paper-bound volume of instructions on hypnotism, we all felt in our bones that Charley would become—perhaps already had become—a skilled practicing mesmerist.

THERE were five of us—four boys and Agnes, the tomboy sister of one—and we had gathered, as we did often that summer, in Mrs. Councilman's back yard. I remember that day, and all those long-ago, deep-summer days in Galesburg, Illinois, with a terrible nostalgia. Already the sky was a hard, hot blue, the air shimmering with sun. The grass under our bare feet was faded and dry, and the tree locusts were sawing their wings for yards and blocks and miles around us.

Today, I suppose, we would have known about the tiger hours earlier and been safe behind doors; radios would have been issuing urgent warnings, and sound trucks would have been touring the streets. But in those days—on that day—news spread slowly and haphazardly, by word of mouth. And at the moment when Charley sat down on the grass to show us the book with the chin-bearded Svengali on the cover, only a handful of circus men knew that a young and thoroughly dangerous tiger was out of his cage and on the prowl.

We discussed Charley's book for a time; then Ken Garver ran up the tree, and we all followed. The tree was the reason we so often gathered in Mrs. Councilman's yard. It was thick-boled and squat, the trunk slanting out from the ground at a forty-five-degree angle, so that with a short running start, a barefooted boy could run right up the trunk to the lowest branches. We sat roosting in the tree and talked desultorily about the circus out at the fairgrounds. I don't remember that we were ever especially excited over a circus, and none of us ever carried water for the elephants. We were taken to the circus every year by our parents, or given money to buy tickets, and we were reasonably interested and talked about it a little.

But mostly, that morning, as at the beginning of every day, we were waiting for something to happen, for some activity, set off by a stimulus from outside or inside our minds, to begin. And the day, filled with promise, stretched far ahead, each hour infinitely longer and richer than any have ever been since.

Mrs. Councilman came out of her house and greeted us pleasantly, and Agnes, lowering her voice sympathetically, said, "How's Mr. Councilman?" Mrs. Councilman nodded sadly and said, "Fine." One or the other of us inquired each day about her husband's health as though he were an invalid, and Mrs. Councilman responded as though he were. Actually, the man—slight, pale, and half his wife's buxom size—went to work every day in a machine shop. But he suffered, whiningly, from a perpetual plague of vague ailments.

ONCE when Charley and I were in the bathroom of their house—we had the run of the place—the door of a large wooden cabinet on the floor was ajar, and we stood astounded, staring at shelf after shelf crammed with prescriptions and pills, great bottles of tonic and liniment, Nerv-Aid and sleeping tablets, most of them with Mr. Councilman's name on the labels, and for a moment we had a dim awareness of the kind of half-life that poor man lived.

Smiling benignly, Mrs. Councilman stood by our tree, enjoying the sun. Then Agnes, her voice surprised, said, "There's a tiger." She shrieked, and sat staring across the yard. There are, or were, no fences or alleys in Galesburg; all the back yards of a block blend into one, and it is possible to walk, as we often did, for block after block through the gardens and back yards of the town. We all turned to look, and there, impossibly, ambling toward us from the next yard, his tail erect and switching slightly, was an enormous tiger.

It was outside of all experience, past belief, yet there, indisputably, *was* a tiger; and we saw the muscles slide and the white hairs of his chest, just under the shoulders, spread apart and come together with each silent step.

He could have reached Mrs. Councilman in a single leap, killing or maiming her with a swipe of his paw. But instead, just within our yard now, he sat down, a colossal cat with foot-long white whiskers, and returned our stare, gazing at us through the slitted pupils of his immense yellow eyes. For a moment frozen in time, we all simply stared, he at us, we at him. Then the animal's small ears flicked, one at a time, and flattened on his skull. Soundlessly, he opened his mouth, and we saw the great shiny-wet fangs.

In a sudden hoarse whisper, Charley said, "*Up in the tree!*" and reached down and grabbed Mrs. Councilman's hair. Then Charley, and in a moment Ed Krueger, Ken Garver and I, clutching the branches with our legs, tugging at Mrs. Councilman's hair and the collar of her dress, tried to drag her up the slanting trunk of the tree. She came to life then, and grasping the trunk, scrambling awkwardly, managed to catch hold of the lowest limb and drag herself, moaning softly all the time, up into the branches with us.

For perhaps a full half minute longer, the tiger sat in the sun, staring up at us with a lively and terrible interest. Agnes began to cry softly, and Mrs. Councilman, climbing higher, managed to reach up and get an arm around her waist to comfort her. Then the tiger's hind end raised, and he trotted to the house, and sat, his back toward us now, staring up at the partly opened first-floor window of Mrs. Councilman's pantry.

Each of us, I'm sure, was certain that in only a moment this impossible situation must end, that, as always in any predicament beyond a child's ability, adult help would be quickly forthcoming. But time passed, and the summer sound of the locusts droned on. Then, incredibly, in the street around at the front of the house, a car door slammed, and we heard a woman's voice call out, "Hello, Mrs. Garver. Hot, isn't it?" We heard Ken's mother reply cheerily. A screen door banged shut. The car started up; then the sound of its motor diminished, and once again there was no sound but the dry, steady drone o the locusts. It came to us then that th world was going on about its business i blank ignorance of us, and no help was o its way.

Now the tiger stood up, placed his fore paws up on the wood side of the house straining his neck toward the window, an growled in his throat; and the pricklin fright came washing over us.

It was Charley who understood firs "The window reminds him of the place he fed at," he said. At the sound of the voic the tiger's head turned, and he stared at u over his shoulder for a moment. The once more, he strained up toward the wi dow and growled, a deep, terrible soun and we heard his claws clicking and scratch ing on the painted clapboards, and kne this was a savage and dangerous beast.

Carefully, Charley planted both feet i the main crotch of the tree, slid off h branch, and crouched, out of reach of Mr Councilman's free arm. "I think," he an nounced to us then, "that I can hypnotiz that tiger."

"Charley!" Mrs. Councilman shrieke "*Don't you move!*" And again the tig turned to stare.

Charley didn't answer. From his bac pocket he pulled a bandanna and handed up to me. "If he comes running, thro this in his face; it'll confuse him," he to me. He pulled his book out of his pocke opened it to the first page, and ran a fing down the table of contents. Then, lookin up at us, smiling reassuringly, Charley no ded. "Yep," he said, "there's a chapter o animal hypnotism." He shoved the book his pocket and dropped from the tree, lan ing on his feet beside it.

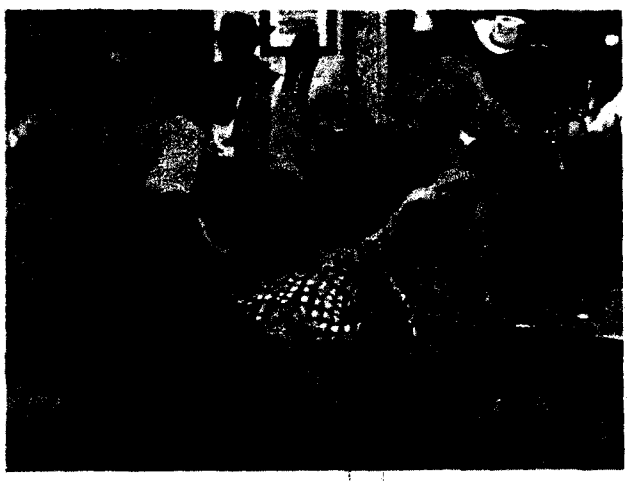
For seconds Charley stood poised, reac to leap for the tree again, but the anim across the yard continued to stare up at th half-open window. Then—not calmly, I' certain, but coolly—Charley began slow walking toward the back steps and scre door which led into the kitchen of Mr Councilman's house. At the third step, th tiger's head swung toward Charley, an Charley—helpless now, far from safety b several seconds and steps—could only wa on, an undersized ten-year-old boy, starin at a four-hundred-pound tiger a dozen yard away. It sounds like incredible bravery, y I doubt that courage had anything to d with it. It is simply that, for a mind lik Charley's, some opportunities are just to big to lose.

MY FAITH in him wavered and die This, I knew, was too big, beyond an boy, even Charley. I knew he'd overreache himself, that in the next seconds he migh actually be killed before my eyes. But h went up the fourth step, the fifth, and th sixth; then his bare foot touched the porc and suddenly he bolted, stumbling an crashing in through the screen door. The the kitchen door slammed shut, and w heard the sliding bolt on the inside sho home. The tiger trotted to the stairs, gaz up them, then returned to his position un der the window.

Then it occurred to me—I knew th Charley was a showman, a lover of th hoax, but no fool—that he had no inte tion of trying any such nonsense as hypn tizing this tiger, and that he was simp going to telephone the police. When did not appear at the pantry window, I w certain of it, and waited for the sound the receiver being removed from the w phone in the kitchen. But seconds passe and I heard nothing. Then, presently, w heard Mrs. Councilman's icebox ope heard the clink of a milk bottle and the ri tle of paper. Then the icebox door slamm shut, and a moment later Charley's co posed face appeared at the window.

He glanced down at the sitting tig who licked his chops. Then Charley spok raising one arm to show us the open bo in his hand. "It says here"—he studied t text, apparently reading as he talked "that in hypnotizing animals it is necessa first to obtain their attention and con dence with food." He laid the book do

Beginning Next Week



LUKE SHORT'S

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on the open working shelf just below the level of the window.

Then he held up a large, shallow, thin-wood dish, the kind butchers used in those days to pack ground meat in; it was heaped, we saw, with blood-red hamburger. Charley set the dish down at one side of the window. His hands were busy for a moment; then he held them up, and we could see that he was packing a handful of ground meat into a baseball-sized sphere. Taking careful aim, he tossed the ball, underhanded. It struck the tiger squarely on the nose, and he recoiled, a blur of tan and black, snarling. But he had smelled the meat. His tongue swiped his nose, and he scooped the ball from the grass with his front teeth, swallowed it instantly, then stretched his neck toward the window, yearning up for more.

CHARLEY had a second meatball ready, poised in his left hand; now the fingers of his right hand began rhythmically extending and drawing back, his arm moving slowly back and forth, making passes in the air at the tiger's staring eyes. "Your eyes are getting heavy," he murmured to the tiger. "You are getting sleepier and sleepier." The animal growled, and Charley quickly tossed the meat. This time the tiger caught it in mid-air and swallowed it in a gulp, instantly staring up for more.

Charley made another meatball, holding it up for the tiger to see, and the animal reared up, his forepaws scratching the side of the house, his face no more than four feet from Charley's unwavering eyes, his attention complete. Charley prudently lowered the window a bit more; then his fingers again undulated gracefully, his arm swaying like a charmed snake, and it would not have surprised me at all to see miniature lightning-lines dart from his fingertips to the tiger's fascinated eyes. "You want to *le-e-ep*," he droned. "Your eyes are *so-o-o* heavy." He tossed the meatball, and again the tiger snapped it up in mid-air.

The Councilmans' dinner made seven or eight meatballs; and after each Charley murmured steadily of sleep, *sle-e-ep*, his arm making graceful passes. Then the meat was gone, and the beast sat there growling, wide awake as ever, his appetite only tantalized, obviously. Charley left the window, the icebox door opened and slammed shut, and Charley reappeared with half a dozen pork chops lying on the butcher's paper they'd been wrapped in.

Again Charley murmured to the tiger, while his arm swayed, the fingers curling. Then he tossed out a chop. The tiger caught it, chewed just once, and we heard the bone crunch to splinters. Then he gulped, the chop was gone, and still he yearned up for more, his tail switching, his ears steadily flattening and rising.

In the tree, we sat silent and motionless—all but Mrs. Councilman. From time to time she would moan softly, and say, "Oh, oh, oh," in utter anguish and despair. Charley must have seemed insane to her, tossing her pork chops to the tiger at regular intervals and murmuring unceasingly. Your eyes are so *heavy*," he droned. "You want to *relax*. Relax and rest. Rest every weary muscle, and sleep, sleep, sle-e-ep." From time to time, he would glance down at his book, and once he raised it, and we all stared at the black-haired, evening-clothed man on the cover, while Charley turned back a page and studied the text.

He must have seemed mad to Mrs. Councilman, and even we had doubts that Charley really knew what he was doing. But we watched intently for any signs of success, and were not actually surprised when presently they appeared.

"You can't keep your eyes open," Charley was saying, his fingers waving like ribbons in a breeze. "And now they are closing, *closing*." And they did. The tiger dropped to his belly, his forelegs extended, and yawned tremendously. Then he turned his head to look back at us, and his eyes blinked lazily, and actually closed for a moment.

But he growled immediately, opened his eyes, and stood up once again; and Charley tossed him another chop. The tiger caught it, but this time he lay on his belly to chew, lazily, the bone crunching again and again. He swallowed, dropped his chin to his paws, and gazed dreamily up at Charley. "Sleep," said Charley. He glanced at his book, then nodded to us vigorously, smiling. "Sleep," he said, "you are so very tired." And the tiger yawned, and rolled on his side, blinking repeatedly. "Rest." Charley's voice dropped to a whisper. "Rest and sleep. You are, oh, so weary."

He stood for a moment, looking down at the tiger, then tossed the last chop, which fell on the grass not an inch from the tiger's nose. The animal sniffed it without stirring, his nose twitching, and seemed to debate whether to bother taking it or not. Then he did, raising his head just far enough to pull the chop into his mouth with his teeth. He lay back then, chewing slowing, his eyes heavy and blinking. "Yes," said Charley, more softly than ever, "you are going to sleep." In a soft soprano, he began to sing, leaning far out the window. "Sweet and low, sweet and low; wind of the west-ern sea-ee. Sweet and low, sweet and low—" He paused, humming softly, studied the motionless tiger, then turned from the window.

A moment later, we heard the telephone receiver being lifted from the hook, and I waited to hear Charley ask for the police. "Give me the Register-Mail office," he said briskly. "Emergency." There was a pause; then Charley said, "Send someone down here, quick," and he gave the address. "There's a tiger in the back yard. We captured it. *Yes*, the one from the circus. He's *here*, right now, hypnotized, but I don't know how long the trance will last so get down here fast. And be sure you bring a cameraman!" Then he hung up.

The screen door opened slowly, and Charley cautiously appeared on the top step and looked down at the tiger, who was lying with his head on his forepaws, his huge tongue occasionally flicking out to lick his whiskers, his eyes closed. "Sleep," said Charley, slowly coming down the stairs. Both hands, now—one a little behind the other—were at work, the fingers curling and uncurling at the tiger's head. "Rest," said Charley, "every muscle relaxed." The tiger sighed, his striped side and white belly swelling tremendously; then the breath hissed through his nostrils, and he lay there in the grass, breathing quietly, fast asleep.

I SUPPOSE it must have taken several minutes, but it seemed to me that almost instantly we heard car brakes squeal, then the sound of running feet approaching. The Register-Mail reporter came charging around the corner of the house into the yard, his camera in his hand, then stopped, his heels digging into the grass, as he saw the tiger on the ground. A split second later, the chief and another policeman came plunging into him, almost knocking him over. Then they all stood gaping, staring down at the tiger, then up at Charley. Casually, Charley stepped forward, his thumbs hooked in his belt, to the tiger's side. "Don't worry," he said. "He's scientifically mesmerized."

The newspaperman recovered first, and raised his camera. "Wait," said Charley. He took his book from a back pocket, opened it and held it at chest level, as though he were reading, the cover facing the camera. He spread the fingers of his other hand, aimed at the tiger's nose, lifted one foot and planted it gently on the tiger's ribs. "Okay," he said then, and the man snapped the picture that appeared in over one hundred papers in nine different states.

We were climbing down from the tree and the yard was suddenly filling with people, the newspaperman snapping photographs of the house, the open window, us, the tiger, Charley, and everything else in sight. I am sure, in spite of the evidence lying on the ground before them, that the newspaperman and the police would never quite have believed what had happened, but an adult, Mrs. Councilman, had been there too, and she confirmed, in excited, almost hysterical detail, the fact that Charley had indisputably hypnotized the tiger.

It seems strange, now, to recall this omen of the future. I still had Charley's bandanna in my hand, and I wanted to return it. But even as I approached him, I was dimly aware that he had passed irrevocably into a sphere beyond and above me, and I stopped beside him in awe. He was talking, easily, to the adults crowded around him, and I'd no more have interrupted than I'd interrupt the President of the United States. So I simply tucked the bandanna part way into his hip pocket, opening the pocket gently and cautiously so as not to disturb him. I caught a glimpse of, and for an instant touched, an object in his pocket. Then Charley turned, smiling graciously, and pushed his handkerchief deep into his pocket. The circus men arrived at that moment, with a huge net, and then—all at once and all together—the frantic mothers came and we were all, including even Charley, whisked from the scene.

The event was a screaming sensation. A full third of the Register-Mail's front page that night was occupied by the picture of Charley, book in hand, his foot on the tiger's chest; and the headline was set in the type that had been last used to announce the Armistice after World War I.

THREE Chicago newspapermen came in on the afternoon train. Charley held his first press conference on his front porch, serving coffee and explaining modestly that any boy could have done it. And that night, from the main ring of the circus, Charley was introduced as a hero. The caged tiger sat beside him, and as the band played Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, Charley, his book in his hand, made graceful passes at the beast, who simply sat there this time, glaring crossly at Charley as though his head ached. At Charley's request, the rest of us were with him, standing on the sawdust in the spotlight, sharing his glory. He always took care of his friends.

Actually, I only mentioned the episode once to Charley and that was the day it happened, just before the Chicago reporters arrived. "That empty bottle I saw in your pocket this morning," I said casually, as we waited on his front porch. "The only other bottle I've seen just like it was on a shelf in the Councilmans' bathroom—and it was full then. Full of Mr. Councilman's sleeping tablets."

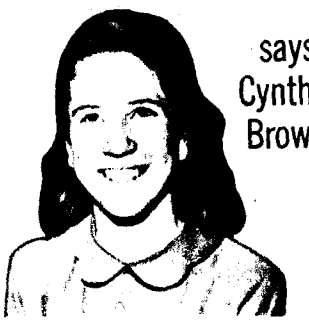
Charley considered this comment, staring thoughtfully out at the street. Then he said quietly, "I had a phone call from the company that printed my hypnotism book. They've heard the news, and they want to print my picture in their ads, with a signed testimonial, and they're paying me for it—a nice piece of money. Enough," he added delicately, "for everyone. You helped me," he said, and clapped me on the back. "You held the bandanna, in case it was needed. I want to split the profits with you; I want you for my partner from now on." He put his arm affectionately around my shoulders. "I think you've got the right qualifications," he said, and we shook hands on it.

Just then the Chicago reporters drove up in a rented car, and while they interviewed Charley, I hung around in case he needed me to back up his story.

I guess you can see that I think Charley's a great man. I don't say his methods would always stand the full light of day, but for that matter, neither did those of any great President we've had. His aims, though—and this is what counts—are right, and he usually achieves them, one way or another. Don't get me wrong; I'm not announcing Charley's candidacy. In fact "Charley" isn't his first name at all, and I haven't even hinted at his last, because I don't want to seem to be speaking for him. But frankly, I'd love to see him nominated and elected, not only because I think he'll make a fine President; but because I'll make a pretty good Secretary of State myself. As Charley himself has said, with an arm around my shoulders, I've got the right qualifications.

THE END

"I'M FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM EVERY TIME"



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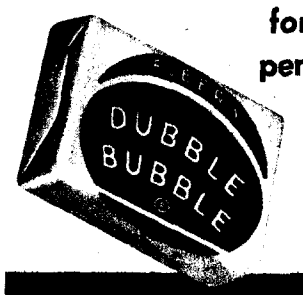

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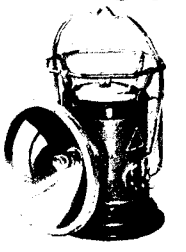

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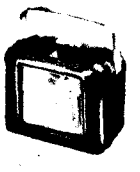

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"Big Business for a Big Country"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

interested in the system as such, as in its consequences for individual life and standards.

Freedom of choice in economic matters means freedom to choose between competing ideas or services or goods. It means the maximum freedom to choose one job or one profession or one line of business as against some other. It means a maximum range of choice for the consumer when he spends his dollar. It means a maximum possible area of choice for the man who has saved up capital to invest.

These are economic choices. They are, however, more than economic or business acts. They identify the man who is free, as free as in society it is possible or workable for men to be. We call our economic system, quite appropriately, free enterprise. To maintain and nourish that system means that we must maintain and nourish the freedom of choice that makes the system come into being and function.

I SUGGEST that in a changed America our present-day economic policy, the interpretation of our antitrust laws, and our emotional antipathy to Bigness need careful re-examination and basic change. We have a right to insist that any proposal for a change in our economic and legal policy respecting business be based on the following propositions:

1. That the change suggested has as its evident purpose the promotion not of the welfare of business, big or small, or of labor or farmers or professional men, but the welfare of the country as a whole.

2. That the policy is designed to maintain and encourage competition in ideas and products as a fundamental tenet of American life.

3. That the policy proposed will help the American people secure the things they want. These things are in part material things. They are in part nonmaterial.

In making my proposal for a change I have attempted to meet the foregoing tests. I was brought up, like most men and women of my generation, to be suspicious and distrustful of things that are big. My father, and his friends who were small businessmen, spoke with deep apprehension of the trusts and cheered Teddy Roosevelt in his Bull Moose campaign; they thought the world was in a bad way when the first "five-and-ten" bought out an old individual family business and began the "chain-store" influx in our Indiana town.

At home and at school, my generation heard the same refrain of fear and antagonism and distrust of Bigness—though at the same time we bragged about things because they were big.

There were periodic curbs put on Big Business through the years. Woodrow Wilson created the Federal Trade Commission. Charles Evans Hughes, writing a great chapter of devoted public service, exposed the evils of big utilities and insurance companies. Louis D. Brandeis, with the power of his great spirit and mind, brought to light the "crime of Bigness," and it was anything but a pretty picture.

The depression of the thirties brought a resurgence of public condemnation and distrust of size: the Pecora investigation of Wall Street, the Temporary Economic Committee, the constructive and overdue reforms of the abuses of finance and large business during the first seven years of the administrations of Franklin Roosevelt.

In short, it has been part of the atmosphere of American life of my generation and the generation of my children to be emotionally and politically and economically critical of Bigness, and, more often than not, with good reason. Yet by the time I was forty, I found myself directing the biggest integrated power system in the world, the TVA, which was itself the creation of an old-time trust buster, George Norris, and of an outstanding opponent of Bigness, Franklin D. Roosevelt. For over 13 years I helped develop, as a unit, a region larger geographically than Great Britain, that embraced parts of seven Southern states. And, in 1946, I was made head of the largest industrial monopoly of history, the Atomic Energy Commission of the United States.

The apparent contradictions of my own experience are but illustrative of those of almost everyone else. Despite our antagonism, despite the sore handicaps of law and public opinion, Bigness of units has nevertheless developed rapidly until today size is a chief and outstanding characteristic of the way we do business, the way we live. And we like the material fruits of size at the very same time that we continue to view it with distrust.

This is a country of Bigness. Even what is sometimes called "medium-sized" business is huge by almost any standard.

Why, then, are we so strongly suspicious and distrustful of Big Business, so defensive about it?

Part of the answer lies in this: that we so generally regard *Bigness* and *Monopoly* as synonymous. Or to put it another way, we favor competition; Bigness and competition we regard as incompatible.

It is natural enough that we should think this way. During the first 20 years of this century, when many of us acquired our economic and political ideas, it was largely true that Bigness and Monopoly tended to be the same.

We believe in competition in products, in services and—most important—in ideas. This is a central belief. If not carried to fanatic extremes it is one that I firmly believe is just as sound and healthy today for America of 1952 as it was for America of 1890 when the Sherman Antitrust Act was passed.

We believe in competition and we are opposed to monopoly—this is clear. But we need to analyze this feeling rather closely.

WE ARE certainly not for competition for competition's sake. We believe in competition *not as a dogma* but because we feel that it has been competition that has been in our interest, and that it continues to be in our interest.

Our reasoning runs thus:

1. Anything that stifles or diminishes or impairs competition thereby stifles and diminishes and impairs our prospects of getting the things we want—things we want as customers, as businessmen, as citizens.

2. Bigness in business—so the argument runs—has sought to stifle competition and to cut down individual opportunity. By its very nature Bigness provides the opportunity to control and therefore to diminish competition.

But this line of thinking is essentially negative. What of the affirmative, positive side? How can we secure for ourselves those things we want and need? What is the functional, organizational characteristic of our system that can provide for us those things physical and intangible that we highly regard?

Generally speaking the answer is: Bigness. Without Bigness we simply *cannot* have a great many of these things we want and need. It is Bigness that is one of our chief assurances of even greater benefits in the future.

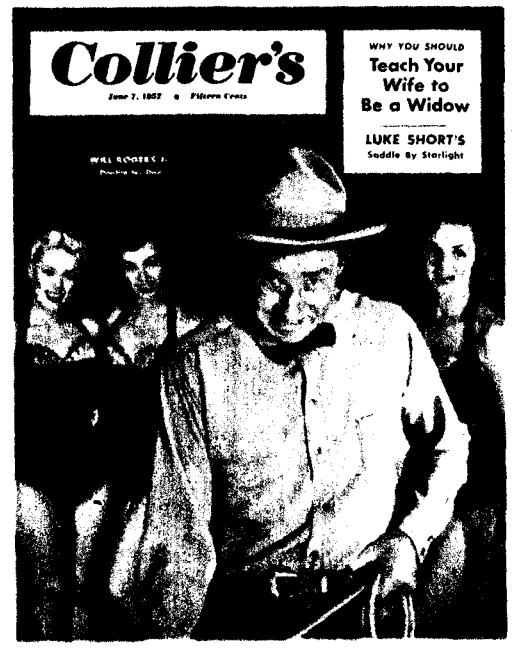
Here is an apparent contradiction between our deep fears of Bigness as monopolistic, and our need of it, that for a good many years has confused and troubled me. Can these two be reconciled? More narrowly, can Bigness and competition be reconciled? I submit the following for consideration:

1. Under the changed conditions of today, in many situations size has become an essential ingredient of competition.

2. The dangers of Bigness, in terms of concentrated power, are no longer beyond handling, because of new tools of governmental social control and the increased power of labor and of large buyers in the market place.

If you were to take an opinion poll asking a cross section of average Americans: "What do you think of the Sherman Act?", my guess is that at least 7 out of 10 would answer that they had never heard of it. And yet if any one law of the land can be said to sum up the economic views and philosophy of the ordinary man and woman—business people included—I suppose it is the Sherman Act. Under the Sherman Act, business combinations, trusts or contracts that fix prices, limit production, or otherwise put "restraints upon trade" are illegal. The act was directed against Big Business as it functioned when the law was passed in 1890, more than 60 years ago. The Sherman Act has been amended and strengthened under Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman; in most instances fear of Big Business and of its abuses of power was what was behind the drive to make the Sherman Act stronger, more inclusive; the penalties more severe.

The Sherman Antitrust Act has had a profound effect upon the course of American economic and social development. It was a great feat of statesmanship, an exhibition of remarkable insight into the needs of



WHY YOU SHOULD

Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow

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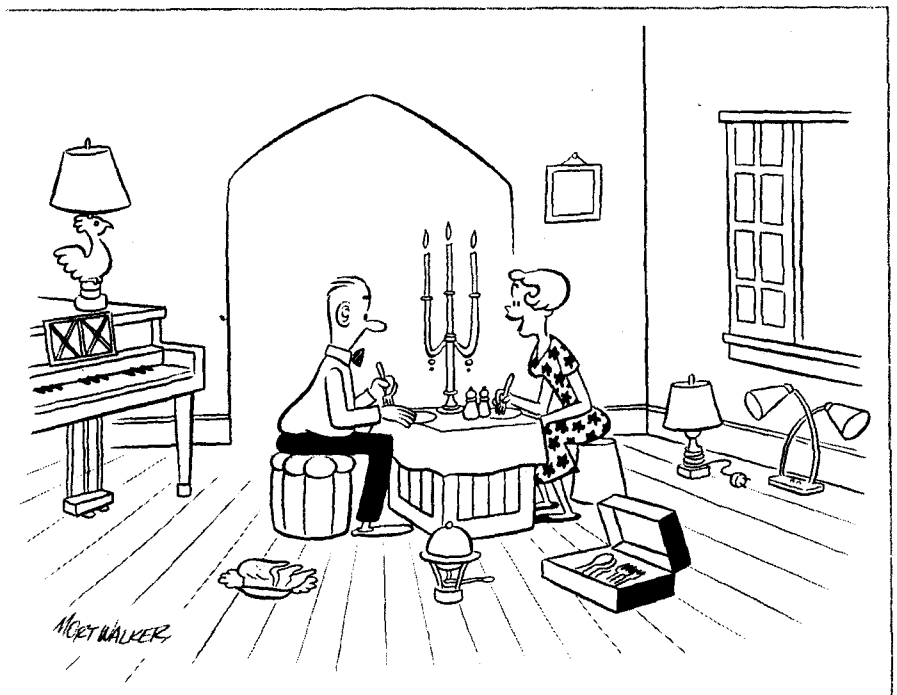


COLLIER'S **"If it weren't for our wedding presents the house would be practically unfurnished"** MORT WALKER

ıe United States for vigorous competition.

In the U.S.A. of Senator Sherman, in 890, the country, just launched on its mazing career of industrialization, struck ut almost by instinct against Bigness beıuse it was tending to be synonymous with lonopoly. That Bigness must be "broken p" into smaller units was seen as the first ig job of the antitrust enforcers; Big Oil, ig Steel, Big Railroads and so on.

BUT we are not living in Sherman's 1890, nor Teddy's 1906, nor Wilson's 1913, or Roosevelt's 1933. This is 1952. The .S.A. of 1952 bears little resemblance to ıe U.S.A. of those landmark years of the ar on monopoly.

Of course, in 1952, many crimes against ompetition are still committed, and there ist all sorts of chicanery, deceit, ecoomic coercion—the whole assortment of rporate and individual evasions or violaons of the basic code of competition, what ıe might call the shoplifting, confidenceame and window-smashing episodes of the ısiness world.

Here the policing functions of the Deartment of Justice's Antitrust Division ave served in the past, and today continue serve us well, as the FBI of the business orld, to keep down the incidence of crime the competitive system. This activity, and that of the Federal Trade Commission in the same area, is today of utmost importance to the maintenance of a healthy society.

But the policy of "don't do that" is not good enough for U.S.A. 1952. Today the Sherman Act, though an essential of our business life, appears to me grossly inadequate and administered in a way that cripples America.

The need is not for repeal of the Sherman Act; its policing functions should be maintained and even strengthened in their administration. Those policing functions, however, should be only a part of a new, broader, and vigorously affirmative economic and legal policy that will release the potentialities of our asset of Bigness for the benefit of the whole country.

As applied to Bigness per se, the Sherman Act no longer lives up fully to the needs of U.S.A. 1952. It is a philosophy of a time when Bigness, in and of itself, was the symbol and even the synonym of Monopoly. For basic reasons going to the very dynamics of modern industry, this is no longer generally true—and usually it is the contrary that is true, namely that it is Bigness that helps keep competition a flourishing reality. This I shall discuss in the next chapter of this series.

It is not, however, with the provisions and interpretations of the Sherman Act that we laymen should be deeply concerned today, but with the underlying assumptions, "the picture in the mind," the philosophy for which that act stands as it is applied to large-scale undertakings. It is the economic and political philosophy behind it, affecting its present interpretation, that badly needs re-examination. It is by the new facts of 1952, in contrast to the essential facts about our country as it was a generation or two ago, that we need to judge whether Bigness should today be penalized or encouraged.

Is Bigness a good thing judged by economic standards—higher or lower costs to consumers, for example? Is it a good thing judged by its social consequences—does it hasten the wasting of our common natural resources of forests or mines, or does it serve to save and nourish them? Is Bigness a good thing for the average individual, not as a consumer of goods or a businessman or worker, but as a person—so that he is less fearful about his freedom, less subject to the arbitrary power of his boss or his government? Is Bigness a good thing for the nation's security, so it is better able to defend itself and defend its weaker friends against Communist aggression?

WEIGHED in the scales of such values as these, if (with appropriate safeguards) Bigness is a good thing, in 1952, then it is folly to cripple America and impede our progress by maintaining in full force the prejudices and penalties on size, and the economic and social opprobrium of 1890 and 1912 and 1933. If, on re-examination of the issue, it appears that Bigness is a great asset to us, then we need to have the courage and forthrightness to say so, to say why we so believe, and to adopt measures appropriate to that conviction.

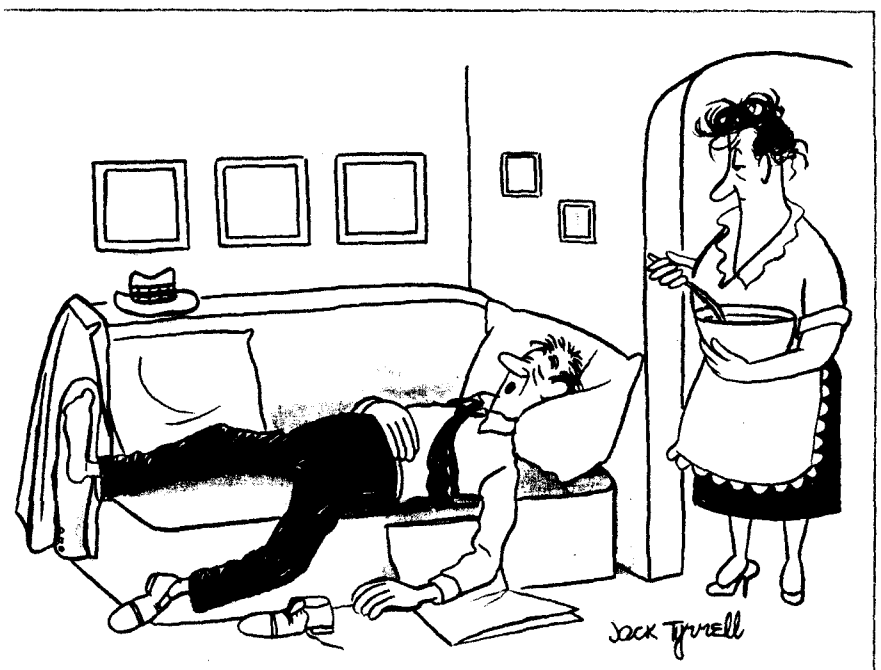
This is particularly incumbent on liberals, we who have always insisted, wisely, that our policies must change with changing facts, that we must not cling to "horse-and-buggy" ideas in an automobile and jet-engine era.

What I am here discussing, and the changed policy I urge we examine, deals with some of the most fundamental things in our daily lives, with how we make our living, with the values we set for our individual lives, with the greatest productivity of our country not only in goods but in new ideas. I deal here with how we can best brace ourselves, industrially, against the great shock waves of organized tyranny that break against us in our no longer remote hemisphere.

The subject of Bigness, then, is not solely for the legal experts in antitrust suits, and those well versed in economics. It concerns the direction of our lives and that of our children, the values we live by, the very shape of things to come.

Such a fundamental re-examination is appropriate, indeed essential and vital, at a time like the present. In such a period of crisis and strain, of heart-searching and anxiety about basic things, we need to examine such an all-pervasive issue as this. If, by that inexplicable process of general public consensus by which Americans determine fundamental issues, we decide that Bigness is our ally, that its risk and dangers are now manageable and with wisdom can be surmounted, if we conclude to end this contradiction between our enjoyment of the fruits of Bigness and the suspicions and penalties we visit on it, then in a decade we can accelerate our progress toward the goals of America in a way that takes one's breath away to contemplate.

The wonders Bigness has been able to accomplish, despite having one hand tied behind its back, give some inkling of what benefits it could bring if we changed our policies and permitted and encouraged it to work with both hands.



COLLIER'S **"Boy, what a day this has been! Only got out for coffee once this morning and twice this afternoon"** JACK TYRRELL

These articles form the basis of a book by Mr. Lilienthal which is to be published by Harper's next January

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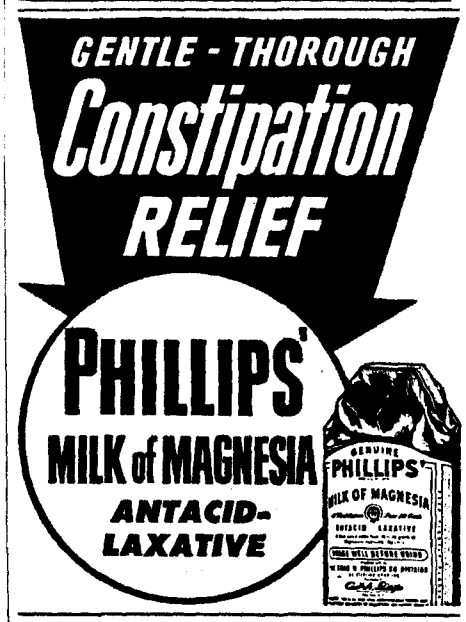

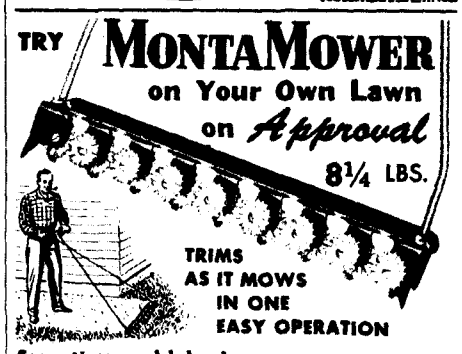

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

"You're wearing about the right size now, dear," the salesgirl said.

"We'll try a smaller one."

They tugged and panted; they got it on. "Can you sit down?" the salesgirl asked.

"I can't even breathe," Jean moaned. But she took it, along with a black afternoon dress in a size that made it inadvisable to raise her arms above her shoulders.

"I like to see you in new dresses," Tim said. "But isn't this one kind of tight?"

"Certainly not," Jean said, disappointed that he hadn't noticed an improvement. All he looked was puzzled.

LINDA QUARLES had mentioned a wonderful masseuse. Jean went to her—a morose Lithuanian woman built about like Jean, but even taller. "I want to take some fat off," Jean told her.

The woman eyed Jean's rosy, solid body. "Madam has gained weight recently?"

"Well, no," Jean said. She hadn't gained since little Lee was born, five years ago.

The masseuse poked experimentally. She was honest. "Madam is not fat."

"Whatever it is," Jean said, "I want some off."

The woman shrugged, compressed her lips, and swung.

"Oh, no!" Jean wailed.

She kept on wailing it, to her bruises, later. No! I won't! It's silly! How did I get started in this rat race, anyway? I'm me, and Tim and Tim's friends will have to make the best of me. . . . Anyhow, they hadn't really seemed to mind that there was a lot of her. Had they? They'd acted as if they enjoyed having her with them as well as Tim. Hadn't they?

It wasn't honest. It was not "they" collectively she was concerned with, it was the women. Particularly Linda Quarles. Every time Jean saw Linda next to Tim her scalp prickled. They made a much too handsome couple.

Jean had been all right for Tim in Linus, Indiana, but they weren't in Linus now. This was the big time, and she must measure up. Or, rather, down.

So, in the mornings after Tim had left, Jean bent and swayed and rolled around on the floor; and afternoons she went to the Lithuanian and suffered torments that shouldn't happen in a police state; and morning, noon and night when food was brought around she pecked at this and picked at that.

"You're looking peaked," Tim said anxiously. "Gaunt, almost."

"Gaunt?" Jean repeated irritably. Irritability did not become her, but her girdle was killing her. "I weigh a hundred and fifty-five and a half. You call that gaunt?"

"You don't look well," Tim persisted. "And you act listless."

"Thanks so much," Jean snapped. The big slug. She was doing all this for him, and this was the appreciation she got.

"I've kept noticing. If it's the city, we'll leave it. Nuts to it, and to the job. It's you that counts. You and the kind of—well, glow you have. Or had. Lately it seems gone."

Jean would have traded glow for a giant baked potato drenched in butter. "Oh, leave me alone," she said miserably.

Tim stared at her with hurt and puzzled eyes, then stalked down the apartment hallway to the solitude of the library—perhaps to compare Jean's qualifications for the job of big young executive's wife with those of other women. Linda Quarles, for instance.

Jean went to the bedroom and brushed her hair two hundred times and made herself a lot of other trouble, and then went to bed and wept.

Next morning she conceded that Tim might have a point. She had taken off enough of the standard outer padding so that the muscles were beginning to show through. The Boston strong girl, she thought. She'd have to drop the exercises, compensating with less food.

It was worth it, though, to see the reluctant admiration in the greenish eyes of Linda Quarles. And doubly worth it when she tried on the black dress again—and it fitted.

She gave a party to celebrate that, though only she knew what was being celebrated. Tim didn't know anything, except that he wasn't having fun with Jean the way he used to. Things seemed to liven up only when Linda was around.

"Stunning!" Linda said at the party, staring at Jean. "Isn't she, Tim? You'd never know her for the girl from Linus, Indiana."

"No," said Tim, "you wouldn't."

Tim brought over a couple he'd invited. "Arthur, Mrs. High—my wife."

"So nice," Jean murmured, touching fingertips as Mrs. Case and Linda Quarles and the other women did. The couple murmured politely in return and went on their way.

"What the hell," Tim snapped, "has got into you lately?"

"What do you mean?" Jean snapped back. Did it annoy him that she'd learned restraint?

"Skip it," Tim said shortly, turning away from her. And toward Linda Quarles.

"Mrs. Corey!" said a pleased voice, and Jean looked down at small but important Mr. Gorse.

"Good evening," she said in her best new manner. She liked the little financier. "I am so pleased that you could come. Mrs. Gorse was not sure—"

At his surprised stare, she faltered to a stop. They exchanged some well-bred small talk and, looking let down, he moved away. Jean bit her lip. Was he remembering the stupid thing she'd said about his work that first evening at the Johnson Cases'? "You're with a bank? I'm scared of banks, myself. When I'm in one I always feel like I'm at a wake."

She'd said so many naïve things at first, punctuated with her coal heaver's laugh. Were other people remembering too?

Embarrassed and unsure, and starved to death, she moved among her nibbling guests. . . .

Tim said, a week before Christmas, "You see a doctor. Hear? That's an order."

"I'll be all right. It's just the well-known New York pace." Jean forced a smile. "I'r set now."

She felt that she was, too. She had finall hit a hundred and forty-eight pounds, an dismal little flutters deep within her hinte that this, hefty and undesirable as it sti was, was the end. There could be no mor compression.

"Just the same, you see a doctor. Be fore the kids get here for vacation. The can wear you out even when you're feelin good."

"I'll go to a doctor," Jean lied.

"I don't get it!" Tim exclaimed. "Yo come here, and right away you wilt lik pear trees hit by fire blight. The city's nc that bad."

Oh, isn't it! thought Jean. It doesn't ma ter that you're built like a bulldozer. You'r a man. You should be a lady bulldoze and see the way the other women look a you.

"Maybe you'd like to go back to Linu for a while," Tim said, avoiding her sta tled gaze. "Just for a little while," h added hastily, "to see that the house is a right and—"

"Tim Corey!"

"Well, if it would help—"

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" Jea said shrilly. "Me back home in Linus, an you here alone with—with—"

"You're being silly and hysterical," Tir said.

He went off to his den. The name c Linda Quarles had not been mentioned, bu it hung there quivering in the air.

THE children came, and Jean hugge them delightedly. She only laughe when little Tim said, "Gee, Ma, you're kind bony," and she knew that she could nc again endure being separated from them.

However, their grandfather must hav been letting them run wild, because at th apartment they were like caged deer.

"Timmy!" Jean cried nervously. "Watc the lamp, dear. Timmy! Those dirty fi gers on the walls— Lee, *will* you stc bouncing on the davenport! These thing don't belong to us."

They looked at her with round, su prised eyes, like little strangers. The fir evening Linda Quarles came to meet th children as she'd begged to be allowed t do. She came in with her face glowin from the December cold and her fu speckled with the snow, and she laughe

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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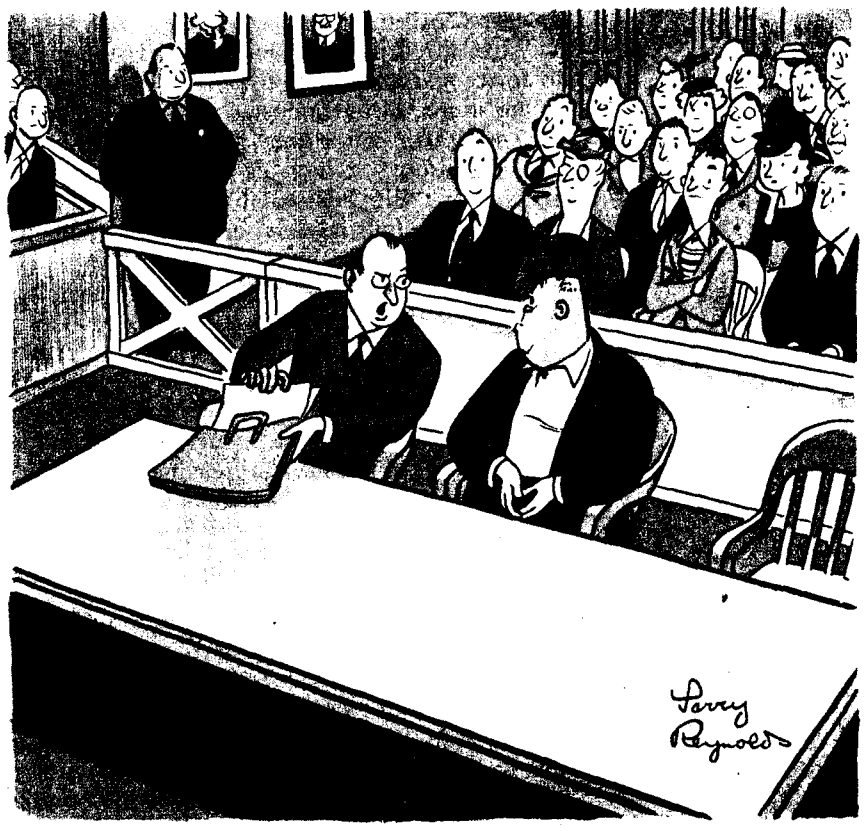


"Those people you gave me as possible witnesses weren't available. The warden wouldn't let them out"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

armly up at Tim, and she was as lovely
a Christmas card.

"Oh, aren't they sweet?" she crooned,
ie arm around each of the children, for
hom she'd brought ridiculously expensive
esents. She looked at them, her eyes
oist, and looked at Tim, her eyes moist.
Some women have all the luck," she said
istfully, and patted Jean's large hand.

It was in that moment that Jean knew
ecisely how much she hated Linda
uarles. And feared her.

"The kids sure go for her," Tim said
hen Linda left.

"And Daddy, too?" Jean suggested bit-
rly under her breath.

"What?"

"Nothing. Timmy, please!" He had
imbed onto her lap to kiss her, and had
s small, fat fingers in her careful hairdo.

THE big thing in the Coreys' lives this
holiday time, aside from the children's
sit, was the buffet supper to be given
ew Year's night by Albert Foster, presi-
nt of American Rotor.

Please, let me look all right and act all
ght, just for that evening, Jean whispered
ich night. But Providence helps those
ho help themselves, and Jean spent most
the holiday week laboring to do her part.

Mainly she was looking for one thing. A
ess. The perfect dress. Made for Jean
orey, designed to slim her bulk and shrink
r height and bring out the gloss in her
st feature—her dark, abundant hair. She
nt to shop after shop, and looked at
zens of exclusive models. But none were
r Jean.

She finally went to *the* shop, as she had
gged it in her mind—the place where
nda Quarles got many of her clothes.
ways before. Jean had marked this place
boo; she would not give Linda the satis-
ction of recognizing a suit or dress and
owing Jean had tried to buy some of her
artness at the same source. Now she
s driven to *the* shop. And they had The
ress.

It was a strapless short evening dress,
ght-fitting in the bodice, with a full, flaring
irt. It played up every pound she'd lost
d played down every hourglass curve she
still possessed. It made her seem a full size smaller, Jean thought, staring at herself in the exquisite, shimmery thing.

"Madam is from out of town?" the salesgirl asked.

"Yes," Jean said absently. "Indiana. This is exclusive?"

"Oh, yes! I guarantee Madam will never see another like it. You are certain this is not too tight?" . . .

The Albert Fosters had a duplex high above Central Park, and nothing Jean had heard about the place was calculated to reassure her. Tim said carelessly that it was just a little bigger than most apartments, that was all. But then Tim paid so little attention to such things.

"Why are you walking so stiff?" he asked, as they went from their cab to the apartment house entrance.

"I want to keep a little dignity, that's all," Jean said. "A little reserve. For your elegant friends."

"You didn't talk like that about 'em when we first came East. Or about yourself, either. Look, Jean—will you stop jittering around like this?"

She was speechless with annoyance in the elevator, and Tim's face had a stubborn, exasperated look. Still not speaking, they went into the apartment, and Mrs. Foster met them. She was a woman with iron-gray hair and a solid, middle-aged figure that for a moment heartened Jean.

"Tim!" she said, in a hearty, pleased voice. "You have neglected us. And this, of course, is Mrs. Tim. We're so glad, my dear, to—"

Mrs. Foster stopped. For an endless, reverberating second she stared at Tim Corey's wife, and during that second, in the little mirrors of the other woman's eyes, Jean saw the end product of her recent weeks of toil.

She could see, as if she stood somewhere apart, the big, nervous woman, her arms pressed to her sides to minimize the breadth of her shoulders, her dark eyes unhappy and unsure, her dress straining like the fabric of a blimp to contain her too, too solid flesh.

Mrs. Foster's gaze fixed with an odd compassion on Jean's dress and then shifted to a point past Jean; and Jean saw Tim look in the same direction, and saw him wince.

She turned, then.

"Madam is from out of town? Oh, yes, this model is exclusive. I guarantee Madam will never see another like it."

What the salesgirl had meant but hadn't added, was: *". . . back home in Indiana."*

Slender, lovely, in a shimmering strapless dress that fitted snug above and flared out full below—why, *why* had Jean forgotten Linda's predilection for bare shoulders?—Linda Quarles was standing a few feet away; and if anybody was embarrassed by the fact that she and Jean wore identical dresses, it was not Linda.

Her eyebrows, arched with the first surprise, came down, and in her eyes appeared a look that told Jean many things. It was the look of a cat presented sooner than it had expected with its carefully stalked mouse.

This humiliating duplication, to be exploited to the hilt, had not been planned. But other things had been: the consciousness of size carefully instilled in Jean, the hand-picked, high-style women she'd been introduced to, the raised eyebrow at a hearty laugh or an exuberantly expressed enthusiasm.

OTHERS in the crowded room were staring now—hundreds of eyes, it seemed to Jean—staring at the pair in identical dresses, the slim, elegant, smiling woman, and the tall, big, awkward one with her face scarlet and her mouth open.

Jean snapped her mouth shut; she could do that, anyhow. Where were my brains? she raged to herself. Punching myself in the nose like this. Knocking myself out like this. Where was my sense of humor—if I ever had any?

And what do I do now?

She stared at Tim, whose face looked so hurt that it hurt her too. She stared at Linda, who was politely but pointedly concealing her mirth.

Come on, Linus, Jean thought. Do *something.*

She walked over to Linda and put her large hands on her large, constricted hips. She looked Linda up and down, and saw the amusement lessen in her eyes. "Well, if we aren't the Before and After picture!" she said. "Exclusive model, the woman told me. Exclusive!"

She laughed, then, the big rich laugh that had grown up with her and was a part of her when she was being Jean and not somebody else. "I'll throw my dress away, Linda. Yours fits, which is more than I can say for mine."

She patted her hips. She cried gaily, "Anybody got a gusset?" And the room seemed slightly larger, with more warmth and pleasure in it for everyone, but the pastel blonde beside her.

Mrs. Foster came up and took Jean's arm and squeezed approvingly. "I guess the dress will last the evening out. So hard to get clothes for grown women. They make them all for little girls, I sometimes think. Come on and meet whoever you don't know."

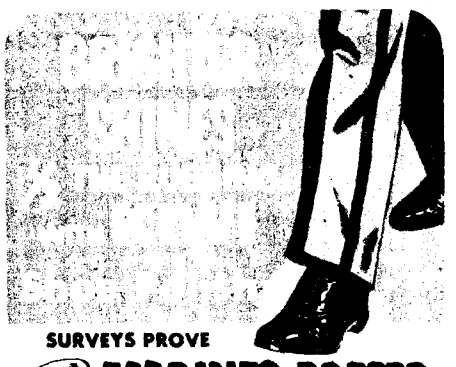
A little later Mr. Gorse trotted over to the group of men who had gathered around Jean Corey with her big laugh and unself-conscious size. "Hello, there," he said softly. A most perceptive little man, he looked at her a moment. "You've been away."

"Yeah," Jean replied. "I'm back now, though."

Tim walked toward her, looming, a big man who, after all, could do with a queen-sized woman. Jean looked at Linda, gamely sticking near to Tim but with a defeated smile.

Jean's rich laugh sounded again, and Tim grinned in answer. He didn't know what it was all about and possibly never would, but he did know that for some reason Jean was once more Jean. He had a couple with him whom Jean hadn't met.

"Ed, Mrs. Burns," Tim said with quiet but enormous pride, "my wife." THE END



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DORMAN H. SMITH

We Mustn't Block Progress

THE WORDS BIG BUSINESS have been accepted as a horrid epithet, almost without question, for the last 50 years. They still are. Or perhaps we should say they still were until this week. For we are confident that David E. Lilienthal's series of articles, Big Business for a Big Country, which begins in this issue, is going to open a lot of eyes and change a lot of minds.

Mr. Lilienthal has had the intelligence to toss the cobwebbed clichés and misconceptions out the window and start from scratch. He has looked at Big Business in 1952 from a 1952 viewpoint. He has challenged and demolished, point by point, the worn-out theory that bigness and badness are synonymous in the business world. And he has produced, we believe, as fresh, sane and illuminating a picture of America's economic hows and whys as any magazine has ever published.

The Lilienthal articles would be important at any time. But they are urgently important today. For they come at a time when the President of the United States, through his seizure of the steel industry last month, not only fostered the notion that bigness is evil, but indicated through his action that even the profitable operation of Big Business is an object of suspicion and a legitimate cause for White House interference. The articles come at a time of confusion when the government is trying to break up the great industrial concern which it asked to undertake development of the hydrogen bomb —simply because this concern was the only one in the world big enough to handle the job.

It is about time the country got some sensible, nonpolitical thinking on this subject which will dispel the contradiction between stale policy and reality. Mr. Lilienthal has provided such thinking, and he has suggested the remedies for a condition that threatens to undermine the nation's economic health.

Mr. Lilienthal knows what he is talking about. He is acquainted with Big Business under government control, since he once headed the great TVA development. He is equally acquainted with Big Business in private hands, for he worked with some of the country's largest corporations as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. And since he has been on both sides of the government-private industry fence, he is no special pleader. He is a practical man who has seen much, read much, and thought hard about his subject.

He recognizes that there is potential danger in Big Business. But he thinks that the combination of more enlightened business practices, the growing influence of organized labor, and some reasonable government regulations enacted through the years offers sufficient guarantee against any future evils.

What Mr. Lilienthal does stress is the need to foster and encourage the bigness that is the prime source of our industrial strength. Those are strong words, and they will probably knock several Washington hats off. But he shows and proves what Big Business has already accomplished, as he puts it, with one hand tied behind its back.

Thanks to the very bigness of our business, America is the world's greatest industrial nation, and it is steadily producing more and prospering more. Thanks to this prosperity, extreme poverty is gradually being eliminated, and more and more Americans are living in health and comfort and contributing a greater share to the country's advancement. Thanks also to this prosperity, the goal of greater equality without loss of individual freedom or opportunity is coming perceptibly nearer.

If any further proof of the soundness of our economic system is needed, it is found in the knowledge that all the foregoing has been accomplished with business operating in an atmosphere of harassment and suspicion. There are theory-obsessed economists and politics-obsessed legislators in Washington who would ignore the evidence before them and place even greater restrictions on business. One would think, from their talk and actions, that nothing had changed since the Sherman Act was passed in 1890.

Sixty-two years ago Big Business meant monopoly more often than not. But even Senator John Sherman's bill to prevent monopoly and restraint of trade had no quarrel with bigness as such. Today there is a strong tendency in Washington to pervert the meaning and intention of that law. In the case brought against A&P, for example, the government sought to make the chain "disintegrate" its manufacturing and merchandising activities, even though A&P had 5.2 per cent less of the nation's grocery business in 1947 than it had in 1933. Here, certainly, was no restraint of trade. Competition had increased, not declined. A&P's alleged crime was simply bigness.

In the current article and those to follow, Mr. Lilienthal gives convincing, factual proof that bigness of itself is not a moral offense, but a moral asset and a vital element of the economic atmosphere on which the country's material health and existence depend. His conclusions are presented in a program which, we are certain, can safeguard and promote freedom of choice, enterprise and competition if its suggestions are adopted.

The facts on which Mr. Lilienthal's conclusions are based are at the disposal of official Washington. Now it is necessary for official Washington to re-examine not only our antitrust laws but the ideas and attitudes which influence the interpretation of those laws. For the present attitudes are needlessly stifling progress. And if a change in attitude requires a change in law, Congress should make the required alterations.

It is Collier's purpose, in publishing the Lilienthal series, to hasten the establishment of a more realistic attitude on the part of government toward Big Business. We do not consider these articles as something to be read and forgotten. Rather, we regard them as the beginning of a campaign which will continue until something has been done.

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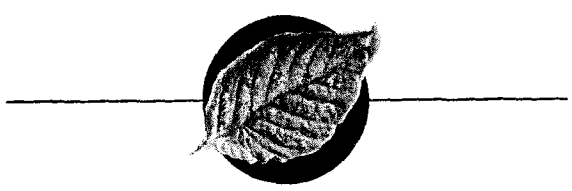

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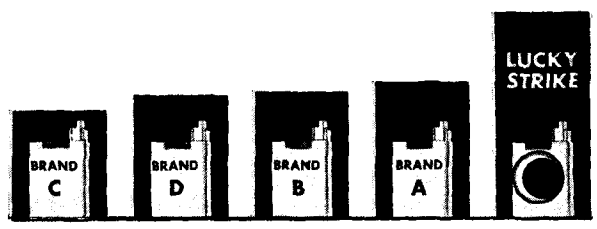

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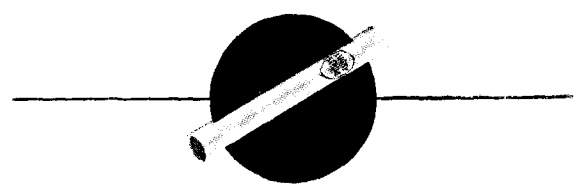

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